The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1888. PRICE FIVE CENTS

GEORGE

DE WALD

AND

COMPANY.

We wish to call

Your Attention!

to our Line of

SILKS

Just the thing

FOR A PRESENT!

GEORGE DEWALD

AND

COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

Christmas Presents!

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Christmas Presents.

Of all good places in Fort Wayne at which to select Christmas presents, you will find ours excels. Our immense salesrooms are crowded from cellar to garret with art novelties, attractive bric-a-brac and fancy articles of furniture specially appropriate to the gift season.

FOSTER

FURNITURE

COMPANY.

ROBBED THE BANK.

A Columbus, Ind., Teller Takes $8,500 and Skips to Canada—A Woman in the Case.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Dec. 1.—Will Schrieber, teller of the First National bank, has fled to Canada, having robbed the bank of $8,500 in cash prior to his departure. There is a woman in the case.

LAID TO REST.

The Funeral of Mrs. General Sherman, at St. Louis, To-day.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 1.—Early this morning the friends of the late Mrs. Gen. W. T. Sherman began to assemble at the Union depot to receive the funeral party. Mr. Geo. D. Capen, General Sherman's business agent, and intimate friends in this city, James E. Yeatman, the managing pall bearer and an old friend of the Sherman family, Mrs. Judge Raber, a relative of Mrs. Sherman, and Mrs. Raber's son, were the first at the depot.

The funeral train was due at 7 o'clock, but it was thirty-five minutes late.

Emmons Blaine, son of James G. Blaine, came in to attend the funeral. The private car contained General W. T. Sherman and family. The car was detached and the friends of the family entered it and paid their respects to the mourners. Rev. Father Fenlon paid a brief visit to the car. After breakfasting at the depot, the funeral party returned to the private car and remained until the time for the funeral cortege to move.

The funeral services, which followed, were according to the impressive Catholic rites. There were two wagon loads of flowers.

THE BELL WINS.

The Bell Telephone Company Wins a Suit at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Dec. 1.—In the federal court to-day Judge Blodgett rendered a decision forever restraining the American Inter State Telephone company from using, renting or infringing on the patents of the American Bell Telephone company.

Hon. A. P. Edgerton Talks.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—The Hon. A. P. Edgerton, of the civil-service commission, who returned to this city last night, talks very freely concerning the workings of the organization of which he is a member, and made this remarkable declaration: "Were it not for the administration of the civil service law by mugwump influences, President Cleveland would have been re-elected."

He Took $30,000.

CHICAGO, Dec. 1.—W. B. Jones, of the firm of Jones & Co., whose treasurer, Fred W McCann, has left the city with the firm's books, said that McCann had also carried away a large sum of money. He thinks he has taken between $20,000 and $30,000.

The Presidential Appointment.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1 —The president has appointed John G. Enright, of Michigan, to be assistant commissioner of Indian affairs.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—Indiana—Fair, slightly warmer.

MR. W. C. STEVENS.

Mr. W. C. Stevens, chief clerk in the Lake Shore and Muncie freight office, left for Goshen, Ind., yesterday, to take the agency of the Lake Shore at that place. Just before taking the train, a handsome gold headed cane was presented to him by Agent Philley in behalf of his office associates. Mr. Stevens, after recovering from the shock, desires us to say in answer, that the gift is highly prized, and that he will ever cherish it as a memoir of the pleasant years spent together, and that the gift itself is not more valued than the friendly words that accompanied its presentation.

Barrows the Artist.

The best place in the city to secure photographs is at the studio of Barrows. His reputation is his advertisement and his guarantee that he will take a picture of you true to nature. He is now established in his new rooms, second story, corner of Calhoun and Berry streets, and is better prepared than ever to please his patrons. Give him a call.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Dec. 1.—Wheat, weak, lower at $1.02¼. Corn, steady, at 35½. Oats, steady, at 26¼. Flaxseed, $1.50. Pork, easier, $13.25. Lard, firm, at $8. January short ribs, at $8.90.

GENERAL HOVEY.

The Governor-Elect Promises to Make War on Corrupt Elections.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 1.—General Hovey, the newly elected republican governor of Indiana, who is in Washington winding up his congressional business, has no doubt that boodle was largely used in the campaign in Indiana.

"I am just preparing my message to the legislature now," said he to a correspondent, "and in my message I will talk right out about the corrupt use of money for election purposes. The legislature is democratic by a large majority, but they cannot enact any laws too stringent for me in the direction of purifying elections and protecting the ballot. I would disfranchise forever every man who is concerned in giving or receiving a bribe, and in addition to disfranchisement I should send to the penitentiary every man convicted of making a second attempt at bribery or corruption. I would also make it impossible for one man to be within fifty feet of another when depositing his vote. Then those who bought votes could not have any guarantee of delivery and the incentive to bribery would be largely destroyed.

Personally, I don't know of the use of a cent for corruption in the campaign, but I have heard that money was corruptly used in large amounts by both parties. I spent considerable money myself to influence votes, but not a cent to buy one. My money was largely spent in sending out speeches and letters. I know, positively, that if all the democratic soldiers in Indiana had voted for Cleveland he would have carried the state easily. And my correspondence with the Grand Army posts in New York leads me to believe that more than enough democratic soldiers in New York voted the republican ticket to defeat Cleveland.

"New York is democratic; there is no doubt about that, and so far as the tariff is concerned, I am convinced that the democrats gained on that issue in Indiana. From the reports that have reached me, it would seem that the democrats spent much more money than the republicans in the campaign. I have no doubt that many of both parties will be indicted for corruption."

HIT THE MARK.

A Maumee Township Farmer Shoots His Hand Off.

The news came in to-day that John Morgan, a farmer residing in Maumee township, shot his right hand off yesterday. He was out hunting in the big forests in that region yesterday and carried a double barrel shot gun. Along in the afternoon, Morgan sat on a fallen tree and stood his gun beside him, carelessly placing his right hand over the mouth of the weapon. In some unaccountable way he discharged the gun and with its contents went his right hand. The man was plucky, and wrapping the member up with cloths he sought the township physician to put ligatures on the bleeding vessels and have the flesh stitched together.

HE IS THANKFUL.

A Letter from General Harrison to Mr. Horace Hanna.

Just after the election, Mr. Horace Hanna, an ardent young republican, sent a telegram of congratulation to General Harrison. Its originality created a great deal of merriment and was extensively copied for the expression: "I yelled for you and split a lung. Have another lung at your disposal."

The other day Mr. Hanna was pleased to receive this note.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 24th, 1888.

H. Hanna, Esq., Fort Wayne, Ind.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your congratulatory telegram was received, but I have not until now been able to make any acknowledgement of it. Please accept my thanks, not only for those friendly words, but also for your zealous and effective work during the campaign. I assure you that I am very grateful for the work done by my Indiana republican friends. Very truly yours,

BENJ. HARRISON.

Chicago's Postmaster.

CHICAGO, Dec. 1.—General Walter C. Newberry assumed the duties of postmaster of Chicago this morning. S. Corning Judd resigned.

Col. D. N. Foster will occupy Mr. Mason Long's new block until after the holidays. Dozois & Co., the dry goods people who have the building leased, will not move into it until February 1.

Benjamin H. Stufel, Butler, Ind.; F. C. Henry, Elgin, Ill.; E. F. Carey, Defiance; J. H. Zimmerman, South Bend, are among the guests at the Rich.

HE WOULDN'T APOLOGIZE!

Mr. Graham is Ordered to Withdraw From the British House of Commons for Refusing to Retract an Accusation.

LONDON, Dec. 1.—In the house of commons to-day, the speaker ordered Mr. Cunningham E. Graham, an advanced liberal member from the northwest division of Lamarkshire, to withdraw from the house because he had accused Mr. Smith, a government leader, of conniving at a dishonorable trick and had refused to retract the accusation. As Mr. Graham was leaving the house, a member shouted, "bravo, Graham."

In an interview Mr. Graham explained that the trouble arose over the action of Mr. Brooks Robinson in putting a motion on paper to prevent a discussion upon the chainmaker's grievances. Mr. Graham had characterized this as a dishonorable trick, and had expressed the belief that the government had instigated Mr. Robinson to perform it. He had refused to withdraw the statement, hence his dismissal. Mr. Graham says he will not apologize, no matter what the result may be.

FRANK J. GRUBER.

The Popular Cigar Manufacturer Established in New and Elegant Quarters.

This morning a SENTINEL reporter dropped into the new rooms of Mr. Frank J. Gruber, the well known cigar manufacturer. He has just moved from his old quarters, which he was compelled to give up on account of a new building which is to be erected there, and is now pleasantly located in commodious rooms a few doors north—the stand formerly occupied by Mr. Geo. R. Bowen's plumbing establishment, at 110 Calhoun street.

Mr. Gruber has been at his old stand for five years, and his business had outgrown the dimensions of its narrow limits. His new place gives him more room for his growing wholesale trade, which he sadly needed, and which was one of the reasons that governed him in selecting the rooms he did.

In his new rooms he has the retail and business department in front, and the wholesale manufacturing department in the rear rooms. They present a cozy and attractive appearance, and it stands as a fact beyond dispute that he has one of the completest and most fully equipped wholesale cigar establishments in the state.

The reputation of his manufactured goods is growing rapidly and no name is better known among smokers than the name of Frank J. Gruber, whose brands of cigars known as "F. G" and "Frank's Choice" have secured almost a national fame, and every dealer in the best goods is compelled to keep them.

Mr. Gruber is a pleasant gentleman to do business with. Everybody in this city knows him and THE SENTINEL is glad to note that his business is growing to such large proportions. Such men as him merit success.

DEATH'S DARK VALLEY.

The Names of Those Who Have Entered It During the Week.

Following is the list of deaths for the week ending Saturday, December 1, 1888:

Child of W. S. Wade, 1 day, exhaustion.

Fannie Parker, 36 years, tumor.

James E. Griminson, 55 years, choked.

Child of W. A. Callahan, 1 day, exhaustion.

John G. Whitehead, 67 years, chronic diarrhea.

Annie M. Brown, 21 years, consumption.

Howard Bender, 15 months, bowel complaint.

Child of John Madden, 1 day, exhaustion.

Patrick Golden, 52 years, consumption.

Maggie Englert, 34 years, blood poisoning.

Christian Thurston, 37 years, consumption.

Child of C. Dreibelbiss, 5 days, spasms.

Charles Roemer, 1 month, exhaustion.

Found Dead.

NEW HAVEN, Con., Dec. 1.—The body of George Donovan, the murderer of John King, was found in a reservoir this morning. The motive for the murder is to be determined.

The Princess skating rink will be open again this afternoon and evening. Skates for the million and music with every skate.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

And Worship Him in His Holy Temple—The Pastors Announce Their Services for To-morrow.

Attend church.

Look after your children.

Always wash your own window first.

Prayer and work should go hand in hand.

As you go through this world try and have a kind word and look for every one you meet.

A man who goes into a saloon on Sunday is just as guilty as the man who owns and runs the saloon.

Remember that whatever you sow that will you also reap. Even Bob Ingersoll says he knows this to be true.

How can a mother expect her children to be good men and women, when she never sets them a good example.

Simpson M. E. Church—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. C. H. Wilkinson, pastor. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m.

Trinity M. E. church. Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. J. C. Cook, pastor.

If you want to be happy with your children in your old age, bring them up surrounded by loving and Christian influences.

Rev. G. W. Carder will preach at the Nebraska Mission to-morrow morning at 10:30 o'clock and Mr. James Trythall at 7:30 p. m.

Trinity Lutheran church—Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Pastor's bible class at the same hour.

Evangelical church, corner Clinton and Holman streets. German in morning; English in evening, Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.

Regular services to-morrow morning and evening by Dr. Moffat, in the First Presbyterian church. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All invited.

Regular services at the Second Presbyterian church, Rev. J. L. Leeper officiating. Morning services at 10:30. Evening service at 7:30.

Free Methodist church, East Creighton avenue—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Hardin, pastor.

Rev. Zartman will be in the pulpit at Grace Reformed church to-morrow at 10:30 and 7:30. Topic in the evening: "Does Death End All?"

No excuse for remaining at home to-morrow from church. The Baptist house of worship opens its doors to whosoever will come at 10:30 and 7:30.

Gospel song service in the chapel of the Y. M. C. A. Sabbath afternoon at 4 o'clock, city time. This service is for men only and every man in the city will be welcome. Please note the change of time.

Christian church, preaching by the new pastor, J. H. Sims, at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Morning theme, "The Priesthood of Christ." Evening theme: "The Great Salvation." Sunday school at 9:15 a. m.

St. Paul M. E. Church. Three special services will be held to-morrow. At 10:30 a. m., 2:30 in the afternoon and 7:30 in the evening. There have been forty conversions in the last three weeks, and many more have requested prayers.

Third Presbyterian church. Preaching by Rev. Thomas Thompson, of Lancaster, Pa. Bible school at 2 o'clock. Parents and friends are made welcome to the primary department on the first Sabbath in each month. Come to-morrow.

Congregational church, corner of Washington and Fulton streets. Service at 10:30 a. m.. Sunday school at 12 o'clock. Rev. J. C. Cromer, pastor. Morning subject: "Unbelief, its Punishment." Evening subject: "Hear Ye Him."

The services at the Berry Street M. E. church will be of a highly interesting character. The membership are especially invited. Strangers made welcome. Morning theme: "The triumph of the Kingdom." Evening theme: "Mystery." Sunday school and class meeting at 9 a. m.

Usual services to-morrow at Wayne St. M. E. church conducted by Rev. R. M. Barns at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 o'clock. General class at 9:20 a. m. Morning discourse, "Sabbath Observance." Evening discourse, "Mental, Spiritual, and Eternal Development."

The C. O. D. will re-open its doors Monday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

BENJ. ROTHSCHILD, Assignee.

"I'M A COWBOY."

And With This Bravado a Lad Sends a Fatal Bullet Into the Breast of His Little Sister.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 1.—Robert Corrigan, aged nine, after receiving several slaps from his sister Rosa, aged thirteen, given in a playful mood seized a revolver lying on the tabl· with the remark, "I'm a cowboy" and fired. The ball entered the girls left breast, inflicting a probably fatal wound.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. Harry Metzgar, the clerk of the circuit court, left for Chicago, this afternoon.

Sheriff Viberg sent Tom Elliott, the highway robber, to the prison north this afternoon.

W. A. Mitchell, Warren, O.; J. E. Casebeer, Defiance; Louis Cohn, Cincinnati, are guests at the Wayne.

George Weller and Mary E. Galloway, Henry A. Crall and Lutie Heath have been licensed to wed.

Henry Lantz and Geo. H. Lucas, of Pekin, Ill., are in the city. They come, it is said, to bid for the removal of the Jenney Electric Light works to their town.

Mr. Christian Eckert, of St. Joe township, was taken to the city hospital this morning. He met with an accident some time ago, the particulars of which were given in THE SENTINEL, and blood poisoning has set in. It is thought he cannot recover.

Adam Hensler was fined $20 and costs by Justice France to-day for assaulting Pat Welch, in Myer's saloon, in the Seventh ward, some two weeks ago. Hensler struck Welch with a beer mug and otherwise injured him in a manner to confine him to his bed since the quarrel.

Mr. R. T. McDonald was hastily summoned to testify in the telegraph pole case at Columbia City this morning and the Pittsburg company had arranged to send him up in a special car, when another telegram came saying that the trial had been adjourned over until Monday.

The men of Paris of all ages and conditions are wild over boxing, and the many cures made by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, their national remedy.

The Princess skating rink will be open again this afternoon and evening. Skates for the million and music with every skate.

Thanksgiving Turkey.

The observance of Thanksgiving is usually attended with a great big turkey dinner. Some have a less pretentious luxury, such as a goose or a chicken. To spend Thanksgiving enjoyably, and especially the dinner part of it, it is quite necessary that one should maintain a spirit of thankfulness and a good appetite for turkey needs to have his machinery attended to, for it is certainly out of order, if a man's appetite is out of order. If a man's appetite is good he is usually happy. Or if a man is not happy he wants to do something to make him so, and then he can have a good appetite. The Original Pete will guarantee to cure a case of blues and give an appetite for Thanksgiving turkey, oo, if the subjects will call around to his place, 52½ Calhoun street, and examine into the rare bargains offered by him in Men's and Boy's clothing and furnishing goods.

Roller skating is all the rage and the Princess rink will open its doors this afternoon and evening in response to the demand.

Attend the Assignee Sale

At the C. O. D. store will be open Monday afternoon, at 2 o'clock sharp.

BENJ. ROTHSCHILD, Assignee.

Attention Clergymen.

All clergymen in Fort Wayne desiring clergymen's permits for 1889 on the Wabash railway are requested to call at the Wabash ticket office and file their applications as soon as possible. 30-8t

Fresh Baltimore Oysters.

O. K., 18c; S. & W., 25c can.
Selects, for frying, 35c can.
Michigan celery 10c dozen.

FRUIT HOUSE.

GRAND OPENING,

Dec. 6, 7 and 8.

Grand display of watches, jewelry, silverware, novelties, &c., canes, umbrellas. Come everybody and see.

J. H. YOUNG,

1-4t 80 Calhoun street.

FOR RENT.—Store room No. 25 West Main street, and house corner of Harrison and Wayne streets, with all modern improvements. For particulars inquire at 54 West Wayne street.

FARMER JOHN'S SOLILOQUY.

I mout as well acknowledge, 'taint no use o' beatin' 'round,
I've done a heap o' thinkin', plowin' up this faller ground,
An' suthin's been a painin' an' achin' me like sin—
I reckoned 'twas dyspepsy or malary creepin' in.

At last I got my dander up, an' to myself, sez I,
The biggest fool in natur is him that tells hisself a lie;
I've been lettin' on 'tis malary, an' my stummick, when I know
It's my conscience that's a hurtin' an' worryin' me so.

I've been a shirkin' this here thing for thirty year or more,
An' I orto had this shakin' up an' settin' down afore.
I've been honest, fur as payin' goes, not a penny do I owe,
But the kind o' cheatin' that I done was the kind that didn't show.

My mind goes back to Hanner, when I fetched her here a bride—
No apple bloom was sweeter, an' she nussled to my side
Like she thought she had a right to, an' could trust me without fear,
For the love I never hinted at for more'n thirty year.

There was churnin', bakin', bilin', there was nussin' an' the rest,
From long afore the sun riz 'till he slumbered in the west,
An' when the rest of us was done, an' lollin' 'round on cheers,
Hanner was recuperatin' with her needle an' her shears.

But when the life was ebbin' from that faithful, patient heart,
I had to face the music—I hadn't done my part;
An' I couldn't help a thinkin', watchin' out that weary life,
That there's other ways o' killin' 'xcept a pistol or a knife.

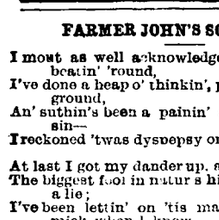
It sounds like sacriligion, but I know just what she meant,
As I whispered, "Fly to meet me when my airthly life is spent"—
"I'm tired, John, so tired, but I've allus done my best,
An' I may feel more like flyin' when I've had a spell o' rest."

—*Amy Hamilton, in Exchange.*

ONE OCTOBER MORNING.

A Story of Old Quebec.

BY WM. H. S. ATKINSON.



IN the Province of Old Quebec, deep-hidden in the recesses of the mountains, lies the prim little out-of-the-world village of Jacques Cartier, with its tiny church, its weather-worn wooden crucifixes, and its short-petticoated housewives. At Jacques Cartier I resided for many years, although it was a very poor place for a doctor, and I grew to really love the sleepy old place, together with the simple, genial French people and half-breeds who lived there. Very little variation entered into the monotonous life of those quaint folks in the St. Emelie Valley, and yet I believe I was able, while among them, to study a good many phases of human nature and many of the strange workings of human passions.

Detached from the rest of the village, there used to be, and is now, for aught I know to the contrary, a long, low, vine-covered house, not much larger than a cottage. An old-fashioned garden, full of the sweet flowers somewhat despised by modern horticulturists, lies all around it, divided from the orchard at the back by a straggling fence and a merry little stream of clear water. The whole place gives one impressions of sweetness and freshness, though hardly of trimness.

They would require, this garden and orchard, the constant care of two strong men to render them as neat as the lawns and flower-beds of city lots, whereas the sole attention they received, when I knew them, was the very unmethodical care of pretty Marie Gambier. Well, Marie had more important work to do than gardening. She kept house for her father, and for the girl that meant cooking, cleaning, sewing, and sometimes even milking.

Old Paul Gambier was the last of a long line of descendants of an ancient Paul Gambier, who had settled in Canada with the first of the French colonists, and although only imperfectly educated he prided himself on the fact that he was a gentleman who had never been obliged to work. It did not occur to him that, because he chose to exist upon a paltry three or four hundred dollars a year, a frail and slender wife had been hurried to her long rest; nor did he pause to consider that his daughter Marie, instead of being at the convent school and enjoying herself as young girls should, was growing up to succeed her mother as a household drudge and in total ignorance of all the accomplishments usually so dear to young ladies, even in the back townships of the slow French province.

Marie was very simple and very ignorant, but she possessed pleasant traits of character. All the dogs, cats, cows and horses in the village knew Marie Gambier, and in their several ways showed their appreciation of her kindly notice of them. Besides, Marie was very pretty, and in the mountains lived a strapping young Frenchman who was as ignorant of literature and the fine arts as Marie herself—a man who had never yet trodden a city pavement and who had never so much as beheld a fashionable dame. But he loved Marie—nay, in his quiet, unassuming way he worshiped the girl. So, as he was about as good-looking as any of the boys within a horseback ride of Jacques Cartier, and as he drove a fairly good team and "owned land," Marie had promised to marry Jean Coutellier, while the bob-capped gossips of the St. Emelie Valley decided that it was a fitting match.

Yes, Marie was very pretty—and so thought a stranger who approached Jacques Cartier from the mountain-side one summer afternoon.

The girl was standing under one of the old gnarled apple-trees in the orchard. Such a lovely rounded form—even though it was only covered by an oft-washed cotton dress—with the sunlight playing in gleams and flashes upon the bright brown hair and fair young face. As the stranger drew near he fully imbibed and thoroughly appreciated the beauties of the picture, for he was somewhat of an artist and keenly alive to all things beautiful. But he was so much engrossed in the pleasant center-piece of the picture that he did not notice when a breeze from off the mountain struck the valley and lifted Marie's large, untrimmed straw hat from the ground, blowing it right under the nose of his horse; nor was he prepared for the frightened plunge of the animal, who reared so suddenly as to instantly throw his preoccupied rider. It was not much of a fall, but the stranger's leg was fractured, and Paul Gambier and his daughter carried the young man into their house where I attended him in my professional capacity.

The stranger's name was Walter Penrith, a New York man, who had been traveling through the woods and valleys of Quebec in search of health and pleasure. He was wealthy, and when he discovered that he could not be moved from his couch for many weeks, he ordered luxuries of all kinds from the great metropolis, until the cottage home was piled to overflowing with rare books, wines, fruits, etc., while none but the finest cigars came for Monsieur Gambier's especial use.

Before long costly presents began to arrive for Marie, and—well, it was only an oft-told tale. Not only were the presents brought to bear upon Marie, but Penrith himself, who was, without doubt, one of the most fascinating men I ever met, brought his powerful personal magnetism into play, and Marie Gambier soon learned to love him. Yes, it was no dream or fancy on the girl's part; she loved Walter Penrith, and loved him truly. Indeed, he loved him so well, and for himself alone, that after she had known Penrith a month she would have cared for the man just as much had he never given her another present—had he suddenly become poorer than simple Jean Coutellier, now thrust so far into the background of Marie's thoughts and affections.

As for Penrith, he was a man of the world; but he undoubtedly grew to care considerably more than he should have cared for his pretty nurse. I say "more than he should," because it was a foregone conclusion with Walter Penrith that he would never marry any girl—no matter how good or how beautiful—who was not a lady by birth and education. Certainly, a French-Canadian peasant girl, who could speak neither his language nor her own correctly, could hardly hope to become Mrs. Penrith. So he toyed and amused himself with Marie, while the girl threw her whole being into her love for him. How much he promised will never be known, but when the time came for Penrith to leave Jacques Cartier he certainly did promise Marie to return soon.

And all this time honest Jean Coutellier had never uttered one word of complaint of the girl's treatment of him. Each Sunday he drove over to the old cottage just the same as ever, only his visits were short, and most of the time was spent in discussing a pipe and local affairs with Marie's pompous old father.

Of course Jean could see how Marie was entirely engrossed in the handsome stranger from the city, and although he said very little, he watched him very closely—so closely that when, two months after the accident, the stranger took his departure, Jean met him outside the village.

"You will come back, Monsieur?"

"Yes," replied Penrith, very shortly and coolly—"that is, in a few weeks."

"You will marry Marie?"

At first Walter Penrith was disposed to resent what, although asked as a question, almost sounded like a command. But as he raised his eyes to those of the stern-looking Frenchman before him he was compelled to say:

"Yes, I shall marry Marie."

"You will pass me your honor, Monsieur," persisted Coutellier.

"My word is good, sir," replied Penrith, rather haughtily.

"Only your honor is good now, Monsieur, because it is Marie," said Coutellier, with all the stubbornness of his nature. "See, Monsieur Penrith; I, too, love petite Marie, and she was my affiance. You came here, and of a purpose, yes, deliberately, I would say, stole from me her confidence, her trust, her love. For that I have nothing to say. You may have Marie; but remember, Monsieur, I love her still, and she is Marie still. There must be nothing wrong—no what you would call gossip or scandal. You pass your honor that you will return soon and wed Marie, and we part friends. Is not that fair and good, Monsieur?"

"I give you my word of honor," said Penrith, but there was no genuine manly ring in his words. Still, Jean Coutellier, innocent of the world's worst forms of wickedness, took Penrith's proffered hand, and then rode away to his lonely home in the hills.

Weeks passed and no Walter Penrith came to redeem his promise to a manly man, or to call back the roses to the fast paling cheeks of pretty Marie Gambier. Weeks stretched away into months, and one morning Marie was missing from Jacques Cartier. She had gone away in the night, no one knew whither. No tidings came of Marie, and no city lover came to the shocked village, or wrote to shield the woman whom he had wronged so deeply that she had gone to seek him in the far-away city.

The snows of winter passed away, and, when the spring flowers were blooming in the old garden, a saddened girl returned to the cottage for the shelter and comfort refused her in the outside world. The old gossips talked loudly and often, and whispered many unkind things, while none of the virtuous villagers went near the cottage any more.

Soon old Paul Gambier, who had lived through years of respectable poverty, died from sheer loneliness and a deep sense of shame; for he had lived to see disgrace overtake a name known in Jacques Cartier for more than one hundred years.

Poor Marie was alone in the world now. Alone? No, not quite. There was one who was pitiful—one who loved and pitied, without upbraiding or judging.

Jean Coutelier knew of a man whom he had sworn to kill on sight, as he would a fox or a skunk, but for Marie, his old love, he retained none but kindly feelings and loving memories.

I do not know how he managed it, though you may be sure it was with kindly tact and gentle persuasion, but in the face of adverse opinion—public and private—Jean married Marie Gambier and took her as his honored wife to his mountain home.

Marie was never her old self, but she settled quietly down with honest purpose and endeavor to be a good and faithful wife. And she succeeded—if not to her own satisfaction, at least to Jean's, who treated her with all the native chivalry of his noble nature.

So two eventful years passed away.

Jean Coutellier's unpretentious home was twelve miles away from Jacques Cartier, away up in the bracing atmosphere of the forest-clad hills. Right in front of the house was a rocky mountain path, which at the distance of a few hundred yards threaded the verge of a deep gorge or defile. It was only a narrow path and impassable except for persons on foot or horseback. Wagons and other vehicles had to be taken by a more circuitous route to reach the pike road in the valley beneath.

One gray morning in October, Marie—Madame Coutellier now—was pacing slowly up and down the porch in front of her husband's cottage. Everything looked melancholy enough up there on the hills. Ominous clouds were sweeping down the mountains in sheets of mist and vapor, and the red leaves hung damp and lifeless on the trees. The sunshine and the summer were gone from nature, as the sunshine and summer of her life had gone from Marie. She looked very sad and old for a girl of twenty-two; for, although she tried sincerely to make her husband happy and to repay him as well as she could for his great love, she found it hard work.

Down the narrow mountain path she could see Jean mending a fence which ran along the edge of the path where the gorge was particularly deep and dangerous. He was whistling at his work, and was apparently happy and contented.

Presently up the track came a horseman. At first only his head was visible to Marie, but, as strangers were rare in that remote neighborhood, she watched him until he was in full view, by which time he was quite close to her husband.

Very keenly she eyed him, for his figure seemed familiar. Could it be? Ah, yes; there was only one man just like that in all the world.

Jean recognized Walter Penrith, too, and with an oath called upon him to dismount. Penrith refused, and upon Coutellier catching his horse by the bridle, used his riding whip over the Canadian's shoulders, whereat Jean sprang at Penrith and literally dragged him from his horse. Few words were spoken, but many blows were exchanged, and at last they closed and struggled with arms closely locked. Both men were in imminent danger of falling together into the precipice-bound gorge, from the edge of which their feet were less than twelve inches distant.

Neither of them saw Marie as she stole up, drawn by some irresistible impulse. But as, for an instant, they loosened their hold upon each other, she stepped behind them and deliberately used her strength, rendered extraordinary by excitement, to throw her husband over the precipice. It was no mistake or slip. It was broad daylight, and the woman had been a spectator of the struggle for several moments.

She had perceived that for one or both of the men certain death was close at hand. By interfering, she knew that she could save one of them a terrible fate; so she saved the man she loved, and that man was not her husband. As she had once given up father, home, honor, and peace of mind for the fellow Penrith, who had shown no appreciation of her sacrifice, so for his sake she became a murderess, while he, without a word, mounted his horse and rode quickly away.

Next morning a woman, weary, footsore, heartbroken and almost dead, was found lying in the apple orchard, at the back of the old home in Jacques Cartier. Some neighbors picked her up and carried her into a cottage near by, where I attended her and tried to bring her back to life.

But, old as I am at the profession of healing, I have no cure for broken hearts, and in a week we buried poor Marie in a grass-covered grave under one of the large apple trees.

Even in her last moments the dying girl's thoughts were all of Penrith, for it was from her own lips that I learned the story of Jean Coutellier's death—told solely with the object of shielding Penrith from suspicion and possible punishment.

The strength of her love was Marie Gambier's greatest weakness.



Marie Gambier soon learned to love him.

Alligators.

The alligator is a strange, unsightly object, living in the swamps and marshes of the warmer parts of America only, for it is not known in other countries, although it resembles the crocodile, which is found in many tropical climes. The alligator is smaller, lives in swamps and marshes, and often basks in the sun on the sands, while the crocodile's element is the water. The back of the alligator is covered with what might be called a coat of mail, for the thick, bony covering looks like plates of metal with points projecting from it. On the under part of the body, however, is the peculiar skin of which pocket-books, slippers, and many useful articles are made.

There is also an oil extracted from them, which burns well in lamps, and the flesh has been used by Indians for food.

Although they are classed with the family of crocodiles, they differ from them in the formation of their heads, which are smaller and flatter. They live chiefly on fish, but also eat animal food, and at times are fierce, for they have been known to chase and attack men while swimming and bathing.

The alligator lays her eggs, twenty and often over that number, in the mud, and leaves them for the heat of the sun to hatch, but keeps constant watch over them to protect them from harm and keep them from being destroyed. The creatures vary in size from three to sixteen or eighteen feet in length, and the tails are nearly if not as long as the bodies. There is great strength in the tails, and it is with them and the partly webbed feet that they propel themselves through the water, and with the tail they easily overturn a canoe or small boat.

Many are found in Florida and other parts of the South, and as they lie on the bank of a river, hidden partly by the thick moss and foliage, they look like a log or trunk of a fallen tree, so motionless are they at times.

In the colder weather they are torpid, and appear so lifeless that it seems as if they must be dead, yet when warmed by the sun they very soon regain their animation. They are very curious creatures, and their general aspect not by any means prepossessing, but on examination there is beauty in the peculiarly marked skin and the armor which they wear.—*Peck's Magazine.*

Religion of the Roumanians.

The religion of the Roumanians is a mass of superstitions, which under the name of Christianity dominates their entire existence. Indeed, one author has said: "The whole life of a Wallach is taken up in devising almanacs against the devil." A Roumani uncovers his head on passing a wayside cross, but he makes an equally deep salutation to the rising sun: he goes to church on Sunday, but it is doubtful whether he does not regard Friday, which is dedicated to Venus, as the holier of the two. The orthodox Roumanian regards any one who buries a corpse without placing a coin in the hand as a pagan. The Roumanian churches, in contrast with the cold, bare-looking churches of the Saxons, present a most attractive appearance, for they are covered with artistic decorations, and are a mass of soft, warm coloring.

"Not a corner," says Mrs. Gerard, "but from which starts up some grinning devil, not a nook but reveals some choleric-looking saint, till we feel ourselves to be surrounded by a whole pageant of celestial and diabolical beings, only distinguishable from one another by the respective fashions of their headgear, horns or halo, as the case may be. These horned devils play a very important part in every Roumanian church, where usually a large portion of the walls is given up to representations of the place of eternal punishment. The poor Roumanian peasant, whose life is often so wretched and struggling as hardly to deserve that name, seems to derive considerable consolation from anticipation of the day when the tables are to be turned and the hitherto despised poor shall receive an eternal crown."—*New York Sun.*

Resenting an Insult.

Robinson—Jackson, I hear that Brown called you a liar last night.

Jackson—(bitterly) Yes, he called me a liar.

Robinson—And didn't you resent it?

Jackson (warmly)—Resent it? You bet I did! I told him that was simply a matter of opinion and not of fact. No man can call me a liar and get away with it.—*Life.*

Genius Its Own Reward.

Tom—Why, is it possible that that is Smith coming toward us! How changed he is. Has he taken to drink?

Dick—No; he's taken to literature for a living.—*Yankee Blade.*

SOCIETY AT THE AGENCY.

BY BILL NYE.



OCIETY at the agency was greatly excited by the return of Soiled Dog, who had spent a year in Europe and the last season in the East, supporting the Hon. William F. Cody, late Chief of Scouts and histrionic broncho rider from away up the gulch.

Soiled Dog returned in the early morning, and at night a soiree was got up in his honor, including music and cooked victuals.

Mr. Soiled Dog stood at the front portal or flap of the tepee, dressed in evening costume. He wore close-fitting doeskin trousers, each leg being entirely independent of the other. Down the seam he wore the same material, pinked and handsomely fluted, the fringe being also heavily trimmed with empty copper cartridges.

Above this, flowing unconfined and free, he wore a pompadour open-back shirt. This is part of, or rather is, his theatrical wardrobe. His dress on the stage consists of a heavy coat of paint and this shirt. And as the shirt pants for the laundry, Soiled Dog claimed to wear coat, pants, and shirt.

Soiled Dog is quite droll at times.

Music was furnished by the Messrs. Thunder Pealings, Vox Populi, Vox Dickey Bird, and Shacknasty Pete. The victuals were prepared by the Mesdames Early Bloomer, Light Running Domestic, and Un-a-ke-We-Na-ble-sa-tee-wit-to-ma-to, or The-Squaw-who-nips-the-tame-turkey-running. After the soiree a vote of thanks was tendered to both messieurs and mesdames.

Refreshments consisted of a preliminary stew, with quite a number of things in it. Each guest helped himself, after which each guest helped herself, if there happened to be any left. This was followed by a course of treatment. This second course was followed by a case of Milwaukee beer and also one of colic.



A PRELIMINARY STEW.

After the refreshments dancing was announced, and the guests hoed it down for quite a spell.

Early Rose Sitting Bull, nee Scared Dog, wore beaded common-sense moccasins, close-fitting cavalry pantaloons, and honeycombed bedquilt. Her merry laughter and bright bon mots made her a general favorite, and she danced in many a set where others with more pretentious costumes were permitted to rest, thus showing that it is loveliness of mind and heart, and not beauty of apparel alone, which endears us to those who set by us the most.

Thunder Pealings wore a sort of Turkish trousers made of bed-ticking, gathered at the ankles, also at the agency—while the agent was engaged in sleep. She wore a sort of basque, evidently made from a cut-paper pattern sent by mail together with a year's subscription to the magazine. It was made of striped calico, and had eyelets at the neck and wrists for collar and cuff buttons. Over this, while not engaged in dancing, which was most of the time, she wore a linen lap-robe. Her ornaments consisted of tinfoil bracelets, a genuine string of real beaver's teeth about the throat, and moss agate finger-nails. She wore her own hair, and apparently without ornament.

Sward McWalloper, who has recently organized what he calls the Select and Seek-no-Further Sioux Social Circle, was dressed in buckskin small clothes, worn plain in front and thin behind. Being a social leader, he is quite sedentary, and has never been known to get right down to what is vulgarly called sweat. He also wore alt rude pin stripes of elephant's breath and squashed cranberry down the front breadth of his bosom, put on by a painter and glazier from up the Chugwater three years ago, at $1 per day and rum. To protect him from the night air, he wore a necklace consisting of a galvanic shield, and the artist had also put on a row of gilt studs along his breast-bone as a mark of esteem.

Sward McWalloper is, without doubt, the leader of society among the non-supporting Indians. He is of noble birth, for he has confessed to intimate friends that such is the case. He belongs to a noble race of dark-red blooded people, who are so haughty that they would rather die than be of any use on earth. He says there has not been a drop of perspiration or a cake of soap in his family as far back as the eye can reach. He opposes the admission of Soiled Dog to the Standing Rock Social Seek-no-Further, on the ground that he has drawn a salary as a sombrette or walking gentleman for Buffalo Bill. Soiled Dog has, however, proved plainly enough to satisfy any ordinary mind that he didn't get any salary, and is, therefore, eligible; but Sward is relentless, and will not hear to it.

McWalloper is a great social pet among the Sioux, and no one would think of wearing anything at all unless he thought best.

Last year at the Pocahontas and Piute Patriarch balls a young lady from the Uncompahgre Agency who was at the Standing Rock Agency on a visit in the home of her uncle, Pa-ma-le-at-te-we-wan-ke-ge-ke, or The Early Dwarf Cyclone That Pulls Out Artesian Wells With His Teeth, undertook to dress a little differently from what the rules had been there, wearing on one occasion a complete costume of pink tulle, simply gathered at the throat and falling to her feet, being only caught back here and there by a nail or knot in the floor. Nothing like it had ever been heard of by the Sioux Nation, and the beautiful young Utess, who had been at one time a Sabbath-school scholar near Ouray, where she learned to Ouray for civilization, bade fair to capture the entire Sioux tribe, so far as the young men were concerned.

Sward McWalloper sent her a note, written on an old piece of bark with pokeberry juice and a paint brush, in which by means of various Indian characters—characters which nobody need feel proud of, either—he said that he had learned from what he considered good authority that she had purchased the material for her costume by selling berries which she had picked for that purpose.

So she was ostracized.

Costumes for autumn, both among Sioux ladies and gentlemen, are found to have undergone little change.

House slippers, consisting of one coffee sack for each foot, held in place with wool twines, are growing in favor. Knit underwear, trimmed with fur, makes a striking costume for street wear.

Probably nothing at any evening gathering so far has attracted more attention than the direct fire costume of Sward McWalloper, the social leader, at the select hurrah and feed held by the Messrs. and Mesdames Shacknasty Pete. He wore his hair roached behind and beaded in front, while across his brow he wore the pelt of a prairie dog.

The balance of the costume consisted of a health corset with lambrequin of new-mown hay around the base.

On his limbs he wore invisible hose, held in place with strips of red calico and strings of sleigh-bells.

A straw ride will be given Friday by Pu-ma-le-at-te-we-wah-at-ge, or The Ke-Early-Dwarf-Cyclone-that-pulls-out-artesian-wells-with-his-teeth, provided he can borrow a team.

The Duke of Argyll's Snake-Asphyxiator.

When the Duke of Argyll was Secretary of State for India he, as a student of natural history, took a special interest in the question of killing poisonous snakes. And there came to him one day at the Indian Office the cunning inventor of a machine called the asphyxiator, by which it was easily demonstrated that the snakes could be killed in large numbers in the holes in which they dwell in India. It was not difficult to show his grace that when the asphyxiator was applied to a rabbit-hole the rabbit must either bolt or be suffocated. The snake would be treated in the same way as a rabbit. So the Duke ordered some twenty asphyxiators, and sent them out to different parts of India. It happened that I was employed near Calcutta, and the Government of Bengal were pleased to order me to make a trial of the consignment of asphyxiators, which they regarded as so many white elephants. The asphyxiators were unpacked, and the instructions which accompanied them were read. There was a sort of fire-box in which a pestilently smelling paper was to be burned. There was a wheel to be turned, so as to send the smoke from the burning paper through a funnel into a long nozzle which was to be inserted in the snake's hole. This, it will be seen, required the services of two men, one to keep up the fire and turn the wheel, and the other to direct and hold the nozzle-pipe. It was also requisite that a third man should stand by with a stick, to kill the snake bolting from its hole. We turned out with the apparatus properly manned, lighted the fire to get up smoke, and applied the nozzle to a hole in a bank near the stable, which was supposed to hold a snake. The smoke was injected, and out there bolted a terrified rat. The man with the stick struck at the rat and broke the nozzle-pipe. The man at the nozzle-pipe jumped back against the man who was turning the wheel, and in their fright they both tumbled down. The rat escaped, but if it had been a snake instead of a rat, it is very probable that one of the three operators might have been bitten. The men lost confidence in the machine and declined to work it. It was taken indoors, and put into an anteroom, where the native watchman usually took his repose. One cold night the watchman closed the doors of the room and put a quantity of the medicated paper to warm himself. In the morning a well-asphyxiated watchman was found, but luckily he was brought round with deluges of water. This, however, was the end of the official career of the Duke of Argyll's snake-asphyxiator in Bengal. —*Longman's Magazine.*

Ideal Husbands and Wives.

It may be truthfully said that less than one-fourth of the women who marry know what they are doing. They have no idea of what their duties are, much less their rights. About all they know is that they are getting married. Is there any wonder that so many are disappointed and wish themselves out of it?

It is perfectly right that a woman should have an ideal husband, but more important that she should have a distinct notion of what constitutes an ideal wife. There's where the trouble lies. They all want ideal husbands, but never seem to think that men may want ideal wives. Men imagine that a wife will make them happy, and women think that all they need to put an end to their troubles is to secure a husband. How sadly both are disappointed. The wife who expects her husband to make her happy is foredoomed to disappointment; so is the man who expects the same from his wife. We make our own happiness, and in doing so we make others happy.

Whenever young women begin trying to fit themselves for wives then a new social era will begin to dawn. There will be more happy homes, less poverty, fewer divorces and a better moral atmosphere. There is a great deal of room for men to improve in the same line. Comparatively few of them have definite ideas in regard to the home life they expect to live. If they do picture such a thing, they follow the outlines traced by some sentimental novelist. It is an impossible sort of place, in which he installs an angel. Nectar takes the place of coffee, and the bread plate is filled with lotus.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

ALTHOUGH Friday is held to be a bad day for beginning journeys, nevertheless a great many long ones are begun on that day, especially in States where they hang.

LIFE IN THE PINERIES.

LOGGING AND RAFTING IN NORTHWESTERN FORESTS.

Spring Break-Up and the Journey from the Forest to the Saw-Mills—Appearance of the Raftsmen in the Cities, and How They Spend Their Time.



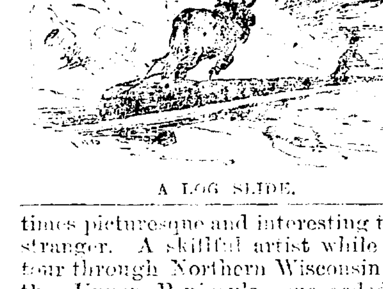
NOW and then there appear on the city sidewalks certain old-looking men, who never fail to attract a passing glance from hurrying pedestrians. These men are tawny in hue and swaggering in gait. The prevailing tint from slouch hat to rough boots is a faded yellow. This is the usual color of their long hair, their beards, and their sun-cured raiment. Their faces alone show a departure from the all-pervading yellow, for these are bronzed as deeply as any costly example of French or Italian art found in the jewelers' windows. Such are the visible attributes of the raftsmen who stray from their haunts in the wilds of Northern Wisconsin or other parts of the Northwest to "size up the cities," as they express it.



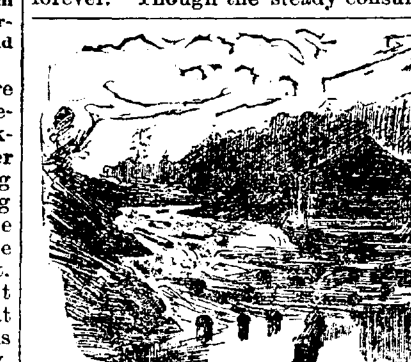
A MONARCH'S FATE.

They drift from the forests to the river towns, and up and down the Mississippi, from St. Louis to St. Paul. They roam about at their own sweet will, unmolested even by the hungry "tough" who preys upon the stranger, for these raftsmen are ugly customers. They are not burdened with wealth, their muscles are like whip-cords, and their fists like sledge-hammers; good reasons these for their immunity from annoyance.

Life in a lumbering camp and along the "log rivers," so called, is at all times picturesque and interesting to the stranger. A skillful artist while on a tour through Northern Wisconsin and the Upper Peninsula succeeded in catching many characteristic sketches of life with the raftsmen. Along the river banks, while the raftsmen are having a hilarious time of it on shore, the rafts are being taken charge of by purchasers. Lumber rafts are taken to the board-yard, and timber to the sawmill. Months before these fleets of fallen trees have reached the city, the monarchs of the forest have crashed to the earth. During the summer and autumn months this cutting goes on along small streams tributary to the rivers of the great Northwest. When the logs float down to the "place of the sawmill," it floats out of sight as an individual and is lost forever. It has been one of the "oldest inhabitants," and always lived an upright life. But this has availed nothing, and after the passage beneath that bridge the log and the place of its long habitation have parted forever. Though the steady consumption of timber has limited the available trees to regions pretty far from the main streams, yet the logs are transported to water that is "navigable" at times, without dependence on winter's snow.



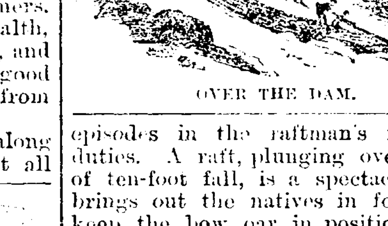
A LOG SLIDE.



THE FIRST STEP.

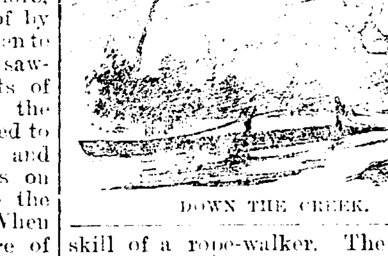
The log slide is a peculiar device. In it, laid end to end, horse-power is used with such effect that a string of logs is pushed long distances, until a stream is reached sufficiently large to supply transportation when spring freshets have quickened its pulses. The cylinders of white pine, meanwhile, await the coming of the floods. When there is water sufficient the "driving" of a flock of logs begins. The lumberman takes naturally to so designating inanimate wood. The "flock" is turned loose in the stream and the men toil after, helping the water to propel its ligneous burden by prying and lifting and guiding the clumsy logs.

To prevent a jamming or blockade of the logs en route is a labor requiring experience, judgment, and a deal of activity. But finally the flock is safely landed in the "boom," a watery pen where the logs are assembled into small rafts for floating to the larger and roomier river where still larger rafts are assembled. All along the route of the newly launched logs are mill-dams of greater or less height. The crossing of these form exciting episodes in the raftman's round of duties. A raft, plunging over a dam of ten-foot fall, is a spectacle which brings out the natives in force. To keep the bow oar in position and so maintain control of the floating mass, is the chief consideration, and this is often a task rendered herculean by the mighty rushing of the water. But these exciting periods are alternated with quieter hours when the raft drifts peacefully down the swollen creek.



OVER THE DAM.

Often when one raft becomes uncontrollable and grounds hard below a dam, succeeding rafts are relied upon to act as battering rams for the grounded one. Strength, activity and skill are called into play by the duties of a raftsman. These rough-looking men will perform marvelous deeds with the ponderous logs, riding them with the skill of a rope-walker. The logger's spiked boots aid his hold upon the timber, and his cool head and steady nerves in many instances stand between him and death.

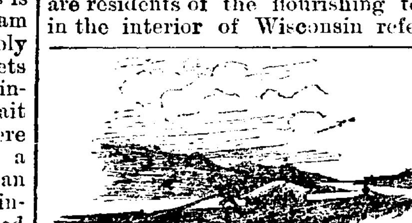


DOWN THE CREEK.

Even on the wide river, shoals, hidden rocks and sharp bends call for vigilance on the raftsman's part, and it is not until the Mississippi is reached that he can feel that his duties are chiefly confined to keeping the raft in the middle of the wide stream, and by the time the "big water" is sighted the raftsman feels that he has fully earned the right to have a deal of fun, and to go home only as heavy in pocket as he is light of heart.

The question is sometimes asked: Will the great forests of the Northwest give out? Of course they will. Year in and year out, hundreds of millions of feet of lumber are sawed to meet the demands of commerce. The denudation of the forests of the Northwest goes steadily on, and as the mighty hills grow older they grow balder. The raftsman and the lumberman will for many years be found component parts of the up-river population.

Of the rank and file of this army of wood handlers we have treated more especially. Above these are the solid, moneyed members of this army, the men whose capital is invested in the lumber lands, in the cutting of the ligneous crop and its shipment by water and rail to distant markets. Many of these men are residents of the flourishing towns in the interior of Wisconsin referred to. Others make their homes in the two cities of Chicago and Milwaukee, where their mills put into marketable shape the timber which has absorbed sunshine and water for hundreds of years in northern Wisconsin and Michigan. Their capital calls into being a great industry and adds to the general wealth and prosperity of the Northwest to a marked degree.



ON THE RIVER.

A queer announcement is found at many of the country taverns patronized by raftsmen and loggers. It reads: "Chip your boots before entering this hotel." This is Greek to the stranger. It is simply a polite request to men whose feet are shod with inch spikes to impale chips upon these before entering the house. A chipped boot is merciful to floors and carpets—where this luxury is found—but boots unchipped are quick death to flooring boards and galloping consumption to anything in the shape of carpets. Hence the warning.

Rules for Courting, Young Men.

Don't disagree with the girl's father in politics or her mother in religion.

If you have a rival, keep one eye on him. If he is a widower, keep two eyes on him.

Don't put too much sweet stuff on paper. If you do you may hear it read in after years.

Go home at a reasonable hour in the evening.

If, on the occasion of your first call, she looks like an iceberg, and acts like a cold wave, take your leave early and stay away some time.

In cold weather finish saying good-night in the house. Don't stretch it all the way to the gate, and thus lay the foundation for future asthma or catarrh, to help you worry the girl to death after she has married you.

Quite a Natural Conclusion.

First poetical aspirant (to second ditto)—So you say you've sent off more than 100 poems and never had one returned?

Second P. A.—That's what I said.

First P. A.—It's a phenomenal success! I wish I knew the secret.

Second P. A.—Well, I've sometimes thought it was because I never inclosed any postage stamps.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS is the richest writer in the world. This may be taken in two ways.

FOR THE LADIES.

HOW DAME FASHION WOULD HAVE YOU ATTIRED.

Matters of Especial Interest to Ladies Who Desire Becoming and Fashionable Toilets—The Art of Dressing Economically and Well.

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

In New York, the fashionable woman is just betwixt cool and cold weather. She is loath to put on the wraps of winter, because, however beautiful they may be, they are necessarily less stylish and symmetrical in shape than tight bodices. Therefore, she arrays herself for the promenade in a toilet decorated by devices calculated to look like a warmth which they do not produce. The illustration explains this idea at a glance. The figure of this young woman is good enough to excuse a little vanity, and to advantageously display a representative December costume. The hat has fur and feathers on it, and the same spoils of robbery from beasts and birds cover the front of the gown from collar to hem. The art of adornment in dress is applying itself to decorative uses of fur and feathers combined, and all the effects of embroidery are produced with those materials, as in this instance. The design of the dress itself is in the fashion of Louis XVI., pure and simple, the redingote being of dark-gray velvet, while the embroideries and garnitures of fur and feathers are intermixed with silk and steel. The small turban hat of gray velvet is almost hidden under the mass of gray fur and ostrich feathers. The tiny muff is a mixture of the same color in fur and feathers, with a bit of blue velvet to match the same touch of color in the bonnet.

There is one freak of fashion not shown in that picture, and deserving of suppression in every way, although it has come into considerable favor. That is the revival of thick and ample veils. These are not only made to cover the face, but they are swathed across the back of the head and around the neck in an inartistic manner. Besides, they suggest that the wearer has a face which will not stand bright daylight exposure. A bit of anecdote is appropriate. Ada Rehan, the favorite actress of the Daly Company, is forty years old and over. She makes up fairly for girlish roles on the stage, and her famous "prattle of maturity" enables her to act the frivolous girl admirably. But at close sight, in the cold light of day, she shows her age. A friend met her in Broadway, and her face was enwrapped with a veil, in the new style.



A NOVEMBER EXHIBIT.

"Well, Ada," said the possibly jealous actress, "what makes you hide yourself behind a veil in that manner?"

"Oh, that is after the manner of She, the miraculous heroine of Rider Haggard's story."

"And do you impersonate She before her second exposure to the pillar of fire," was the placid but vicious question, "or afterward?"

Something like that question is always raised by a thick veil. Is the concealed face young and beautiful, like that of the wondrously preserved She, or too old for sightliness, like that creature's countenance after the wrinkles of a thousand years had suddenly appeared?

Current feminine interest is now concentrated in-doors, very largely, because the season of social assemblages has begun. Costumes for balls and receptions range all the way from the simplicity of a debutante's gown, as shown in the picture above, to the furthest venture into daring picturesqueness, as portrayed in the next sketch below. There is no limit to the whims in which some women will indulge themselves. For instance, at one of the week's drawing-room events, a certain married belle appeared with circlets of leaves and vines laid on her bare arms with gold leaf. The design had been wrought out for her by some artistic hand, and then somehow made adhesive to her skin. But such eccentricities are only to be mentioned as news, not recommended for imitation. Even the loose-waisted gown in the cut might properly be considered a trifle too pronounced in style. It was worn at a very swell reception. The material was soft, pliant, India silk, which gave a statuesque effect of drapery. Across the breast, around the waist, encircling the hips, and finally tied loosely at the left side, with the ends hanging down, was a heavily braided rope of satin.

It is declared that Mrs. Harrison will oppose decollete dresses at the White House when she gets there; but whether her influence shall then be felt or not, it is certain that there is no reform to be expected this season. The corsages of ball and dinner dresses range as low as ever, and the sketches in this article are drawn so as to show the newest outlines for [illegible] of gowns. The shape is much the same as last winter in front, and there is a repetition of sleevelessness; but an alteration is often made at the back, where the opening runs down to a very low point. This is illustrated in the cases of the two young ladies portrayed with their backs turned to the observer. One of these plates, moreover, belongs to an actual dialogue. A dude appeared at a ball with his hair singularly cropped. The French fashion of short hair standing stiffly upright all over the top of the head has been in vogue for several years with men qualified by the possession of hair in quantity enough for the purpose. But this chap had varied the fashion by a cut which left the hair standing rather higher at the sides, as in the sketch.

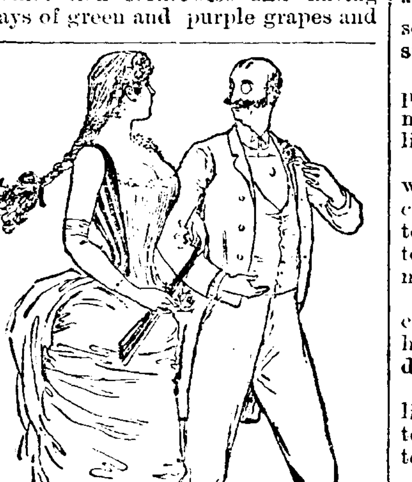
"How do you like it?" he asked of a girl acquaintance.

"It is very odd, at least," she replied.

"I am told that it makes me look like Mephistopheles—that is, real devilish."

"Indeed! It hadn't struck me that way. I fancied that it suggested quite another being with abnormal ears."

As to what may be called the attributes of evening toilets, some of the bonbonnieres are very pretty. They are in the shape of a large silk handkerchief tied cornerwise and having sprays of green and purple grapes and leaves showing at each corner. The handkerchiefs are in the brightest mixture of color, and in rich silk. Others are in the form of a gigantic green nut, with the nut made in satin, the calyx in velvet. The newest handkerchiefs have broad borders composed of several lines of silk thread in bright colors, and the edges finished in tiny scallops, buttonholed in the same colors. They are of the finest batiste, and the colors are principally red, blue, yellow, and mauve. It is a custom now to carry several handkerchiefs at once, disposed in different pockets or other receptive places in the toilet, and these are taken out, for use or display, according to handiness or the whim of the belle. The fashionable tendency of floral decoration is toward more simplicity and more artistic arrangement. Refined people are beginning to recognize that flowers should not be tortured into impossible and ridiculous shapes, and that the more natural the effect produced, the more beautiful. Much importance is now attached to the auxiliaries of the toilet, and in view of the fact that they supply the effect of the same they cannot be held insignificant. Of the ornaments worn in the house, the old-fashioned buckle with sharp teeth for holding the belt and ribbon is again in vogue, and comes into play upon many stylish gowns. Stones in real jewels are mounted in showy designs, as, for instance, blue topaz in an elegant buckle of crescent shape, and Arizona garnets in one of star shape. A ruby, a catseye, a diamond and a sapphire ornament, a buckle shaped like an agraffe, the stones being cut in Cabochon style, without facets. A new fan is to have odd coins from foreign countries mounted up as pins to hold draperies or girdles. The Peruvian collar affords a pleasing specimen, being particularly handsome in design. There are no great changes in jewelry this season. Flower pins, in small shape, continue to be worn. The newest pins more closely approach the open brooch-shape worn by our grandmothers than anything recently made. Single pansies, single daisies, small passion-flowers and sweet peas are all popular, but the newest pins are little open circles and plaques of white or blue enamel, set with diamonds, turquoises, or the beautiful Arizona garnets which show fire at night, all red as rubies, and have no touch of the purplish hue of old-time garnets.—*Chicago Ledger.*



ARTLESS AND ARTFUL.



MEPHISTOPHELES AND MARGUERITE.

Conceits in Silver and Gold.

A CORRUGATED column of silver makes a unique cologne bottle.

A PRETTY combination box for holding stamps and matches is of gold.

A PRETTY jewel box is in the form of a double heart, Queen Anne style.

A NEW piece of pocket jewelry is a silver rule with gold hinges and ends.

AN odd shoe horn is of stained ivory with a silver handle twisted rope fashion.

ROMAN etruscan gold sleeve buttons with opalized borders are new and tasty.

SILVER chatelaine mirrors after the style of Louis XIV. are tasteful and fashionable.

MONSTER toilette bottles with silver tops ornamented with etchings have become the fashion.

THE latest addition to desk furnishing is a silver inkstand, plaque-shaped, with wide border chasing.

BONNETS made of cloth or any other wool fabric matching the costume are still in favor with stylish women.

TELL THE TRUTH.

BY JEFFIE FORBUSH HANAFORD.



THIS is a subject I should feel inclined to grow eloquent over if I had the power of eloquence on any subject. Mothers can not be too careful in training their children to speak the truth. Of all lessons, this is by far the most important, to my way of thinking. Teach your children to have implicit confidence in you, and it will inspire them with a desire to tell you the truth at all times.

A little incident came under my notice a few days ago, and I will give it as an illustration of my meaning. A little girl, I should judge about six years old, was playing with a number of her schoolmates, and during a rather rough game of "tag" she was accidentally pushed down, and her apron, a dainty white affair trimmed with fine lace, was torn. Immediately little Bessie commenced to cry. "Oh, dear, my mamma will whip me so hard," she sobbed, her blue eyes swimming in tears.

"You can tell her just how it happened, and then she'll forgive you; my mamma would," said one of her little playmates.

"But my mamma wouldn't; she would say I was a naughty, careless child, and whip me just the same. I'll tell her a big dog jumped on me and tore it; then she will think it wasn't my fault."

Arriving at this decision seemed to comfort Bessie, for she wiped away her tears and a faint little smile dimpled her mouth.

"But that would be a lie," said the little girl who had advised Bessie to tell her mother; "and it's wicked to tell lies—the Bible tells so."

"I s'pose it is," said poor little Bessie, with a regretful sigh, "but you don't know how hard my mamma whips me if I tear my clothes."

I passed on, fully convinced that Bessie's mother was making a serious mistake in bringing her child up to fear her, instead of ruling her by the gentle hand of love. The apron was accidentally torn, and the child was not really to blame, yet, standing in such mortal fear of her mother's displeasure, she resorted to a falsehood to escape the punishment that she knew would follow if she told her mother the truth. Poor little Bessie! A few gentle words of reproof: "Be more careful next time, dear; mother feels badly to know her little girl was so careless," etc., etc. Ah, how much better would have been the mother's influence over her child's life.

Do not allow yourself to acquire the terrible habit of saying one thing and meaning another. Once you make the discovery that a friend or acquaintance has told you a direct falsehood, you can never regain your lost confidence in him—never bring yourself to believe his word again.

Boys especially need a careful hand to guide them in the path of truth and honesty. Teach them to speak the truth at all times and under all circumstances, and their future life will reflect credit on the parents who have thus faithfully performed their duty to their children.

A good deal could be written on this subject, but lack of space will not permit. One thing is pre-eminent: An honest, truthful man is an honor to his country and to the mother who gave him birth, and it takes a truthful boy to make a truthful man. Think of this, fond, indulgent parents, and do not neglect the most important part of your children's education.

She and Her Sister.

I am here reminded of a story which was told at my expense, in 185[illegible], by a Roman Catholic Bishop, Mr. Spaulding, of Kentucky, with whom I was on intimate terms, which illustrated the estimation in which New England people were held in some parts of the slave-holding States. "I was," said he, "some years ago traveling in the interior of Missouri, where the settlements were sparse, and in which, there being no taverns, I was compelled to stop wherever I could find shelter and food. One day I stopped for dinner at a double log cabin of more than usual inviting appearance. A good-looking white woman welcomed me at the door, and upon entering, I perceived that everything about the cabin was as nice as a new pin. I had not long to wait for dinner, and had scarcely been seated when a negro came in and took a chair at the table, and before the meal was over I discovered that he was this white woman's husband. After he went out I could not help expressing my astonishment that she should be the wife of a negro. She listened quietly to what I said, and then remarked that for her part she couldn't see anything bad about that. "Why, sir," said she, "I did e-enough sight better 'n my sister. She married a Yankee." The Bishop laughed heartily as he told the story, and I joined him and the rest of the company in the laugh.—*From Hugh McCulloch's "Men and Measures of Half a Century."*

Suspected a Trap.

"Here's an article headed 'Marvelous Escape of a Distinguished Citizen from a Horrible Death,'" said the dutiful daughter, who was reading a morning paper to her invalid father. "'The friends of Mr. J. Alpheus Bramble were shocked on learning a few mornings ago that—'"

"Jane," interrupted the irritable parent, "before you read any more of that you will oblige me if you'll look about half way down to the bottom of the article and see whose patent medicine it's advertising."

Apropos.

"Who will enjoy church the most to-morrow?" was a question one night in the game of "Impudence" among a circle of young people sojourning in the country. "Who will most enjoy the going and coming?" coquettishly ventured a young girl to whom it fell to ask the following question. "Why, that's what I meant," exclaimed the first, with a naiveté which was greeted with peals of laughter.—*Harper's Bazar.*



TO A TELEPHONE GIRL.

Her pleasant voice I know full well;
I ne'er have seen her face,
But I am certain it will tell
Of gentleness and grace.

I do not even know her name,
Her age I do not know,
And if I chance to speak, the same
Brief answer comes—"Hello!"

'Tis sad to be a number when
One's heart is so enthralled—
To her I'm only "sixteen,"
No odds how often called.

I sometimes have a mad desire
To ask her to be mine;
I know she simply would inquire:
"Won't you keep off the line?"

There's one resort, I know, to stay
My reason on its throne;
I'll send this order in to-day:
"Take out my telephone!"

—*Exchange.*

The Reason Why

Ayer's Pills are so popular is, that while always reliable as a cathartic medicine, they never leave any ill effects. This is because they are purely vegetable, and entirely free from calomel or any other dangerous drug. In all cases, therefore, whether the patient be old or young, they may be confidently administered.

In the Southern and Western States, where derangements of the liver are so general, Ayer's Pills have proved an inestimable blessing. D. W. Baine, New Berne, N. C., writes:

"I suffered a long time with stomach and liver troubles. I tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. These pills benefited me at once. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."

Throughout New England, next to lung diseases, Stomach and Bowel Complaints are the most prevalent.

Dyspepsia

and Constipation are almost universal. Mr. Gallacher, a practical chemist, of Roxbury, Mass., who was long troubled with Dyspepsia, writes:

"A friend induced me to try Ayer's Pills, and, after taking one box without much benefit, I was disposed to quit them; but he urged perseverance, and, before I had finished the second box, I began to experience relief. I continued taking them, at intervals, until I had used eleven boxes. Suffice it to say, that I am now a well man, and grateful to your chemistry, which outstrips mine."

The head and stomach are always in sympathy; hence the cause of most of those distressing headaches, to which so many, especially women, are subject. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that for years she was a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief, until she began taking Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

WANTED.

WANTED.--A situation by a young man who is willing to work at any kind of honest labor. Address, M. L. S., Sentinel office.

WANTED.- An Intelligent Earnest Man to represent, in his own State, a large responsible house. A remunerative salary to right party. Steady growing position. References exchanged.
Gay's Mfg. House, Lock Box 1585, N. Y.

WANTED a man to act as Salesman. No experience necessary. Permanent position guaranteed. Salary and expenses paid from the start. Many fast selling specialties. Facilities unsurpassed. Address BROWN BROS., Nurserymen, Chicago, Ill. 7-1m

PROFESSIONAL.

MARY A. WHERY, M. D., office and residence No. 26 Madison street. Special attention given to ladies. May24-tf

THE CITIZENS LOAN AND IMPROVEMENT CO., will buy a lot and build you a new house, or buy property already improved, and sell to you at 6 per cent. interest. Office hours, 8 to 5 p. m., week days; 7 to 8 p. m., Wednesday and Saturday evenings.
S. C. Lumbard, Secretary,
36 Calhoun street.
Jno. M. Coombs, President.
Chas. E. Bond, Treasurer. 23-10t

FOR RENT.

L. M. JONES,
REAL ESTATE BROKER.
26 Court Street.

FOR RENT.--Good house with barn, well, cistern, cellar and two acres of land, convenient to the east end shops, street car stables and White's spoke factory. Also house and lot for rent or sale, south of railroad. Will do for railroader on any of the railroads, near reservoir. Also a five room flat, very convenient, at 152 East Berry street, with hot and cold water, gas, bath rooms, water closet. Heated by furnace, grates or stoves. 28-tf

FOR RENT.--Furnished rooms for rent. Three front rooms first floor. Four squares west from court house. Inquire at, or address Sentinel office.

FOR SALE.

House and lot. The house has six fine rooms all on one floor. Lot 30x150. The house is newly painted and remodled and within ten minutes walk of the court house. Rents for $144.00 per year. Will be sold cheap for cash. Address

J. E. L., Sentinel Office,
7-1mo. Or call at 135 Lafayette Street.

P. E. COX,

PRACTICAL

Sanitary Plumber,

Has opened a shop at

No. 29 West Main Street.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT

Reasonable Prices

1888

RADIANT:-:HOME!

SQUARE STOVES

Are made as follows: Four sizes plain Stove: Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7.
Two sizes with oven, Nos. 5 and 6.
Four sizes with double heater, Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7.
All sizes are made with

Round Fire Pots, Duplex Grates, Made With a Central Hot-Air Flue,

Taking the air in at bottom of stove, thence up between the ascending and decending draft flues.
Also a full line of

Hardware, Cutlery and House Furnishing Goods.

—ONLY AT—

W. E. GRIFFITH'S
No. 122 Broadway.

☞Friends living on the south or east side of the city would do well to board the Broadway or Belt Line car if only to examine these goods

H. B. AYERS,

Post Office Drug Store,

CORNER & CLINTON BERRY.
7-1mo.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, DEC. 1, 1888.

AND still let us be mindful that the tariff is a tax.

DECEMBER dawned on us with delightful weather.

A GERMAN speaking Y. M. C. A. is in session at Baltimore. This association flourishes in the east.

MR. BLAINE continues to disturb the republican household. They have him and know not how to dispose of him.

COLONEL DUDLEY can make a martyr of himself by stepping into Indiana. His conviction would go a good way towards reforming election methods.

THE wrestling match crowds a playhouse to the doors. Would a good, wholesome lecture do as much? We fear not and what a pity that such a thing is true.

GENERAL HARRISON is beseiged on all sides by the republican statesmen who have a longing to sit in his cabinet. Senator Sherman seems to have the inside track at present.

THE sentiment for election reform is now strong enough to influence the next legislature into passing a new election law that will make the purchase and sale of votes very dangerous business and every one will hail such an enactment with delight.

J. V. WILLIAMSON, a millionaire bachelor of Philadelphia, endows a munificent charity by awarding a fund of $5,000,000 for the location, erection, and organization of a mechanical school for boys. Mr. Williamson has not lived in vain.

J. W. WAIT, who as a boy blacked the boots and acted as hitching post for "Coal Oil Johnny," the spendthrift oil operator, now owns the oil wells which gave "Johnny" Steele the millions he threw away in riotous living to die a pauper in the alms house. Such are the opportunities that come to American boys.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN once said that on the night of his election he had practically completed his cabinet before leaving the telegraph office where he received the returns. But he did not give the public nor even any of the gentlemen invited into his cabinet intimation of his intention until Dec. 8, when he wrote a note to Mr. Seward, asking him to take the portfolio of state.

HON. W. H. DILLS, of Auburn, is advocating the proposition to base the apportionment of delegates to congressional conventions on the congressional vote. THE SENTINEL can see no advantage or disadvantage to accrue from such a change, unless it is that some counties in the district polled a reduced democratic vote for congressman at the recent election and would lose accordingly in delegate strength.

JUDGE GRESHAM comes out in severe denunciation of election frauds and the corrupt use of money. He says: "It is the Pharisees who are doing this. It is men of prominence and respectability who raise these large sums of money knowing the use that they will be put to, men who deal openly in corruption one day and go to church the next. It is these men who bring disgrace upon the state. You may convict a hundred —yea, even a thousand—obscure voters for bribery, but the effect upon a community would be as nothing compared to that which follows the conviction of one prominent man."

FRANCIS MANOR, believed to be the first white child born on the Maumee river, died at Providence, Ohio, on the 26th inst., at the age of seventy-seven years. Peter Manor, the father of Francis, was one of the early French settlers of the Maumee valley; adhered to the side of the United States during the war of 1812, and was of essential service to his country as a scout during the war; was afterwards adopted by the Indians and given a grant of land at the village of Providence, at a treaty in 1817. His son was likewise a scout and interpreter and represented the Indians in the treaty of 1842.

FELL FROM A CAR.

A Young Lad Breaks His Arm in This Way.

One of the most dangerous sports in which boys can engage is playing around the freight and passenger cars on the railroad tracks, and yet they indulge in it daily, in spite of the efforts the police make to stop them and the repeated warnings they have in the accidents that befall companions.

Yesterday afternoon another warning came, but like all others, it will also probably prove unavailing. While a young lad named Green, whose parents live on Chicago street, was playing around some freight cars in the Pittsburg yards, he fell from the top of one of them and broke his arm. One of his companions was also injured but not seriously. The lad, Green, was taken to his home, where a physician was called, and he will probably be confined to his bed for some time.

THE WATER WORKS.

Inspector Iten Points Out Its Inefficiency, and Suggests a Remedy.

Apropos to the demand of the Jenney Electric Light company for a better fire protection, a chat with Mr. Frank Iten, the water works inspector, will interest.

Mr. Iten contends that the shops in the central, northern and southern parts of the city have ample fire protection, for it would be impossible to exhaust the water supply. Even the Bass works are pretty well guarded. The water pipes out there are not extra large, but there is a net work of them about the shops.

"We have, running north and south from Clinton street to Lewis street;" said Mr. Iten, "a twenty-inch water main. It diminishes to sixteen inches on further, but that gives sufficient flow for all purposes. Running east and west," continued Mr. Iten: "The water mains have but a capacity of six inches, and, of course, it is impossible to get a phenomenal flow through such a small pipe. What we need is a twelve or sixteen inch pipe running east and west from the twenty inch main on Calhoun street, then we have ample fire protection. When the water works were planned, I suppose, the possibility of manufactories and big buildings east and west was not anticipated. No one will deny the necessity of greater water service east and west and out towards the great Bass works, but it takes money to make these changes."

This puts the situation before the people and THE SENTINEL is sure that if public sentiment demands an alteration of the water works plan, the trustees will cheerfully do the work.

No woman can be contented and happy if her skin is covered with pimples and blotches. These disfiguring eruptions are easily removed by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine is perfectly safe to take, and is a thoroughly reliable blood purifier.

The movement to heat coaches by steam has become so general that it is quite likely that the legislature of Indiana, the coming winter, will pass laws on the subject similar to those of several other states. New York and the New England states have already taken action and a large per cent. of their equipment is now arranged for heating the trains by steam from the locomotive. The railroad commissioners of Minnesota are to make reports to the legislature of that state at their coming session, and in Michigan the new law providing for safe heating took effect the first of this month.

A Bloody Affray

if often the result of "bad blood" in a family or community, but nowhere is bad blood more destructive of happiness and health than in the human system. When the life current is foul and sluggish with impurities, and is slowly distributing its posions to every part of the body, the peril to health, and life even, is imminent. Early symptoms are dull and drowsy feelings, severe headaches, coated tongue, poor appetite, indigestion and general lassitude. Delay in treatment may entail the most serious consequences. Don't let disease get a strong hold on your constitution, but treat yourself by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and be restored to the blessings of health. All Druggists.

Mr. Frank Kane was at Grand Rapids yesterday.

The Best Place.

Do you know that Hover, the artist, takes the best photos in the city? Well, it is a fact, and a trial of it will convince and please you. He is making cabinets for $1.50 a dozen. Go where you get the best and Hover's Gallery is the place.

USE GLOSS SOAP.

Made honestly,
Does honest work,
A splendid washer,
Makes dirt fly.
Manufactured only by
LAUTZ BROS. & CO.
Buffalo, N. Y.
For Sale By All Principal Grocers.

Mail us 25 wrappers with your full address and we will send you "The Snow Boy," our newest picture. s3m-w3m

Masonic Temple.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 5.

George H. Wilson's

(Of "Waltz Me Again" fame.)

Gilded Mastodons

IN IDEAL REFINED

MINSTRELSY,

40 EMBRACING FORTY ARTISTS. 40

Monte Christo, First Part.

The most dazzling display of wealth and grandeur ever presented to lovers of minstrelsy.

Duval, the Wonder. Special engagement of the latest European sensation.

POWELL, Prestidigitateur and Necromancer, assisted by

LITTLE EMILE, IN THE BLACK ART.

Nagique Improvista. Absolutely Two Shows in one. Watch for the big street parade, 11:45.

Secure seats. Prices: 25, 50 and 75 cents.

THE HEBREW TEMPLE.

Mr. Levy, of Cincinnati, Delivers Two Interesting Sermons.

The religious services at the Hebrew Temple last evening and this morning were of an interesting character and at both worships a large congregation assembled to listen to the sermons delivered by Rabbi Levy, a student of the Hebrew college at Cincinnati. His discourse last evening, on the theme, "Providence and Free Will," was an interesting and eloquent one. The speaker said that while God could fortell the destiny of each individual of the human race, yet he left man a free moral agent and he could choose for himself either a godly or an ungodly life.

The man who obeyed the divine law posessed the largest amount of freedom and would not only enjoy himself the most in this life, but also in the life to come. Providence gives us the choice and it is our duty to choose the right and the blessings which this wise decision brings.

The reverend gentleman is an entertaining pulpit speaker. He delivered another fine sermon to a large audience this morning and left a good impression among the Jewish people, as indeed, do all the Cincinnati students who are sent here to officiate in their temple.

One Fact

Is worth a column of rhetoric, said an American statesman. It is a fact, established by the testimony of thousands of people, that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum, and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. Try it.

The management of the Wabash railway is having all the bridges and cattle guards on its lines covered with whitewash, with which salt is mixed, the effect being both to preserve the timber and making it fire proof, besides somewhat improving its appearance. This work is done about once a year, and is believed to liberally repay the comparatively small expense.

Mr. J. H. Rosseau and Frank McCauley, of Warsaw, are in the city today.

POND'S EXTRACT.

LETTERS FROM THE GOVERNORS.

It is a well-known fact that POND'S EXTRACT is used and recommended by more distinguished people than any preparation or remedy extant.

It is used in the household of the President as well as that of the humblest citizen; by members of the army and the navy, the Bar and the Bench, the pulpit and the press—all ranks and classes of people. To further illustrate this fact we append a few of the more recent letters from Governors of different States:

The Governor of New Hampshire.

GENTLEMEN: I have used POND'S EXTRACT in my family for several years, and have found it a most desirable and valuable remedy. Yours truly, MOODY CURRIER.
Dec. 3, '87.

The Governor of Pennsylvania.

GENTS: POND'S EXTRACT has been a valued reliance in our family for several years, especially in relieving the aches, sprains and bruises incident to children.
Very truly yours,
Nov. 30, '87. JAMES A. BEAVER.

The Governor of New Jersey.

DEAR SIR: I have for many years used POND'S EXTRACT, and have derived great benefit and relief therefrom. Yours truly,
Dec. 5, '87. R. S. GREEN.

The Lt.-Governor of Illinois.

GENTLEMEN: POND'S EXTRACT has long had a place in the medicine chest of my family. I assure you that we have found it a ready and valuable agent to relieve pain in many cases, and that very promptly. We cannot well keep house without it.
I am, truly yours,
Oct. 10, '87. J. C. SMITH.

POND'S EXTRACT is invaluable for all kinds of Pain, Inflammation and Hemorrhages.

Feel once [illegible] imitation. Beware of worthless imitations of POND'S EXTRACT.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO ADVERTISERS

A list of 1,000 newspapers divided into States and Sections will be sent on application—FREE.

To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List.
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce street, New York.

SOOSE HANDLE

SAD + IRONS.



Are nickel-plated and the

Best Cold Handle Iron Made.

We also sell the rubber cushion weather strips, carving knives and forks, plated knives, forks and spoons, pocket knives and scissors and everything in the

HARDWARE LINE!

PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER,
38 and 40 East Columbia Street.



PEED'S MILL, TEXAS, June 30, 1888—The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.—Gentlemen: One of my children was troubled with rheumatism and boils for about two years. We gave her various kinds of medicine, but without profit, and began to despair of curing her at all. I was persuaded to try your Swift's Specific. After she had used several bottles the diseases all disappeared, and she is now a hale, hearty and healthy girl twelve years old. Another child has just become afflicted in the same way, and I am using the S. S. S. and anticipate a prompt and permanent cure. N. C. WAGGONER.

RICH HILL, MO., July 7, 1888—The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.—Gentlemen: Our little girl when but three weeks old broke out with eczema. We tried the prescriptions from several good doctors, but without any special benefit We tried S. S. S., and by the time one bottle was gone her head began to heal, and by the time she had taken six bottles she was completely cured. Now she has a full and heavy head of hair—a robust, hearty child. I feel it but my duty to make this statement. Respectfully, H. T. SHOBE.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., June 27, 1888—The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.—Gentlemen: In 1886 I contracted blood poison, and at once sought a physician, who treated me for several months. By his advice I went to Crab Or hard Springs, Ky., where his course of treatment was carefully observed. I recovered, as I thought, but the next spring pimples began to appear on my face and body. These gradually increased to sores and running ulcers. I was advised to try S. S. S., and immediately after taking it I commenced to improve, slowly at first, but more rapidly afterwards, and soon nothing remained to tell of my trouble. My blood is now thoroughly cleansed, and my system free from taint, and I owe my present condition—a perfect cure—to your medicine. I cheerfully give this statement that others who have suffered as I have may reap the same benefit.
HARDY M. BURT, 24 West Ninth St.

HOMER, LA., May 25, 1888—The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.—Gentlemen: About two years ago my general health gave way entirely. I was so debilitated that I almost despaired of ever feeling well again. All that the physicians done for me brought no permanent relief. Friends insisted that I should give S. S. S. a fair trial, although I thought it would be throwing away money. After taking a thorough course, my health and strength returned, and I must say that S. S. S. alone cured me, as I discarded all others while using it. As a tonic I can most heartily recommend it; for general debility, it certainly is a specific. W. F. BRIDGES, J.P.

HOMER, LA.—I know Mr. W. F. Bridges, and will say that his statement is correct.
JOSEPH SHELTON, Druggist.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

RABUS

—THE—

TAILOR,

Carries the Largest Line of Foreign and Domestic Goods in

Suitings,
Overcoatings,
Trouserings
IN THE CITY.

Work - All - Guaranteed!

NO. 16 WEST BERRY STREET

Six Doors West of Calhoun.

RABUS,
—THE—
TAILOR. 19-1mo.

A. FOSTER!

Merchant Tailor

No. 15 W. Wayne St.

Fall and Winter '88-9!

I am pleased to announce the completion of my stock of Fine Woolens of French, German, Scotch and American manufacture for the fall and winter of 1888-89. I have imported for the Season's Trade the Largest Assortment of Choice Wool and Worsted Fabrics, Fine Suitings, Pants Goods and Overcoatings, very desirable and of Extra Value, and for men's wear, the best ever exhibited in this city; and I am prepared to Make to Order in a manner and style acceptable to all. Prices shall be the Lowest, considering the Superior Workmanship and Wares displayed at my rooms.

A. FOSTER,
No. 15 West Wayne Street.

J. M. MODERWELL,

—DEALER IN—

Hard and Soft Coal!

Wood and Kindling,

Wells Street Bridge.

PROMPT DELIVERY,

Telephone 54.
Nov. 1-4mo.

A. F. GESSLER,

—DEALER—

Fresh, Salt and Smoked

MEATS.

Saussages of All Kinds.

60 East Main Street,

FORT WAYNE, - - - - - - - - INDINA.
Nov. 24-tf.

THE BEST PLACE

To buy your meats of all kinds is at the

MEAT - MARKET!

—OF—

J. - N. - PFEIFFER,

44 West Berry Street.

Fresh Meats and Home-made Saussage sold at reasonable prices. nov28

E. F. SITES, DENTIST,



No. - 74 - Calhoun - Street,

Opposite the Aveliene House, over Mordhurst's Drug Store.

FORT WAYNE. - - - - INDIANA.



Cook's Co[illegible] ...ot Compound.—Composed o[illegible] Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal. [illegible] used monthly. Safe, Effectual. [illegible] $1 by mail, or druggists. Se[illegible] lars 2 stamps. Ladies address [illegible] LILY COMPANY, 131 Wood[illegible] Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Sold in Fort Wayne by Thieme & Gross, druggists. sept. 13-1yr

HINDERCORNS.

The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. 15c. at Druggists. HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC



The best of all remedies for Inward Pains, Colic, Indigestion, Exhaustion and all Stomach and Bowel troubles. Also the most effective cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and affections of the breathing organs. It promotes refreshing sleep, improves the appetite, overcomes nervous prostration, and gives new life and strength to the weak and aged. 50c. and $1.00, at Drgguists.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR

MY STORY OF THE WAR

By Mary A. Livermore

Her own narrative of "Four Years' Personal Experience as Field and Hospital Nurse." It portrays the Womanly or "Heavenly" side of the War, its Lights and Shadows "*as a woman saw them.*" Bright, Pure, and Good, full of "*laughter and tears*" of thrilling interest and touching pathos, *it sells at sight to all.* Splendid Steel-Plates, and famous old Battle-Flags richly colored in *exact fac-simile.* The "*booming*" book for Men and Women Agents. $100 to $200 a month made. ☞ Distance no hindrance, for we *Pay Freights* and give *Extra Terms.* Write for circulars to
A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

FOR MEN ONLY. A quick, permanent cure for lost or failing manhood, nervousness, weakness, unnatural losses, lack of strength, vigor or development, caused by indiscretion, excesses, etc. *Valuable book sent (sealed) free.*
ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

"The Gladstone" LAMP



is the finest lamp in the world. It gives a pure, soft, brilliant white light of 85 candle power,—a *marvelous light from ordinary oil!* Nobody ever supposed such a light was possible from kerosene oil; yet it is there, and

Seeing is Believing

A "wonderful lamp" it is in all respects. It never needs trimming, never smokes nor breaks chimneys, never "smells of the oil;" no gumming up, no leaks, no sputtering, no climbing of the flame, no annoyance of any kind, and cannot explode. And then, beside all these advantages, think of a lamp giving a *clear, white light,* 10 to 20 times the size and brilliancy of *any ordinary house lamp!*

"**The Gladstone**" is made of high-grade, hard rolled metal (all parts interchangeable), and in elegant designs for Dining or Parlor Table, the Study, Drawing-room, Hall or Chamber. Finished in either Gold bronze, Nickel or Antique bronze. **Every home should have it.**

Illustrated price list will be sent you on receipt of a postal card. Single lamps at *wholesale price,* with or without porcelain shade, carefully boxed and sent by express to any part of the country.

☞ See our prices and then order. "*Seeing is believing.*" Address **Gladstone Lamp Co., 10 East 14th St., New York City.** A live Agent wanted in every town to sell these lamps.

85 Candle Power

Oct 31-3mo.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM



Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents Dandruff and hair falling 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.

Under Schedule in Effect Nober 18, 1888.

Trains leave the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago station at Fort Wayne as follows:
(STANDARD TIME.)

EASTBOUND—For Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York *5:30 a. m., †11:35 p. m., *8:00 p. m., *9:00 p. m. Crestline accommodation, †7:00 a. m.

WESTBOUND—For Chicago, *5:15 a. m., †12:45 p. m., *5:00 p. m., *1:45 a. m. Chicago accommodation leaves at 6:30 a. m. For Plymouth, †4:00 p. m.
*Daily.
†Daily, except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.
[Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM NORTH		GOING NORTH
10 30 a m—Ar	—Cincinnati Ex	—Lv
	Detroit Ex	" 4 40 p m
3 40 p m "	—Detroit Ex	" 11 30 a m
5 20 p m "	—Way Freight	" 6 40 a m

All trains daily except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.

GOING EAST		GOING WEST
Lv 2 00 p m	Express	Lv 2 00 p m
Lv 6 10 a m	Accommodation	Lv 6 45 p m

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER R. R.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.
[Fort Wayne Time Table.]

Going South.	Arrives
5 30 a m—Ft Wayne accommodation—	9 30 a m
10 50 a m—Cin & Lo'v'le mail and ex—	4 00 pm
5 30 p m—Indianapolis express	—10 00 p m

WABASH RAILWAY.
NOVEMBER 11, 1888.

GOING WEST.	Depart
Pacific Express, daily	5 00 a. m.
Kansas City ex. daily ex'pt Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail	8 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom	3 30 p. m.

GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule Limited daily	5 05 a m
Cannon Ball, except Sunday	1 25 p m
Limited Express, daily	6 25 p m

Lafayette accom arrives 11 a. m.

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m	10 30 a m
1 45 p m	6 20 p m
Lv Indianapolis	**Ar Ft Wayne**
7 15 a m	1 20 p m
1 10 p m	6 10 p m
7 00 p m	5 00 a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect Nov., 1888.

GOING NORTH.

For Grand Rapids and North	Lv 3 05 a m
" " " "	" 8 05 a m
For Grand Rapids	" 2 40 p m
From Grand Rapids	Ar 6 00 p m

GOING SOUTH.

For Richmond and Cincinnati	*Lv 5 35 a m
" "	" 1 00 p m
" "	" 11 20 p m
From " "	Ar 6 15 p m

Trains daily except Sunday.

Bull's Baby Syrup
Facilitates Teething! Price only 25 cents.
Sold at druggists. Regulates the Bowels!

Day's Horse POWDER,

Prevents Lung Fever and cures Distemper. 1 pound in each package. For sale by all dealers. Try It!

25¢ A BOTTLE
SALVATION OIL
KILLS PAIN

BULL'S COUGH SYRUP
For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Croup, Hoarseness, Asthma, Incipient Consumption, Whooping Cough Bronchitis, and for the relief of Consumptive persons. At druggists. 25 cts.

SMOKE LANGE'S CUBEB CIGARETTES for Catarrh. Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

VINEGAR BITTERS
VEGETABLE FREE FROM ALCOHOL
PURELY CALIFORNIA
Dr. WALKER'S
EUREKA
VINEGAR BITTERS

The Great Blood Purifier
And Health Restorer. Cures all kinds of Headache Within Thirty Minutes—Try it.

GEO. W. DAVIS, of 169 Baronne street, New Orleans, La., writes under date May 26th, 1888, as follows: "I have been going to the Hot Springs, Ark., for fifteen years for an itching humor in my blood. I have just used three bottles of Vinegar Bitters, and it has done me more good than the Springs. It is the best medicine made."

JOSEPH J. EAGAN, of No. 75 West street, New York, says: "Have not been without Vinegar Bitters for the past twelve years, and consider it a whole medicine chest in our family."

MRS. MATTIE FURGUSON, of Dryen, New York, says: "Vinegar Bitters is the best medicine I ever tried; it saved my life."

T. F. BAILEY, of Humbold, Iowa, says: "Vinegar Bitters cured me of paralysis, ten years ago, and recently it cured me of rheumatism."

MRS. WM. A. DAVIS, of Camden, N. J., says: "I have suffered greatly from indigestion and bowel troubles, and Vinegar Bitters gave me great relief."

JAMES H. DWYER, of Webster, Mass., writes: "I always use Vinegar Bitters as a spring medicine, and have the best of health."

L. COLEMAN, 77 Montgomery street, New York, writes: "I find your Vinegar Bitters a first-class tonic."

VINEGAR BITTERS.
The only Temperance Bitters known. It stimulates the Brain and quiets the Nerves, regulates the Bowels and renders a perfect blood circulation through the human veins, which is sure to restore perfect health. A beautiful book free.
Address,
R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO.,
532 Washington street, New York.

SEA-SALT SOAP
Possesses the tonic, purifying properties of a sea bath, curing all local skin and scalp diseases, pimples, blotches, eczema, tetter, chafing, etc. It is made from perfectly pure materials and is most healing and invigorating to the skin, keeping it in a fresh, clean and healthy condition. Sold by druggists and fancy goods dealers, or sent by mail one cake for 25 cts., or three for 60 cts. by the proprietors.
R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO.,
532 Washington St. New York.

JAMES MADDEN,
PLUMBER,
Steam and Gas Fitter,
110 Calhoun Street,
Next door to Y. M. C. A.,
FORT WAYNE, - - - INDIANA

J. C. PELTIER,
Undertaker & Embalmer,
17 WEST WAYNE ST.,
Telephone No. 174 - - - Fort Wayne, Ind

M. L. ALBRECHT,
—MANUFACTURER OF—
CARRIAGES
—AND—
BUGGIES.
—CORNER OF—
MAIN AND BARR STS.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
IS FOR MAN & BEAST. PENETRATES MUSCLE & TISSUE. KILLS PAIN.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.
SATURDAY, DEC. 1. 1888.

THE LOCOMOTIVE SHRIEKS.

And Sends Up the Daily News Budget From the Railroads and the Busy Centers.

Henry Hartman, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, is on the sick list.

George Myers, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, is off duty on account of a sore eye.

Fred Dickmyer, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, is off duty on account of sickness.

J. S. Knight, a fireman on the Pittsburg road, has resumed his position after a vacation.

Frank Cherry, of the Pittsburg boiler shops, has been off duty for several days on the sick list.

W. S. Hilt, a Pittsburg fireman, has returned from a vacation and resumed his duties again.

Some of the employes of the shops have not yet returned from eating their Thanksgiving turkeys.

The switchmen's strike at Indianapolis is a subject of considerable interest among the railroad men here.

Oscar Judy, of the blacksmith department of the Pittsburg shops, is detained from duty on account of sickness.

The men in the shops commence on a new month's work to-day. It is the last and one of the longest months of the year.

Peter Hartnett, of the east yard Pittsburg car shops, whose foot was crushed by an accident a few weeks ago, is again on duty.

The steam pipe in the hub department of the Olds wheel works, bursted this morning, and delayed the work for about an hour.

The employes of the Berghoff brewery have an excellent fire department and sufficient hose to reach to any part of the building.

Henry Hagerman, formerly of the Bass moulding rooms, has returned from an extended trip through Colorado and Kansas.

James Quillinan, of the Pittsburg offices, who have been off duty for a week on account of an inflamed eye, has recovered from his injury.

One of the water pipes at the Pittsburg blacksmith shops bursted this morning, and made a little lake of water around the steam hammer.

Fireman Greenman, of the Pittsburg, has the reputation of being the heaviest man on the road. He weighs 240 pounds and stands six feet seven in his stockings.

Several of the employes of the Pittsburg car shops were visiting a clairvoyant, at 107 Holman street, last evening, and had the mysterious future and the past unfolded to them.

The Wabash company has just completed a bridge over Stony Creek, near Danville, which is said to be a fine structure. All the important new bridges which it is now building are arranged for a double track.

F. Slataper, chief civil engineer of the Pennsylvania company, at Indianapolis, sails to-day for Europe to be absent six months. During his absence Thomas Rudd will look after his duties. His wife accompanies him.

Several small boys while playing around the gravel pit, on Thanksgiving day, found a bag of clothes containing a Bible and a small sum of money. The boys say they will return it to the owner if he can be found.

Conductor McDougall, of the Northwestern road, who backed Cleveland, paid his bet at Rockford, Ill., Thursday, by eating crow in the opera house before a large audience. The proceeds went to the City hospital.

The Pittsburg car shops have commenced work on the new order for twenty-five dairy product cars, making 125 in all that they are now building. This will keep the car department busy for a month and the blacksmith department busy for about a week.

Mr. W. C. Stevens, chief clerk in the Lake Shore freight office in this city, has taken charge of the freight business of the company at Goshen. Mr. Stevens is one of the best men in the service and will prove efficient and popular in his new location.

A workman employed at the French brewery, while carrying a bag of malt down the stairway, Thursday morning, missed his footing and fell, cutting quite a severe gash in his forehead. His injuries were not of a serious character and he was at his work yesterday as usual.

E. B. White, a pleasant machinist at the Pittsburg shops, is being congratulated over the arrival at his home on Thanksgiving day of a handsome baby boy. "Birt" wears the honors gracefully, but can't conceal the smile that comes to his face as the boys whisper "papa" in his ear as they pass him.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES PILES, BURNS, CUTS, CORNS, BRUISES, CHILBLAINS & FROSTBITES

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mrs. Frank D. Pearse and children left to-day for Zanesville, Ohio, to visit relatives.

Mr. Herman E. Fisher, of the Boston shoe store, has removed his family from Goshen to this city.

Mr. C. F. G. Meyer, of the drug house of Meyer Bros. & Co., left last evening for St. Louis.

Dr. Fruth, who has resided in this city, is doing the towns about Fort Wayne. He is now at Wabash.

Mr. Ed Burns, secretary of the boerd of managers of the Cook county asylum, is in the city visiting his parents.

Miss Laura Lightfoot, of West Berry street, has returned from a prolonged visit to relatives at Falmouth, Ky.

Mr. W. C. Stevens, of the Lake Shore office, has been appointed agent for the road at Goshen and accepts the promotion.

The Fort Wayne Furniture company has declared a dividend of twenty per cent. and will increase their capital stock from $25,000 to $75,000.

Miss Anna Seber, the pretty young Western Union operator, who was in the local office here last summer is now in charge of an office at Tilton, Ill.

Superintendent and Mrs. C. D. Gorham left this morning for Chicago. Mrs. Gorham has been very ill for months past, and will undergo treatment at Chicago.

In a wrestling match at the Academy last night, Greek George won his match with D. L. Thornton. Both men will again meet on horseback, a feat at which the Greek excels.

Thomas Elliott, the fellow who enticed a woman over near the Clinton street bridge and robbed her of $32, pleaded guilty to Judge O'Rourke, last evening, and was sentenced to prison for two years.

The Monroeville *Breeze* says: "At the new Catholic church, Tuesday morning of this week, occurred the marriage of Mr. Frank Favre to Miss Lucinda Cagnett, daughter of Adam Cagnett, one of Madison township's most highly esteemed and well to do farmers. Father Hartman officiated and after the ceremony the happy couple together with a number of invited guests repaired to the home of the bride's parents where all partook of a sumptuous wedding feast and spent the balance of the day in a social manner. Miss Mary Favre, acted as bridesmaid, and Wm. Benson, of Fort Wayne, as groomsman."

ANOTHER ROAD.

The Dayton Line Coming to Fort Wayne as a Broad Guage.

The guage of the Dayton, Fort Wayne and Chicago was yesterday made standard between Dayton and Delphos, and an extension will be built from Celina to Fort Wayne.

This announcement comes official. The line reaches the coal fields of Ohio and must prove a big thing for Fort Wayne, as it opens to us a new territory.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by expelling impurity from the blood, which is the cause of the complaint. Give it a trial.

You will save money by buying prairie hay at Henderson's feed house, 69 East Columbia street. 26-6t

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe ree of charge. O13deod4m-weow15t

You can save money on drugs and medicines and prescriptions at Mordhurst's Drug Store, No. 74 Calhoun street. Sign of revolving wheel in window. d&w1yr.

Tutt's Pills
CURE
Malaria, Dumb Chills, Fever and Ague, Wind Colic, Bilious Attacks.
They produce regular, natural evacuations, never gripe or interfere with daily business. As a family medicine, they should be in every household.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

J. S. McCURDY,
D·E·N·T·I·S·T
OFFICE—Room 15, over Ftrst National Bank. tues&sat6m

ONLY THE BEST
Gottlieb -:- Haller,
—OF THE POPULAR—
SOUTH -:- SIDE -:- MARKET,
Has built up a splendid trade by selecting
ONLY - THE - CHOICEST - MEATS.
Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Sausage. Etc., at both establishments,
366 Calhoun and 117 Wallace Streets.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES FOOT ROT, SHOULDER ROT, SCREW-WORM AND SCAB IN SHEEP!

A REMINISCENCE.

BY LEOTA M. YANCEY.

For THE SENTINEL.

Alas! Alas!I do but dream;
Between our hearts wide seas are rolling.
O'er faith that languished, hope that died,
The "memory bells" are sadly tolling.

Am I to bear, within my heart,
A tender dream, a picture only;
That still shall be a beacon light,
Through all my life, so sad and lonely?

And some time in the coming years,
Amid the glow of winter weather,
My heart will cling to those glad days,
When love first bound our lives together.

This long, long night of doubt and pain,
Will fade before the rays of morning.
And I will wait in trustful hope,
Till heaven sends that brighter dawning.

FORT WAYNE, Ind.

Vitality and color are restored to weak and gray hair, by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Through its cleansing and healing qualities, it prevents the accumulation of dandruff and cures all scalp diseases.

Mr. Wm. Wehrs, of 113 East Lewis street, will observe the eightieth anniversary of his birth to-morrow.

HOW I SUFFERED

Seventeen Years From a Skin Disease. Could not Walk or Dress. A Mass of Disease From Head to Foot. Cured in Eight Weeks by the Cuticura Remedies.

At the age of three months a rash (which afterwards proved to be eczema or salt rheum) made its appearance on my face. A physician was called. He said teething was the cause; he prescribed some cooling medicine, but the sores spread to my ears and head. Another M. D. was called. He professed to know all about the case; called it "King's Evil," and prescribed gunpowder, brimstone and lard mixed into a salve, but the disease continued. They could not do anything with it. Another prescribed borax, water and flour; another, linseed poultices. None of them did me any good at all, but made me worse. The disease continued unabated; it spread to my arms and legs, till I was laid up entirely, and from continually sitting on the floor on a pillow my limbs contracted so that I lost all control of them, and was utterly helpless. My mother would have to lift me out and into bed. I could get around the house on my hands and feet, but I could not get my clothes on at all, and had to wear a sort of dressing gown. My hair had all matted down or fallen off, and my head, face and ears were one scab, and I had to have a towel on my head all the time in the summer to keep the flies off. My parents consulted a prominent physician and surgeon here in Chicago (the other physicians before mentioned were of Dundas and Hamilton, Canada). He said he could do nothing for me. He wanted to cut the sinews of my legs, so that I could walk; but I would not let him, for if I did get better I would have no control of them.

The disease continued in this manner until I was seventeen years old, and one day in January, 1879, I read an account in the Tribune, of your Cuticura Remedies. It described my case so exactly that I thought, as a last resort, to give them a trial.

When I first applied them I was all raw and bleeding, from scratching myself, but I went asleep almost immediately, something I had not done for years, the effect was so soothing.

In about two weeks I could stand straight, but not walk. I was so weak, but my sores were nearly well. As near as I can judge the Cuticura Remedies cured me in about six or eight weeks, and up to this date (i. e. from January, 1879, to January, 1887) I have not been sick in any way, or have had the least signs of the disease reappearing on me.

W. J. McDONALD,
3732 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., June 30, '87.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Company, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

PIMPLES, black heads, chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

Constitutional Catarrh.

No single disease has entailed more suffering or hastened the breaking up of the constitution than Catarrh. The sense of smell, of taste, of sight, of hearing the human voice, the mind,—one or more, and sometimes all, yield to its destructive influence. The poison it distributes throughout the system attacks every vital force and breaks up the most robust of constitutions. Ignored, because but little understood, by most physicians, impotently assailed by quacks and charlatans, those suffering from it have little hope to be relieved of it this side of the grave. It is time, then, that the popular treament of this terrible disease by remedies within the reach of all passed into hands at once competent and trustworthy. The new and hitherto untried method adopted by Dr. Sanford in the preparation of his Radical Cure has won the hearty approval of thousands. It is instantaneous in affording relief in all head colds, sneezing, snuffing and obstructed breathing, and rapidly removes the most oppresive symptoms, clearing the head, sweetening the breath, restoring the senses of smell, taste and hearing, and neutralizing the constitutional tendency of the disease towards the lungs, liver and kidneys.

KIDNEY PAINS,
Strains and Weaknesses.
Relieved in one minute by that marvelous Antidote to pain, Inflammation and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only pain killing strengthening plaster. Especially adapted to instantly relieve and speedily cure Kidney and Uterine Pains and weakness. Warranted vastly superior to all other plasters. At all druggists. 25 cents; five for $1.00; or, postage free, of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

THOS. H. M'CORMICK, M. D.
CHRONIC AND NERVOUS DISEASES
Office, Pixley and Long Block.
FORT WAYNE, IND. Telephone 185.
Office hours 9 to 12 a. m,, 1 to 4 p. m., 7 to 9 p. m Jly6dwly

C. W. BRUNS & COMPANY,
—FINE—
Plumbing and Gas Fixtures,
166 *Calhoun St.* *Opposite the Cathedral.*

DR. JAMES M. DINNEN.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office, 76 Calhoun street.
Residence 69 West Wayne street

Something New for the Public
I, August Reihling, of Fort Wayne, have invented a new double action pump for all purposes, such as cisterns, wells, railroad tanks, oil tanks, steam engines, wind mills, etc. This pump can be used at all places. There has never been a more useful pump invented, Call and see me at my place, 70 Pearl street, corner of Ewing, and see my pump at work. Patented October 9, 1888.

AUGUST REILING,
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES HOLLOWHORN, CAKED BAGS, GRUB & LOUSE DISEASE IN CATTLE!

If You Are Sick
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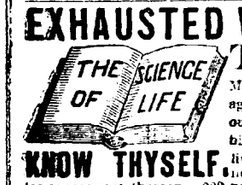
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ENTERTAINING DISSERTATION ON SERIOUS SUBJECTS.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

The lesson for Sunday, December 2, may be found in Judges ii., 11-23.

Evil in the sight of the Lord. Right under the eyes of Jehovah. One gets a new sense of the heinousness of this sin by a glance at the original language employed. It does not mean merely sin in God's estimation, as we have been sometimes inclined to suppose, but open sin in the face of heaven. Israel was aware of God's love of holiness and his hatred of iniquity. She knew also of his careful guardianship and his watchful eye, and in spite of it all she went right on to do evil. When a pupil commits bold and witting sin right beneath the teacher's eye, he adds contempt to transgression. When a child impudently disobeys before the face of a parent he is a child no longer, he is a rebel, wild and willful. Think of it, friends, all sin is contempt of God; transgression is not simply imprudence, but impudence. It is "evil done in the sight of the Lord." "Thou, God, seest me." Alas, that we should forget it so, the word of his mouth, his eye ever upon us. "A very short memory he seems to have," said the stranger on the highway, asked as to a teamster whom he had just passed of a Sabbath morning. "Why do you say that?" was the query. "God says, Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," the stranger quietly responded. "It looks as though he had forgotten that." But God had not, and he never will. His eye beholdeth.

And served Baalim. All life is service. We either serve righteousness or unrighteousness. Christ or Satan; no man is neutral. And hence when the children of Israel departed from God and did evil they by that same step passed over on to the side of Baal and served him. There are many intimations of the character of this seductive worship of Baal in Scripture. All we need say about it, for it was a religion of atrocity and indecency, is that it was the deification of sensuality and selfishness, the direct antipodes of the pure and self-denying worship of the most high God. Men may talk about the beauties and amenities of such a religion, but when you come to the heart of it, as to all idolatry, it is bestiality and rottenness, nothing more. And in this direction the enthronement of self always leads. The steps may be very gradual, but as soon as God is renounced all sign-posts begin to point to Baal. It is first self-ward, then Satan-ward, then straight down the hellish abyss. Alas, that so much of Baal-worship should yet abide. Yes, even under the guise of religion. There are too many doing worship much after the fashion of that artist who built a monument at the King's orders glorifying the king, but the King's name in the superficial composition soon wore off, and there in the real rock underneath was the name of the artist himself, put to stay. Whom in our heart of hearts do we intend to glorify—Christ or self? Are we serving Christ or Baal?

They forsook the Lord God of their fathers. Here is the third step in Israel's decline. They become deserters from the covenant of grace, guilty of high treason before the courts of heaven. Presently we shall read of them as a God-forsaken people, but as ever in our dealings with Jehovah, they were first a God-forsaking people. They deliberately turned their backs on God and heaven, choosing earth and self. "They forsook the Lord;" we have struck the very key-note of Judges. The secret it was of all Israel's opprobrium and oppression, the clew to all the distresses of God's covenant people—they forsook God. In doing that they cut themselves off from their vaunted power; they threw themselves defenseless into the midst of a wolfish world. All Israel's career was marked by such defections. Only occasionally was she in such relations to God as in the days of Moses, Joshua, David, Ezra, that he could do his mighty works through her. They were like that variable soul of whom we heard the other day that had been "*off and on* a Methodist for twenty years." A moving picture Israel presents us, telling us both the secret of strength and the source of weakness. Forsaking was their own doing, for to forsake was to be forsaken. Remember the dread doom for forsaking of Deut. 31: 16, 17. "They will forsake me," said the Lord, and fearful words, "I will forsake them." Forbid it, Lord.

They could not longer stand before their enemies. It was the lesson of Ai repeated, a "turned-down bet" in Israel's life. By themselves, cut off from God by sin, they are the weakest of mortals, and to prove this to them God not only lets in the enemy upon them, but compels them to do battle for a while in their own strength, which is impotence. It is a truth which bitter experience has taught the church of God more than once. Holding faith in God as loyalty to his righteous laws we are not safe, false to him we are in the eyes of the world the most contemptible of things on the earth, and Satan makes laughing-stock of apostasy. Better to be as the Lord's footstool than Satan's football. It is a good thing for us to understand this, and God leaves us by ourselves and to our own emptiness sometimes that we may know just how weak we are in wickedness and without him. You recall the nobleman who was denouncing, before the bishop, one who had abused him. Presently they knelt to pray. "Our Father who art in heaven," they said in concert. But when they came to the sentence, "Forgive us *our* trespasses as we——" the nobleman suddenly stopped short, with the consciousness that he was being left to say it by himself, and at once he realized that he was not able to make that prayer, nor could he go on until he had gone out and forgiven his brother.

The hand of the Lord was against them. This means positive opposition. The Lord has at last set himself against His own people. And now it is useless for them to endeavor to elude. As with Saul, fleeing against God, all ill befides them. "Trail" is which they went out," says the Septuagint, "whithers ever they *would to go*," says the Vulgate, "the hand of the Lord was over them." They could not escape it. As all things work together for good to a loving and loyal people, so all things are made to work together for evil to those who sin and scorn. Peabody well illustrates it when he says, "The sun and rain will give vigor and growth to a living tree, but the same sun and rain will increase the rot and decay of a dead tree." A warning needs to be uttered. The Church of Rome will doubtless seek in such passages as this for justification of excommunication and the ban. But to no man or institution was this prerogative of deity ever transferred. God alone can speak the word of acceptance or of rejection. Dr. Charles S. Robinson calls attention to that awful word spoken by the Papal legate to brave Savonarola at his execution, "Jerome Savonarola, I separate thee from the church militant and the church triumphant." "From the church militant you may divide me" was the calm response, "but from the church triumphant—no! that is above your power."

Next Lesson—"Gideon's Army." Judges 7: 1-8.

AN Orlando (Fla.) man has a couple of tame sandhill cranes which he finds more serviceable than watchdogs in warning him against tramps or burglars. The cranes utter a shrill note at the approach of any stranger.

THE excise system of England dates back to the Long Parliament in 1643, when duties were levied on wines, beer, etc., and tobacco, to support the army against Charles I.

IT is thought that the tomb of St. Flavier, who was murdered by the Visigoths in 512 A. D., has been discovered near Toulon, France.

THE terms bailiff or sheriff are said to be of Saxon origin. This officer was appointed for counties in England in 1079.

Mr. Jones' Attempt at Joking.

Jones was reading the daily paper; suddenly he looked up and said:

"That's rather a sad case about that poor woman on Crogham street whom the authorities refused to bury."

"I should say it was!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, indignantly. "Why, what shameful neglect! I hope they notified the Health Department. Why did they refuse to bury her?"

"She wasn't dead," answered Jones, gloomily. The antiquity of the joke struck a cold chill to her heart, and Mrs. Jones was too indignant to speak. Mr. J. kept on reading, and after a while he musingly remarked:

"They'll have a cold day for the race to-morrow."

"What race?" asked Mrs. Jones, eagerly; she hadn't heard of any.

"The human race," said the miserable plagiarist.

Mrs. Jones made a face. "Another ancient witticism," she said, in a tone of contempt.

"Yes, I acknowledge its antiquity," replied Mr. Jones. "It's as old as that ancient conundrum, 'Where was Moses when the light went out?'"

There was a long silence, which was at last broken by Mrs. Jones. "Well, where was he?" she asked.

"Where was who?" inquired Jones, who had been reading up the political situation.

"Why, Moses—you know—when the light went out?"

"Maria," said Mr. Jones, with a look of grave concern, "your mind must be affected; you will want to know next who was the father of Zebedee's children, or why the tail don't wag the dog, or what makes more noise under a fence than a pig, or why a chicken 3 weeks and 3 days old crosses the street, or what it is that cats have that no other animals have, or—"

But Mrs. Jones said she heard the baby crying and went up stairs, leaving Jones to himself. It was but a ruse to get a chance to look in the Bible and read the history of Moses. She says she is going to find that passage if she has to borrow a concordance and a Bible dictionary to do it.

Comfort Under the Waistband.

The call of the stomach must be answered even at the cost of subsequent discomfort. How to make digestion a regular sequence of the satisfaction of appetite so long baffled medical investigation that it was almost given up in despair, and dyspepsia viewed as well nigh incurable. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters came to the rescue of the dyspeptic, and upset the theory of incurability. If it be used with persistence, and common sense in diet be not constantly violated, the Bitters will most certainly restore vigor and tranquillity to the stomach and consistent regularity in its digestive functions. The dyspeptic who uses it systematically soon ceases to suffer after-dinner penalties, and enjoys comfort under the waistband between meals. A beneficent change, truly, and one that is aided by a sedulous avoidance of indiscretion in eating and drinking. Constipation, biliousness, nervousness, malaria, kidney troubles, and debility are easily remediable with this fine restorative.

The Pheasant and the Buzzard.

A Pheasant, who felt it her Duty to do Something to Alleviate the Condition of those beneath her in the Social and Financial Scale, made a call upon the Buzzard and offered to Adopt one of her Brood. The Mother Buzzard consented, but within a week the Pheasant returned with her charge and complained.

"I can do nothing with her. She will neither eat sweet cake, like a Pheasant, nor can I endure the odor of what she eats as a Buzzard."

"I feared it would be so," replied Mother Buzzard.

"Nature makes Buzzards as well as Pheasants, but in a different mould, and each for his own sphere. Come home, my child, and get a piece of that dead horse and be happy again."

MORAL: And the child was very, very happy.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE first years of man must make provision for the last. He that never thinks can never be wise.

"WHEN you're down my way, drop in," remarked the well water to the "old oaken bucket."—*Cedar Rapids Gossip.*



Mildred—Now, Aunt Jane, you are too hard on me. How can *you* expect me to know exactly what to do. A girl does not get engaged every day and when I ask mother she always puts me off with, "go ask your Aunt." Aunt Jane—Well, Mildred, I suppose I should not expect a girl of your age to be up on such matters, *but certainly* her mother ought to be. It happens that only a short time ago I was reading an article on Etiquette in my infallible guide, entitled: "Before and After the Marriage Engagement." I will lend the magazine to you, which will answer all your questions. And now that you are contemplating marriage let me give you a little advice. Do not start off like your mother did, to always depend on others for your information. Your mother always says "go ask Aunt Jane, she knows everything." Well! I am egotistical enough to admit that I can generally give information on almost every subject that comes up in the home circle, and yet I will tell you candidly that every bit of my household knowledge has been gained from reading *Demorest's Monthly Magazine*. It covers absolutely every point interesting to a family, and without it I would be lost for answers to your numerous questions.

Every mother should take it, and every girl like you who is contemplating starting a new home should put that down as the first requisite. Maybe you think my praise is too strong. Well! try for yourself. You say you want a pattern of that jacket I have just finished. Unfortunately mine is too large for you, but I see that W. Jennings Demorest, publisher of *Demorest's Monthly Magazine*, is offering to send a specimen copy of the magazine for 10 cents. Send for one, and you will get your pattern for nothing; for each magazine contains a Pattern Order, entitling the holder to the selection of any pattern in stock, and of any size manufactured.

Don't think by this that Demorest's is a fashion magazine, for it is not. Its fashion department is perfect, as are all its other departments, but James is as anxious for its arrival each month as I am myself. It is simply a *perfect family* magazine, worth ten times the subscription price, which is only $2 per year. If you are thinking of subscribing for a magazine for the coming year, be sure and send 10 cents for a specimen of Demorest's Monthly before deciding.

A POLITICIAN is honest when all other means have failed.—*Washington Critic.*

Cancer Cured.

Dr. F. L. Pond is having wonderful success in the treatment and cure of cancer at the cancer hospital at Aurora, Ill. There are numbers of cures recently made by him which are truly wonderful. Those afflicted should go there for treatment at once. For information, address Dr. F. L. Pond, Aurora, Ill.

Geo. Augustus Sala.

George Augustus Sala, the well-known English writer, on his last Australian trip wrote as follows to the London *Daily Telegraph*:

"I especially have a pleasant remembrance of the ship's doctor—a very experienced maritime medico, indeed, who tended me most kindly during a horrible spell of bronchitis and spasmodic asthma, provoked by the sea fog which had swooped down on us just after we left San Francisco. But the doctor's prescriptions and the increasing warmth of the temperature as we neared the Tropics, and in particular a couple of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS clapped on—one on the chest and another between the shoulder blades—soon set me right."

WHY should the letter "d" always be introduced into a family? Because it makes "kin" kind.

THE tight-laced woman has always good staying power.—*Boston Gazette.*

The Golden Gate Special.

The Union and Central Pacific Roads and Pullman Company put on, Dec. 5, a weekly train of Pullman Vestibule Cars, to run between Council Bluffs and San Francisco. Steam heat, electric light, separate bathrooms for ladies and gentlemen, barber shop, observation and smoking-rooms, and a female attendant for ladies and children, make it "THE FINEST TRAIN IN THE WORLD."

Pleasant Journeys.

Pleasant journeys can always be had via the Wisconsin Central Line. The employes are courteous and obliging; the sleeping and dining cars and day coaches are peers of any in the Northwest. The leaving hours at principal terminal points are convenient and the depots are centrally located. All together it is the most desirable route in either direction between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, and Duluth. TRY IT AND BE CONVINCED.

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For Rheumatism.

Fresh Proofs Just Received.

53 Years. Sandyville, Ohio, June 18, 1888. Was taken with rheumatism in 1861; suffered at times ever since and used crutches; St. Jacobs Oil cured me about 2 years ago; no return. GEO. L. NIXON.

11 Years. Columbus, Ohio, June 23, 1888. Taken with rheumatism 12 years ago; suffered till one year ago; cured by St. Jacobs Oil. No return since. E. E. BRYAN.

Crippled Feet. Washburne, Ill., May 22, '88. Five years ago had rheumatism in my feet; suffered 2 years; used cane. St. Jacobs Oil cured me. JOSEPH PELZ.

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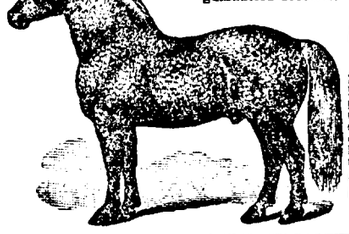
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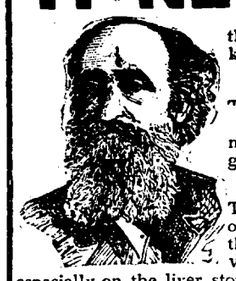




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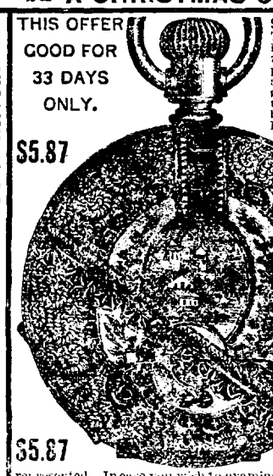
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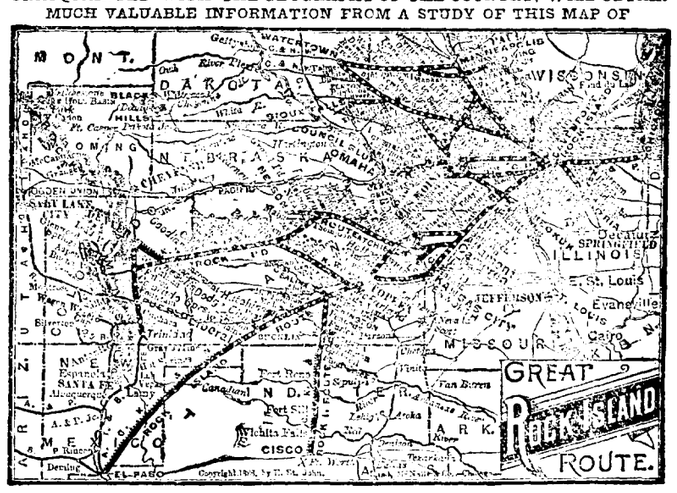
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What Some of the Workers Therein Are Saying and Doing.

SONGS OF THE SANCTUARY.

Be Content With What You Have—Destroyed His Comrade—The Soul of Honor, Etc.

Be Content With What You Have.

Those who are blessed with husbands and families should be content in the place where God has placed them, and not be sighing for public life and a wider mission, but should remember that the most responsible and most glorious field that a woman can work in is the nursery and the home. That is her proper sphere and where her work will be the most blessed; and remember the oft-quoted words: "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."—*Toronto Globe.*

Destroyed His Comrade.

After a battle between the Russians and the English in the Crimean war, a clergyman visited the military hospital in which the British wounded lay. As he went from bed to bed whispering words of comfort and inquiry, he came to one bed in which lay a seriously wounded man. "Can I help you by reading to or writing for you?" said the servant of God, kindly.

"No," was the gruff reply.

"Can I do nothing for you?" inquired the minister, still lingering by his side.

Here the man, raising himself on his elbow, glared into his visitor's eyes as he asked, "Can you undo? I shall be glad of your help if you can undo!"

By this time he had sunk back on his pillow, but he continued: "When I joined the army first my chum was a Christian, a fellow who walked straight, and read his Bible, and I used to try to laugh him out of it, until at last he got ashamed of his religion. Not even then did I leave him alone. I took him to my haunts of vice until he was as evil as myself. All that was well enough as long as we were both well, but one day he marched into battle never to return; he was shot by my side, and the one half-uttered word that escaped his lips as he fell helpless was an oath. How that oath cut me to the heart! That man is lost, sir, and it is through me. Tell me now, can you undo the past?"

It is an awful thing to have on the conscience, that through our influence or example some has been turned away from God.—*Christian Herald.*

Songs of the Sanctuary.

The history of church music illustrates the proverb, "One extreme begets another." Years ago churches grew so tired of the old, slow tunes that they welcomed those barbarous but quick-moving tunes wherein each part seemed to strain for mastery, and there were many suspensions and repetitions of the voices. The author of "Olden-Time Music" quotes from a newspaper of thirty years ago a description of the ludicrous effects produced by this sort of singing:

A verse of the hymn sung by the choir read:

"He careth for the fatherless,
He feeds the hungry poor,
And in the pious He delights."

The tune repeated part of the third line, so that it was sung in this style:

"And in the pi-
And in the pious he delights."

Another hymn had a verse which seemed to make the choir proclaim that they were engaged in hunting a flea:

"And we'll catch the flee-
And we'll catch the flee-
And we'll catch the flee-ting hour."

Such singing doubtless recalled to scholary minds Dr. Johnson's exclamation. He was at a concert, and a friend called his attention to the fact that the violinist was playing some very difficult runs.

"Difficult, do you call it, sir," growled the doctor. "I wish it were impossible!"

A good many years ago the following lines were discovered, written on a panel in a pew of a Boston church by some ill-tempered hearer:

"Could poor King David but for once
To Salem Church repair,
And hear his Psalms thus warbled out,
Good Lord, how he would swear!"

—*Youth's Companion.*

The Soul of Honor.

A certain wealthy gentleman, speaking of a young man in his employ said, "I would trust him him with every dollar I possess. He is the soul of honor."

It is certainly a very beautiful thing to have a reputation such as this young man possessed, and it is something worth striving one's whole life long to win; and yet such a character is built of very little things. Many people who would indignantly deny that they ever told a falsehood, nevertheless seem quite incapable of relating a thing exactly as it occurred. They will either enlarge or extract, or vary the statement in some way, so that their words are not reliable. And many a lad in business who would not take a dollar from his firm unlawfully, will yet take the firm's stamps and letter-paper for his private correspondence. The firm will never miss it, it is true, but that lad's character and the boy who habitually does such things will in the end find his conscience so blunted that dishonesty will come easy to him, and he will not be able to withstand some sudden sharp temptation and will fall. Those who do not know him well will be surprised; but those who know his real life will know that for years his character has been undermined by trifling deceptions and dishonesties.

The boy who cheats a little in his games or remains silent while others cheat, he who learns his lessons with a "crib," or takes his diagrams or dates into class upon his cuffs, or gets his answers from his neighbor, yes, and the boy who gives such unlawful help too, they are dishonorable boys; and it would be better for them if they had never been born, than to live on and grow up and carry into life such principles as these. But no boy means to do that. He means to do it "just once" because he is hard-pressed for some reason. Think a minute. Did you never do it but once? The boy who does it once is very apt to do it again, and to go on doing such things until they become the habit and practice of his life. Therefore a boy should be very watchful that no petty deceit or dishonesty ever stains his life, and to behave in all things so truly and so nobly that those who know him best and love him dearest can proudly and gladly say of him, "He is the Soul of Honor."—*E. A. Hunter, in Christian at Work.*

WHAT HAPPENED TO BOAH.

And it came to pass after four years were expired, at the time that kings go out to battle in the land of the Ammah Rekahns, that Boah the Gaddite, the son of Agun, rode to and fro in the chariots of the Smashup, Waydown & Breakneck, and spake unto all men, and sat in the seat of the scornful, and got in the way of the sinners.

For all the sons of men feared him and fled from before his face; for the staff of his tongue was as the belt of a fly wheel, and he smote all the costs of Ammah and Rekah with an eight-day chin which he kept by him.

And it was so that about the tenth day of the month of Ralliz, after the beginning of the feast of Hoo-Raw, that Boah the Gaddite went into the chariot of the Smo-Kahs, as thou comest to the fords of Har-Lem, by the way Al-Beni, which is, by interpretation, Pie.

And Boah, the son of Agun, arose in the chariot and spake with a loud voice saying:—

"Hear ye me, men of Ammah Rekah, and all who dwell in the tents of Grovah, and ye sons of Benjamin, and all ye who dwell by the water Brooks of Prohi-Bishon: go to, let us take a vote."

And certain sons of Belial mocked him and said, "Nay, but let us rather take a drink."

But Boah the son of Agun, would not hearken unto them, but spake all the more vehemently, and cried: "Nay, but I will take a vote."

And the sons of Benjamin, and all the children of Grovah, and all the mighty men of Fisk, which is a pleasant land and large, where there are palm trees and wells of living water: and all the tribes of Mugwump, which is a goody-goody land, a land that floweth with milk and water, rose up, and cried:—

"Are your servants dogs and one thing and another, that they should stand this sort of thing more than three or four times a minute all through the campaign?"

And Hadarazzar, the Ethopian, fell upon him, and cut him bad, and the sons of Belial smote him with sand bags, and Grand Paw, the husbandman, struck him with the hinder end of an umbrell, exceeding hard and heavy, and all who could reach him got hold of him and gave him one for luck, and spoiled the chariot with him, for there was much spoil in him.

And there was quiet in the land for ten minutes. And all the land of Ammah Rekah rebelled against the house Boah unto this day.—*R. J. Burdette.*

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

Corporal punishment must be reduced to the minimum. We hope it can be so reduced in quantity and quality by the teachers themselves as to avoid any regulation abolishing it. There are few cases, if any, in which official abolition of the privilege has not been harmful, if not disastrous. We consider it a great misfortune to have school boards meddle with the matter, but they will and must when teachers continue to punish to any considerable extent. There is already but a fractional part of the punishment so common twenty years since, and the discipline has gained in proportion to the reduction. This shows the possibility. Now let there be a systematic, mutually helpful attempt to eliminate, not by arbitrary edict of the authorities, but by substituting intellectual activity for physical inactivity as a test of a good school.—*American Traveler.*

THE BOY AND THE GUN.

The shooting season has set in and the average Texas boy begins to worry the life out of his parents for a gun, with which he will doubtless create much devastation.

"Pa," said little Tommy Yerger, "can't you spare money enough to buy me a gun?"

"My son, I am going to get you a gun when I can spare a boy, but not before."—*Texas Siftings.*

AN OBNOXIOUS DIET.

DR. TALMAGE ON MAN'S DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

The Heart and the Liver Are Only a Few Inches Apart, and What Affects One Affects the Other—Some Dieting Parables—A Discourse Delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Text—"And these are they which ye shall have in abomination among the fowls: the owl, the vulture, and the bat. These also shall be unclean to you among the creeping things that creep upon the earth: the chameleon and the snail."—Levit. xi, 13, 10.

The Bible offers every possible variety of theme, of argument, and of illustration. We care not much in what kind of a pitcher the water of life is brought, if it is only the clear, pure water. God gave the ancients a list of the animals that they might eat, and a list of the animals they might not eat. These people lived in a hot climate, and certain forms of animal food corrupted their blood, and disposed them to scrofulous disorders, depraved their appetites, and bemeaned their souls. A man's food, when he has the means and opportunity of selecting it, suggests his moral nature. The reason the wild Indian is as cruel as the lion is because he has food that gives him the blood of the lion. A Missionary among the Indians says that by changing his style of food to correspond with theirs, his temperament was entirely changed. There are certain forms of food that have a tendency to affect the moral nature. Many a Christian is trying to do by prayer that which cannot be done except through corrected diet. For instance, he who uses swine's flesh for constant diet will be diseased in body and polluted in soul—all his liturgies and catechisms notwithstanding. The Gadarene swine were possessed of the devil, and ran down a steep place into the sea, and all the swine ever since seem to have been similarly possessed. In Leviticus God struck this meat off the table of His people, and placed before them a bill of fare at once healthful, nutritious, and generous.

But, higher than this physical reason, there was a spiritual reason why God chose certain forms of food for the ancients. God gave a peculiar diet to His people, not only because He wanted them to be distinguished from the surrounding nations, but because certain birds and animals, by reason of their habits, have always been suggestive of moral qualities. By the list of things from which they were to abstain, God wished to prejudice their minds against certain evils; and in the list of lawful things given He wished to suggest certain forms of good. When God solemnly forbade his people to eat the owl, the vulture, the bat, the chameleon, and the snail, He meant to drive out of His people all the sins that were thus emblemized.

BALEFUL EFFECTS OF OWLISHNESS AMONG MEN.

I take the suggestion of the text, and say that one of the first unclean things the Christian needs to drive out of his soul is the owl. The owl is the melancholy bird of night. It hatches out whole broods of superstitions. It is doleful and hideous. When it sings it sings through its nose. It loves the gloom of night better than the brightness of the day. Who has not slept in the cabin near the woods, and been awakened in the night by the dismal "too-hoo" of the owl? Melancholy is the owl that is perched in many a Christian soul. It is an unclean bird, and needs to be driven away. A man whose sins are pardoned and who is on the road to Heaven, has no right to be gloomy. He says: "I have so many doubts." That is because "you are lazy." Go actively to work in Christ's cause and your doubts will vanish. You say: "I have lost my property;" but I reply, "you have infinite treasures laid up in Heaven." You say: "I am weak and sickly and going to die." Then be congratulated that you are so near eternal health and perpetual gladness. Catch a few morning larks for your soul and stone this owl off your premises.

CHEERFULNESS AS A PANACEA FOR ALL EVIL.

As a little girl was eating, the sun dashed upon her spoon, and she cried, "O, mamma, I have swallowed a spoonful of sunshine?" Would God that we might all indulge in the same beverage! Cheerfulness—it makes the homeliest handsome: it makes the hardest mattress soft; it runs the loom that weaves buttercups, and rainbows, and auroras. God made the grass black? No, that would be to somber. God made the grass red? No, that would be to gaudy. God made the grass green, that by this parable all the world might be led to subdue cheerfulness. Read your Bible in the sunshine. Remember that your physical health is closely allied to your spiritual. The heart and the liver are only a few inches apart, and what affects one affects the other. A historian records that by the sound of great laughter in Rome, Hannibal's assaulting army was frightened away in retreat. And there is in the great outbursting joy of a Christian soul that which can drive back any infernal besiegement. Rats love dark closets, and Satan loves to burrow in a gloomy soul. "Rejoice in the Lord, O, ye righteous! and again I say rejoice!"

Hoist the window of your soul in this, the 12 o'clock of your spiritual night. Put the gun to your shoulder and aim at the black jungle from which the hooting comes; pull the trigger and drop that croaking, loathsome, hideous owl of religious melancholy into the bushes.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT GOSSIPS.

Again: taking the suggestion of the text, drive out the vulture from your soul. God would not allow the Jews to eat it. It lives on carcasses; it fattens among the dead; with leaden wing it circles about battlefields. Wilson, the American ornithologist, counted 237 vultures around one carcass. If crossing the desert when there is no sign of wing in the air, a camel perish out of the caravan, immediately the air begins to darken with vultures. There are many professed Christians who have a vulture in their souls. They prey upon the character and feelings of others. A doubtful reputation is a banquet for them. Some rival in trade or profession falls, and the vulture puts out its hand. These people revel in the details of a man's ruin. They say: "I told you so." They rush into some store and say: "Have you heard the news? Just as I expected! Our neighbor has gone all to pieces! Good for him!"

That professedly Christian woman, having heard of the wrong doing of some sister in the church, instead of hiding the sin with a mantle of charity, peddles it all along the streets. She takes the afternoon to make her long neglected calls. She tells the story ten times before sundown, and every time tells it larger. She rushes into the parlors to tell it, and into the kitchens to tell it. She says: "Would you have thought it? Well, I always said there was something wrong about her. Why, I should not speak to her if I saw her in the street. Is it not horrible? But better not say anything about it, because there may be some mistake. I do not want my name involved in the matter. I guess I will just go over and ask them at No. 263 whether they have heard it. Guess it must be so, for Mary Ann says that her husband saw a man who heard from his business partner that his blind old grandmother had seen something that looked very suspicious!"

The most loathsome, miserable, God forsaken wretch on earth is a gossip. I can tell her on the street, though I have never seen her before. She walks fast and has her bonnet strings loose, for she has not had time to tie them since she heard that last scandal. She looks both ways as she passes, hoping to see new evidences of depravity in the windows. I think that when Satan has a job so infinitely mean that in all the pit he cannot find a devil mean enough to do it, and all bribes and threats have failed to get one willing for the eternal crusade, he says to one of his sergeants: "Go up to Brooklyn, and in such a street, on such a corner, get that gossiping woman, and she will be glad to go out." And sure enough, like a hungry fish, she takes the hook in her mouth, and Satan slackens the line, and lets her run out farther and farther, until after awhile he says: "It is time to haul in that line." and with a few strong pulls he brings her to the beach of fire. What do you say? That she was a member of the church? I cannot help that. When Satan goes a fishing he does not care what school the fish belong to, whether it is a Presbyterian mackerel or an Episcopalian salmon. Amidst the thunder crash of Sinai, God said: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against they neighbor." And in Leviticus he says: "Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale bearer." Take not into your ear that scum of hell that people call tittle tattle. Whosoever willingly listens to a slander is equally guilty with the one who tells it, and an old writer says they ought both to be hung, the one by the tongue and the other by the ear. Do not smile upon such a spaniel, lest, like a pleased dog, he put his dirty paw upon you. Throw back the shutter of your soul, oh Christian men and women, and see if there be within you a vulture with filthy talons and cruel beak. Let not this unclean thing roost in your soul, for my text says: "Ye shall hold in abomination among the fowls, the vulture."

THE ERROR OF BEING LIKE A BAT.

Again, taking the suggestion of the text, drive out the bat from your soul. No wonder God set this bird among the unclean. It is an offense to every one. Let it fly into the window of a summer night, and all the hands, young and old, are against it. It is half bird and half mouse. It seems made partly to walk and partly to fly, and does neither well; and becomes an emblem of those Christians who try to cling to earth and Heaven at the same time. They want to walk on earth in worldliness, and yet fly toward Heaven in spirituality; and their soul, between feet and wings, is constantly perplexed. Oh, my brethern, be one thing or the other! Choose the world, if you prefer it; and see how many dollars you can win, and how much applause you can gain, and how large a business you can establish, and how grand a house you can build, and how fast a span of horses you can drive. You may be prospered until you can fail for $500,000, instead of having the grace to fail for only $10,000 as some unenterprising people do. It is quite a reward to be able for ten or twenty years to be called one of the solid men of Brooklyn or Boston; and then, to make your fortune last as long as possible, we will give you a splendid funeral, and you shall have twenty-five carriages following you with somebody in the most of them, and your coffin shall have silver handles on the sides, and we will mourn for you in splendid pocket handkerchiefs bound with crape, and with bombazine twenty full yards long, trailing half across the parlor, so that all the company may stand upon it, and we will write our letters for the next six months on paper edged with black. But my friends, your worldly fortunes will not last. I will buy out now all that you will be worth in worldly estate seventy-five years from now. I have the money in my pocket with which to do it. Here it is! Two cents! It is a large sum to offer for all you will possess at the close of seventy-five years. Choose the world, if you want to; but, if not, then choose Heaven. That estate lies partly on this side of the river, but mostly on the other. It is ever accumulating. The prospect of it makes one independent of earthly misfortunes; so that Rogers, the martyr, slept so soundly the night before his burning, they violently shook him in order to get him awake in time for the execution; and Paul exults at the thought of the "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Oh, choose earth or Heaven! Make up your mind whether you will walk in earthly joys or fly with heavenly expectations. Be not a bat, fit neither to walk nor fly, having just enough of Heaven to spoil the world, and so much of the world as to spoil Heaven, Christ says that your present condition nauseates Him to positive sickness: "Because thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." In the ruins of Pompeii there was found a petrified woman, who, instead of trying to fly from the destroyed city, had spent her time in gathering up her jewels. She saved neither her life nor her jewels. There are multitudes making the same mistake. In trying to get earth and Heaven you lose both. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Be one thing or the other. Tread the earth like a lion, or mount the air like the eagle; for my text says: "Ye shall have in abomination among the fowls, the bat."

TURNCOATS AND DOUBLE FACES AS PUBLIC NUISANCES.

Again, taking the suggestion of the text, drive out the chameleon from your soul. There is some difference among good men as to the name of this creeping thing which God pronounced unclean, but I shall take the opinion which seems best suited to my purpose. The chameleon is a reptile, chiefly known by its changeableness of color, taking the color of the next thing to it—sometimes brown, sometimes red, and sometimes gray, but always the color of its surroundings—a type of that class of Christians who are now one thing in religious faith and now another, just to suit the circumstances, always taking their color of religious belief from the man they are talking to. They go to one place, and they are first rate Unitarians. "Jesus was a good man, and nothing more." They go to Princeton, and they are Trinitarians, almost willing to die for the divinity of Jesus. Among the Universalists they refuse the idea of future punishment; and going among those of opposite belief, announce that there is a hell with a gusto that makes you think they are glad of it. Drive out that unclean chameleon from your soul. Do not be ever changing the color of your faith. My friends, Liberal Christianity, falsly so called, believes in nothing. God is anything you want to make Him. The Bible to be believed in so far as you like it. Heaven a grand mixing up of Neros and Pauls. The man who dies by suicide in his right mind in 1888, beating into glory by ten years the Christian man who dies a Christian death in 1898: the suicide proving himself wiser than the Christian. Oh, my friends, let us try to believe in something. An infidel was called to the bedside of his daughter. The daughter said: "Father, which shall I believe, you or mother? Mother took the religion of Christ and died in its embrace. You say that religion is a humbug. Now, I am going to die, and I am very much perplexed, shall I believe you, or take the belief of my mother?" The father said:

"Choose for yourself." She said "No; I am too weak to choose for myself; I want you to choose for me." "Well," said the father, after much hesitation and embarrassment, "Mary, I think you had better take the religion of your mother." The time will come when we shall have to believe something. We cannot afford to be on the fence in religion. Truth and error are set opposite to each other. The one is infinitely right, and the other infinitely wrong. In the judgment day we must give an account of what we believed as well as for what we acted. The difference between believing truth and believing error is the difference between paradise and perdition. I beg you, in the light of the Bible, and on your knees before God, to form your religious opinion and then stick to it, though business companions scoff, and wits caricature, and the air crackles with the fires of martyrdom. Surely truths in behalf of which Christ died, and angels of God trooped forth, and the whole universe is marshaled, are worth living for and worth dying for. Amidst the most unclean things is this ever changing chameleon of religious theory. Away with the reptile! God abhors it with an all consuming abhorrence.

Once more: take the suggestion of the text, and drive out the snail from your soul. God has declared it unclean. It is an animal to be found everywhere between the coldest North and the hottest South. There are fifteen hundred species of the snail. They have no backbone, and they are so slow that their movement is almost imperceptible. You see a snail in one place to-day; go to-morrow and you will find it has advanced only a few inches. It becomes an emblem of that large class of Christian people who go to work with a slowness and sluggishness that is wonderful. They are stopped by every little obstacle, because, like the snail, they have no backbone. Others mount up on eagle's wings, but they go at a snail's pace.

THE COUSINSHIP OF PRUDENCE, LAZINESS, SLOTH, AND STUPIDITY.

Oh, child of God, arouse! We have apotheosized Prudence and Caution long enough. Prudence is a beautiful grace, but of all the family of Christian graces I like her the least, for she has been married so often to Laziness, Sloth, and Stupidity. We have a million idlers in the Lord's vineyard who pride themselves on their prudence. "Be prudent," said the deciples of Christ, "and stay away from Jerusalem;" but he went. "Be prudent," said Paul's friends, "and look out what you say to Felix," but he thundered away until the ruler's knees knocked together. In the eyes of the world, the most imprudent men that ever lived were Martin Luther, and John Oldcastle, and Wesley, and Knox My opinion is that the most imprudent and reckless thing is to stand still. It is well to hear our commander's voice when he says "Halt!" but quite as important to hear it when he says "Forward!" This Gospel ship, made to plow the sea at fifteen knots an hour, is not making three. Sometimes it is most prudent to ride your horse slowly and pick out the way for his feet, and not strike him with the spurs; but when a band of Shoshone Indians are after you in full tilt, the most prudent thing for you to do is to plunge in the rowels and put your horse to a full run, shouting: "Go long!" until the Rocky Mountains echo it. The foes of God are pursuing us. The world, the flesh, and the devil are after us; and our wisest course is to go ahead at swiftest speed.

When the church of God gets to advancing too fast, it will be time enough to use caution. No need of putting on the brakes while going up hill. Do not let us sit down waiting for something "to turn up," but go ahead in the name of God, and turn it up. The great danger to the church now is not sensation, but stagnation. O that the Lord God would send a host of aroused and consecrated men to set the church on fire, and to turn the world upside down. Let us go to work and catch the last snail in our souls. With divine vehemence let us stamp its life out: for my text declares "These also shall be unclean to you among the creeping things that creep upon the earth; the chameleon and the snail." "I have thus tried to prejudice these Christian men and women against gloominess, and slander, and half experiences, and changeableness, and sloth. Our opportunities for getting better are being rapidly swallowed up in the remorseless past. This golden Sabbath is about to drop out of the calendar. This moment may we drive out all the unclean things from our souls—the vulture, and the bat, and the owl, and the chameleon, and the snail; and in place thereof bring in the Lamb of God, and the Dove of the Spirit! The case is urgent. Arouse! before it be eternally too late! "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it!"

It is a Mistake

To labor when you are not in a fit condition to do so.

To think that the more a person eats the healthier and stronger he will become.

To go to bed at midnight and rise at daybreak, and imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To imagine that if a little work or exercise is good, violent or prolonged exercise is better.

To conclude that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To eat as if you only had a minute to finish your meal in, or to eat without an appetite, or continue after it has been isfied, merely to satisfy the taste.

To believe that children can do as much work as grown people, and that the more hours they study the more they learn.

To imagine that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better (as alcoholic stimulants) is good for the system, without regard to the after-effects.

To take off your proper clothing out of season because you have become heated.

Religion is a good commodity, the more we send away, the more we have at home. A good answer to the complaint, "we had better convert the heathen at home, first."

SELF-EDUCATION.

BY PROFESSOR DAVID SWING.



AFTER a youth has passed through the common schools of our country or city, self-education becomes not only possible but easy. So much depends upon self that a college course is valuable only so far as the student exerts his own personal will power and makes himself master of the situation. Colleges offer an opportunity, but they can not make a scholar—can not make an orator, or a doctor, or a statesman. The college professor feels how powerless he is when the parent or guardian of a fashionable, rich, and indolent lad introduces this mortal to the teacher and expresses a desire to have a man made out of the well-dressed and well-fed material; but when an earnest, open-faced, perhaps poverty-stricken farmer-boy has walked fifty miles to find a group of professors and a collection of books, there is joy in the faculty from the president down to the humblest tutor, because a young man has come who can make a scholar out of himself. In the first twelve years of life a school is needed; in all the remainder of life each mind must be its own schoolhouse and keep its own school.

There are many forms of human will and many shadings of taste. Often when the will power is great enough to bind a mind to the daily task of a student there is not taste enough in the heart to call the will power into action.

One of the advantages of self-education lies in the fact that it permits a strong will to follow a personal taste. An explanation of the great success often of what are called self-made men may be found in their freedom to follow the path of most attractiveness. Many a mind is diverted by the father or mother, or by the dignity of a college course and faculty, from the channel for which nature fitted it, and thus a genius dies, not of neglect but of too much attention.

But the youth should move about in the world, should open its big books, should perceive its pursuits and professions far enough to enable him to know what there is in it to be loved and hated. The young man who proposes to educate himself should read and study in a very broad manner for two or three years, that he might taste the different forms of truth, and thus learn which was going to be the sweetest for him. Many a preacher is in the pulpit because his uncle was a clergyman and loaned him "Dick's Theology," and "Watts' World to Come." It would have been a wonderful piece of good fortune to this nephew if he had spent a month or a year with the uncle of some other boy, and had borrowed a Blackstone or one of Scott's novels.

The good of a college consists partly in its being a world's exposition of mental wares. The student can see and taste all the kinds of fruit that grow on the tree of knowledge. Each professor stands for a department of study and action. Each conspicuous student is made eminent by some mental quality of mind or form of acquisition. Thus the taste and drift of life are not settled by the fact of an uncle, but upon the broader basis of having seen the many paths in which genius may tread. By the time the student has entered his junior year, he should begin to suspect what he is good for, and should begin to bestow some extra attention upon all that would fit him for that pursuit. The man who spends his junior and senior years upon simply the college course will never astonish or benefit society much in his manhood life. A writer in an American review says: "After 17, a recitation is a stultification." The writer evidently means that when a student has reached that age he should be absorbed in his own business, and should not file out to say a lesson in anatomy or in *calculus* when he has on his table an unfinished essay upon some theme in politics or ethics.

Whether this remark about the seventeenth year be true or not, it illustrates the thought that the best part of education is conducted by self rather than by a tutor. If a man or a youth finds himself unable to go to college he need not feel that all is lost, or that half or a third is lost. Self is the all. It is that something which rises above the school-house.

The young man who is attempting to educate himself should for a few years follow the course of study marked out for the regular classes, because that course has received the thought and approval of ages. It contains the great generalities of language, science, ethics and taste. Not to know some one great language is to be without the means of expression and without the means of appreciating the expressed thought and emotion of others, for language is not only a giver but also a receiver.

A Lesson for a Dude.

The name of Harry Oakes is not yet forgotten in the army—a bluff, straightspoken soldier, who some twenty years ago commanded the Twelfth Lancers. This is how he dealt with the point now so much at issue. A young officer complained that while in plain clothes a certain soldier had not saluted him. The soldier's excuse was that he had not recognized the officer.

"I'll take care you can't make that excuse in future," quoth Colonel Oakes. "Mr. ——, you will walk up and down the barrack-square in plain clothes until Private —— is satisfied that he would know you again."

The private gave the officer a benefit of about half-an-hour, and all he conceded then was his ability to recognize the former in the suit he then wore.

"If you are not satisfied," said the Colonel, you will appear in the square for ten minutes in each civilian suit you own, and whenever you get a new suit you will do the same, and let Private —— know."

The young officer never complained again of not getting what he considered his proper due in the matter of salutes.—*London World.*

It is not known yet why the shell of the lobster turns red on being boiled.

We were closed on Thanksgiving Day. Did you know it?

We are open now until Chrstmas, Sundays excepted.

Our Mr. L. B. Root, in New York, writes: "The market is slow, dull." That means forced sales on the part of importers and jobbers, which means lower prices for us, big bargains for you.

On Tuesday last we had a special sale of plain China silks. The price for that day was also special. It was amusing and gratifying, too, to see the way in which they were "snapped up," and the appreciation of our friends by carrying them off. Now we have another special bargain for you, this sale to continue while this lot lasts.

46-INCH ALL WOOL HENRIETTAS AT 75C. A YARD.

Beginning Monday morning, we offer these to our patrons, confidently asserting that they are the best value shown in this class of goods anywhere.

Men and women differ; boys differ, so do girls. What of it?

Stores differ—one from the other. We mean we differ from the other fellows. Prices differ. We assert it without fear of contradiction. Ours differ in being lower for the same qualities. But you need not take our word for it; compare for yourself.

A good time now for you to look through our varied lines of Holiday specialties.

ROOT & COMPANY.

The funeral of Mr. Patrick Golden took place this morning from the cathedral.

—THE—

ENTIRE - STOCK

—OF—

LEHMAN - RICHMAN

& Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, Amounting to

$17.000,

—NOW—

BEING - SLAUGHTERED

—AT—

SAM, PETE & MAX'S

58 Calhoun St.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, DEC. 1, 1888.

LOCAL NEWS.

The A. O. U. W. held their regular meeting last night.

Conductor Parry, of the Grand Rapids, was at Decatur yesterday.

Mr. John Dolan visited friends at Huntington over Thanksgiving.

Mr. H. W. Mordhurst, the druggist, returned from Logansport last evening.

The Grace Reformed congregation realized about $60 as a result of their Thanksgiving dinner.

Mr. G. W. Seavy is in the west and until his return there will be no meeting of the Business Men's exchange.

Monroe township farmers are up in arms against Fort Wayne hunters, because a party from this city went gunning down there last Sunday.

George Wilson, "The Minstrel King," who comes to the Temple, Wednesday next, cleared thirty thousand dollars ($30,000) on last season's business alone.

Hay is selling for from $14 to $16 a ton.

Jonathan Fleming, an old resident of this county, has removed to Adams county to reside.

Miss Lizzie Schieber, of Huntington, is visiting in the city.

The new Catholic church at Monroeville is nearing completion.

The teachers and janitors of the public schools were paid to-day.

Col. James Humphrey, of the Bliss house, Bluffton, is in the city.

Mrs. Ed O'Rourke returned this morning from Arcola after a few days visit.

Miss Laura Rehrer, of South Broadway, is visiting friends at Kendallville.

Miss Lida Boseker is entertaining her friend, Miss Agnes Green, of Findlay, Ohio.

Parsloe's "Grass Widow" will catch the citizens of Fort Wayne, Friday, Dec. 7th.

Lemuel C. Paine sues James Baxter et al. for $1,600. Randall & Vesey are attorneys.

Yesterday was St. Andrew's day. The Scotch people observe the occasion with solemnity.

Mr. Mason Long, the evangelist, will assist in the dedication of a new Baptist church at Lagrange to-morrow.

Weighmaster Ryan collected $137 for the month of November and has paid that amount into the city treasury.

Allen county has fifty-two prisoners in northern Indiana penitentiary, ranking next to Marion county which has 207.

A pleasant surprise party was held last evening, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Myers, on Harrison street.

John Golden and John McClellan were fined for drunkenness by the mayor this morning. Golden is a cowboy.

Henry Shearer, as guardian of H. C. Dentlesbeck, sues Geo. W. Mills for $100. T. W. Wilson is attorney for the claimant.

Mrs. Kip Carman and Mrs. Harry Medsker have returned from Chicago, where they spent Thanksgiving with friends and relatives.

Messrs. Stimpson & Carnagle, of Dayton, are in the city. They have the contract for sinking the supply wells at the water works pumping house.

The Jenney electric light company has a capacity for working 100 men at its Plymouth shops. The Plymouth people are now making an effort to raise a bonus of $15,000 to keep a branch shop there.

Officer O'Ryan arrested cowboy No. 2 yesterday afternoon and took him to the station house. The fellow was riding his horse around the streets in a drunken manner. Officer O'Ryan took a cowboy in a few days ago.

The Kendallville *Standard* says that $325 in cash were burned up in the fire at George Zurbuck's store at Avilla. Zurbuck's loss only amounts to $450, at least, the insurance adjusters only decree him that amount. He saved most of his stock.

Capt. A. H. Dougall has been notified that at the Plankington hotel, Milwaukee, December 21, will be held a meeting of the executive committee of the national council G. A. R. Captain Dougall is a member of the committee, and will attend its session.

The employes of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railway who have for years worked under the direction of Road Master Alfred Morrison, have presented him with a fine gold watch as a testimonial of their esteem. Mr. Morrison is now in the dairy business in Chicago.

Wm. M. Somers has sold to H. F. and J. France, lot 5, White's addition, for $1,000; Eliza E. Bevinton has sold lots 23 and 24, College addition, to August Hollman, for $1,000; Patrick J. McDonald, administrator, has sold to George K. Hubbard, lot in Wilt's addition, for $1,240.

There will be a meeting of the promoters of the choral society at the Aveline house to-morrow afternoon. Professor Heath is the director and expects to begin rehearsals with forty voices. They will seek to secure the Morton club hall for their rehearsals and expect to give a series of chorus concerts this winter.

Dr. Samuel C. Metcalf, the health officer, makes the following report of deaths for November: Accident, 1; blood poison, 2; consumption, 4; convulsions, 2; dropsy, 1; exhaustion, 4; measles, 1; meningitis, 3; old age, 2; scalded, 1; strangulated, 1; typhoid, 1. Under 1 year of age, 6; 1 to 5 years, 3; 10 to 20 years, 1; 20 to 40 years, 6; 40 to 60 years, 5; 60 to 70 years, 1; 80 to 90 years, 1. Nativity—American, 17; German, 4; Irish, 2. Single, 12; married, 8; widowed, 3. Sex—Males, 17; females, 6. Total, 23.

Mr. Charles Schreiner, Foreman of a large Meat house in Baltimore, Md., says:—"He had a sprained wrist for several weeks and began to think it was never going to get well, he was advised to try Salvation Oil, did so and it worked like magic and a few applications entirely cured him.

Get your watch repairing done at F. J. Voirol, 244 Calhoun street.

Mr. V. S. Reed, of Decatur, is registered at the Hotel Brunswick.

Mr. H. L. Barney, with Jones, the photographer, made a business trip to Angola to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Beamer, of Springfield, Ill., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Barnett.

Mrs. Monroe Jones, of Grand Rapids, is in the city visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Fordney.

The funeral of Mrs. Geo. Englert will take place at 3 o'clock, Sunday afternoon, from No. 60 Smith street.

Miss Mary Golden has returned from a prolonged visit at Newton, Kan. Her health, which was frail when she left here, is much improved and strengthened.

Mr. Will V. Douglass says that in the spring he will erect a handsome three story brick block on the Schmidt property at the northwest corner of Calhoun and Washington streets.

Mr. F. J. Gruber, the well known cigar manufacturer, has moved into elegant new rooms opposite THE SENTINEL office and our reporters can now step across the street and smoke.

Among the ballad singers with Geo. Wilsons minstrels are George Gale, Thos. Lewis, Will Walling, J. Spencer Charles, J. J. Nolan and others. The singers are white face this season, white satin costumes and white wings.

The proprietors and lessees of the old Robinson house have settled their difficulty regarding the change in the name of that popular hostelry. The painters are now engaged in inscribing, in big letters, the name "Hotel Brunswick" over the street entrance to the office.

The hearing of the telegraph pole injunction case continues before Judge Olds at Columbia City. Mr. A. C. Trentman was the last witness for the city to-day and the defense will begin their testimony Monday. It it now hoped that Judge Olds will render a modified verdict.

Levi Johnson and his farm hand, Wm. Everhart, were arrested here yesterday, by Marshal Meyer and Officer Patton, on a charge of stealing twenty bushels of cloverseed from Wm. Anderson and Peter Bowers, two Huntington county farmers. Johnson drove up to the grain houses, loaded the seed and drove to this city with his team. He was pursued and captured after he had disposed of the grain to S. Bash & Co., for $75.90. Both men were arraigned before the mayor this morning and were held to await a final hearing. Johnson has a team of horses and a wagon in the city and lives in Huntington county.

F. J. Voirol, is receiving every day new goods for the holidays, his stock will be more complete this year than ever before. Call early and make your selections. 244 Calhoun street.

Pantaloons from $8.00 up at J. M. Clark's.

Roller skating is all the rage and the Princess rink will open its doors this afternoon and evening in response to the demand.

Pantaloons from $8.00 up, at J. M. Clark's.

Foolscap Paper at Half Price.

A large lot bought at auction sale. We offer it at $1.00 a ream, China paper.

FRUIT HOUSE.

Latest patterns of Watches, Jewelery, Silverware, Chains, Charms, Rings, &c., at F. J. Voirol.

Of Interest to Fort Wayne People.

The following article from the New York *World* will interest the citizens of Fort Wayne:

A NOVEL PHOTOGRAPH APPARATUS.

Photographers are interested just now over a newly patented camera. Detectives as well as photographers are interested in the invention, for no doubt it will prove a very effective weapon in the hands of a person who may want at some time to obtain an instantaneous photo of some face or scene. The new invention, that promises to produce almost a revolution in the art of photography, is based upon the dry process system; that is, of the gelatino-bromide sensitive plates, on which impressions can be readily made instantaneously. As to weight, this novel apparatus weighs less than two pounds, and is only six and one-half inches long and three and three-quarter inches high. It can be carried conveniently in an overcoat pocket as well as in a valise, and another thing in its favor is that it is ready for use at any time. The plates of the apparatus are in a continuous roll, admitting of a hundred negatives.

The above instrument is the wonderful "Kodak," and we know of no more suitable article for a holiday gift than the "Little Kodak" Camera; a present which is useful, beautiful and novel. For sale by M. L. Jones, 44 Calhoun street, dealer in photographic supplies and amateur photographic outfits.

The C. O. D. Closed

Until Monday, Dec. 3d, at 2 p. m. sharp, to give the assignee an opportunity to arrange and re-mark the stock.

Miss Dr. E. F. Harris removes permanently superfluous hairs and other facial blemishes by electrolysis. Office, 148 Calhoun street; private entrance on Jefferson street. 23-8t

ELEGANT NECKWEAR!

—ALL THE—

LATEST - STYLES

—IN—

PUFF SCARFS,

TECK SCARFS,

—AND—

FOUR - IN - HANDS!

In Velvets and the Latest Silks at

BOTTOM - PRICES!

SAM, PETE & MAX.

Cut Flowers at Markey's.

Roses—Carnations, Callas, Bonvardia, Hyacinths, Narcissus, Chrysanthemums and Smilax. No advance in prices. Roses 75c per dozen. 27-4t

Money to loan at reasonable rates. Apply at "The Abstract Office." 27d4tw1t KUHNE & Co., 19 Court St.

Pantaloons from $8.00 up, at J. M. Clark's.

We handle complete lines of first-class rubber goods, from a baby's rubber overshoe to a man's rubber boot. Our prices are the lowest in the city,

REDLICK'S SHOE STORE.

What is Catarrh

One of the most common diseases, and one of the most neglected, is catarrh in the head. It is an inflammation of the mucous membrane, and is caused by a cold, or succession of colds, combined with impure blood. It comes on so gradually that almost before a person realizes it, he is suffering severely with catarrh. It causes a disagreeable discharge from the nose, dryness in the back part of the throat, inflamed eyes, ringing noises in the ears, headache, and sometimes loss of sense of smell or hearing. When

Catarrh in the Head

Gains a firm hold on the system, it has very dangerous tendencies, being liable to develop into bronchitis or consumption. As catarrh is a constitutional disease, local applications can do but little good. What is required is a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by thoroughly purifying the blood, expels the germs of the disease, soothes and rebuilds the affected membrane, and gives health and vigor to the whole system. If you suffer with catarrh, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I had the worst symptoms of chronic catarrh for two years. So troublesome was it that I could not smell nor taste. I found Hood's Sarsaparilla a speedy cure, and I am now free from this awful disease." J. H. SAMMIS, Bay Shore, N. Y.

"For several years I had a catarrhal affection in my throat. I was very much benefited by using Hood's Sarsaparilla, and would recommend it very highly to any one having asthma or catarrh." ELIAS P. DEVRIES, firm of Devries & Peterson, Omaha, Neb.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"For several years I have been troubled with that terribly disagreeable disease, catarrh. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla with the very best results. It cured me of that continual dropping in my throat, and stuffed-up feeling. It has also helped my mother who has taken it for run down state of health and kidney trouble. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all." MRS. S. D. HEATH, Putnam, Conn.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

JACOBS' SHOE STORE.

Below We Quote a Few Prices of Our Reliable Makes.

Department of Gents' Shoes:

FOR $2 — You can buy **OF US** any imaginable style of a **GENT'S** Fine Dress Shoe. Warranted to be solid.

FOR $2.50 AND $3 — **We** can sell you a **Gent's** shoe in light and medium weight goods, in six **different styles of toes.** Every pair warranted.

FROM $4 TO $6.50 — We display the grandest line of Gents' **Handsewed** goods. If you wish to look at **Nobby** shoes, we are pleased to show them.

For Working Shoes You Ought to Come to Us.

DEPARTMENT OF LADIES' SHOES:

Kid, Goat and Grain Button..... $1 50
An assorted lot of $3.50 shoes offered at the low price of..... 2 50

Our stock of LADIES' COMMON SENSE and WAULKENPHAST, in B, C, D, E and EE width, in the finest one in the City.

REMEMBER, Our reputation for LOW PRICES and DURABLE FOOTWEAR is permanent.

JACOBS' SHOE STORE,

17 CALHOUN STREET.

CANDY — Send $1.25, $2.10 or $3.50

CANDY — For a sample retail box by express, PREPAID, of the BEST CANDY in AMERICA. Put up in elegant boxes suitable for presents. Refers to all Chicago. Address,

CANDY — C. F. Gunther,

212 State St.,

CANDY — Chicago, - - - - Ill.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

R. L. SMITH.....Manage

COMMENCING

MONDAY, November 26.

ANOTHER GREAT SHOW!

—THE—

VERNON SISTERS!

McGlone & Lucille, Bessie Searles,

V·A·L + V·I·N·O,

The Egyptian Marvel.

Jem & Georgie Powers!

Josie Sutherland, the Mullellys, all in a Great Bill.

Prices: 35, 25 and 15 cents.

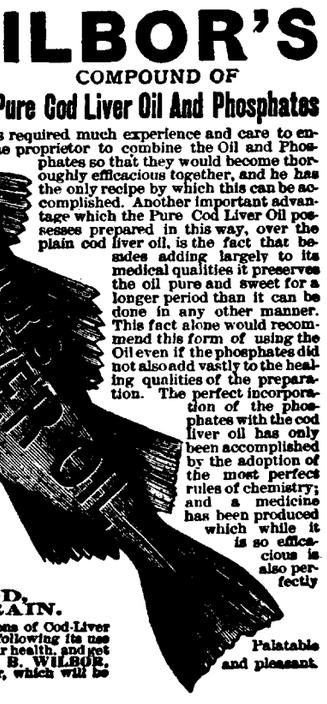
Family Matinee Every Saturday Afternoon. Admission, 15c.

DR. WILBOR'S

COMPOUND OF

Pure Cod Liver Oil And Phosphates

OF LIME, SODA, IRON.



It has required much experience and care to enable the proprietor to combine the Oil and Phosphates so that they would become thoroughly efficacious together, and he has the only recipe by which this can be accomplished. Another important advantage which the Pure Cod Liver Oil possesses prepared in this way, over the plain cod liver oil, is the fact that besides adding largely to its medical qualities it preserves the oil pure and sweet for a longer period than it can be done in any other manner. This fact alone would recommend this form of using the Oil even if the phosphates did not also add vastly to the healing qualities of the preparation. The perfect incorporation of the phosphates with the cod liver oil has only been accomplished by the adoption of the most perfect rules of chemistry; and a medicine has been produced which while it is so efficacious is also perfectly Palatable and pleasant.

CURES

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES, and all SCROFULOUS HUMORS.

Almost as palatable as cream. It can be taken with pleasure by delicate persons and children, who, after using it, become very fond of it. It assimilates with the food, increases the flesh and appetite, builds up the nervous system, restores energy to mind and body, creates new, rich and pure blood, in fact, rejuvinates the whole system.

FLESH, NERVE, BLOOD, BRAIN.

This preparation is far superior to all other preparations of Cod-Liver Oil; it has many imitators, but no equals. The results following its use are its best recommendations. Be sure, as you value your health, and get the genuine. Manufactured only by DR. ALEXR. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, Mass. Send for illustrated circular, which will be mailed free. Sold by all druggists.

Sugar Cured Hams

—AND—

Breakfast Bacon!

SARDELLES, CANNED; HAMBURG EELS, CANNED; FRENCH SARDINES, SMOKED; RUSSIAN CARIAR, GOTHA TRUFFLE LIVER SAUSSAGE, SELF RISING BUCKWHEAT, AKRON GRAHAM FLOUR, PRUNES STUFFED WITH CONFECTION, CHERRIES IN MARASCHINO.

PYKE'S GROCERY

80 CALHOUN STREET.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1888. PRICE FIVE CENTS

GEORGE

DE WALD

AND

COMPANY.

We wish to call

Your Attention!

to our Line of

SILKS

Just the thing

FOR A PRESENT!

GEORGE -|- DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

Christmas Presents!

Christmas Presents,
Christmas Presents,
Christmas Presents,
Christmas Presents,
Christmas Presents,
Christmas Presents,
Christmas Presents,
Christmas Presents,
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Christmas Presents,
Christmas Presents.

Of all good places in Fort Wayne at which to select Christmas presents, you will find ours excels. Our immense salesrooms are crowded from cellar to garret with art novelties, attractive bric-a-brac and fancy articles of furniture specially appropriate to the gift season.

FOSTER

FURNITURE

COMPANY.

ROBBED THE BANK.

A Columbus, Ind., Teller Takes $8,500 and Skips to Canada—A Woman in the Case.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Dec. 1.—Will Schrieber, teller of the First National bank, has fled to Canada, having robbed the bank of $8,500 in cash prior to his departure. There is a woman in the case.

LAID TO REST.

The Funeral of Mrs. General Sherman, at St. Louis, To-day.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 1.—Early this morning the friends of the late Mrs. Gen. W. T. Sherman began to assemble at the Union depot to receive the funeral party. Mr. Geo. D. Capen, General Sherman's business agent, and intimate friends in this city, James E. Yeatman, the managing pall bearer and an old friend of the Sherman family, Mrs. Judge Raber, a relative of Mrs. Sherman, and Mrs. Raber's son, were the first at the depot.

The funeral train was due at 7 o'clock, but it was thirty-five minutes late.

Emmons Blaine, son of James G. Blaine, came in to attend the funeral. The private car contained General W. T. Sherman and family. The car was detached and the friends of the family entered it and paid their respects to the mourners. Rev. Father Fenlon paid a brief visit to the car. After breakfasting at the depot, the funeral party returned to the private car and remained until the time for the funeral cortege to move.

The funeral services, which followed, were according to the impressive Catholic rites. There were two wagon loads of flowers.

THE BELL WINS.

The Bell Telephone Company Wins a Suit at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Dec. 1.—In the federal court to-day Judge Blodgett rendered a decision forever restraining the American Inter State Telephone company from using, renting or infringing on the patents of the American Bell Telephone company.

Hon. A. P. Edgerton Talks.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—The Hon. A. P. Edgerton, of the civil-service commission, who returned to this city last night, talks very freely concerning the workings of the organization of which he is a member, and made this remarkable declaration: "Were it not for the administration of the civil service law by mugwump influences, President Cleveland would have been re-elected."

He Took $30,000.

CHICAGO, Dec. 1.—W. B. Jones, of the firm of Jones & Co., whose treasurer, Fred W McCann, has left the city with the firm's books, said that McCann had also carried away a large sum of money. He thinks he has taken between $20,000 and $30,000.

The Presidential Appointment.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—The president has appointed John G. Enright, of Michigan, to be assistant commissioner of Indian affairs.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—Indiana—Fair, slightly warmer.

MR. W. C. STEVENS.

Mr. W. C. Stevens, chief clerk in the Lake Shore and Muncie freight office, left for Goshen, Ind., yesterday, to take the agency of the Lake Shore at that place. Just before taking the train, a handsome gold headed cane was presented to him by Agent Philley in behalf of his office associates. Mr. Stevens, after recovering from the shock, desires us to say in answer, that the gift is highly prized, and that he will ever cherish it as a memoir of the pleasant years spent together, and that the gift itself is not more valued than the friendly words that accompanied its presentation.

Barrows the Artist.

The best place in the city to secure photographs is at the studio of Barrows. His reputation is his advertisement and his guarantee that he will take a picture of you true to nature. He is now established in his new rooms, second story, corner of Calhoun and Berry streets, and is better prepared than ever to please his patrons. Give him a call.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Dec. 1.—Wheat, weak, lower at $1.02¼. Corn, steady, at 35¼. Oats, steady, at 26¼. Flaxseed, $1.50. Pork, easier, $13.25. Lard, firm, at $8. January short ribs, at $6.90.

GENERAL HOVEY.

The Governor-Elect Promises to Make War on Corrupt Elections.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 1.—General Hovey, the newly elected republican governor of Indiana, who is in Washington winding up his congressional business, has no doubt that boodle was largely used in the campaign in Indiana.

"I am just preparing my message to the legislature now," said he to a correspondent, "and in my message I will talk right out about the corrupt use of money for election purposes. The legislature is democratic by a large majority, but they cannot enact any laws too stringent for me in the direction of purifying elections and protecting the ballot. I would disfranchise forever every man who is concerned in giving or receiving a bribe, and in addition to disfranchisement I should send to the penitentiary every man convicted of making a second attempt at bribery or corruption. I would also make it impossible for one man to be within fifty feet of another when depositing his vote. Then those who bought votes could not have any guarantee of delivery and the incentive to bribery would be largely destroyed.

Personally, I don't know of the use of a cent for corruption in the campaign, but I have heard that money was corruptly used in large amounts by both parties. I spent considerable money myself to influence votes, but not a cent to buy one. My money was largely spent in sending out speeches and letters. I know, positively, that if all the democratic soldiers in Indiana had voted for Cleveland he would have carried the state easily. And my correspondence with the Grand Army posts in New York leads me to believe that more than enough democratic soldiers in New York voted the republican ticket to defeat Cleveland.

"New York is democratic; there is no doubt about that, and so far as the tariff is concerned, I am convinced that the democrats gained on that issue in Indiana. From the reports that have reached me, it would seem that the democrats spent much more money than the republicans in the campaign. I have no doubt that many of both parties will be indicted for corruption."

HIT THE MARK.

A Maumee Township Farmer Shoots His Hand Off.

The news came in to-day that John Morgan, a farmer residing in Maumee township, shot his right hand off yesterday. He was out hunting in the big forests in that region yesterday and carried a double barrel shot gun. Along in the afternoon, Morgan sat on a fallen tree and stood his gun beside him, carelessly placing his right hand over the mouth of the weapon. In some unaccountable way he discharged the gun and with its contents went his right hand. The man was plucky, and wrapping the member up with cloths he sought the township physician to put ligatures on the bleeding vessels and have the flesh stitched together.

HE IS THANKFUL.

A Letter from General Harrison to Mr. Horace Hanna.

Just after the election, Mr. Horace Hanna, an ardent young republican, sent a telegram of congratulation to General Harrison. Its originality created a great deal of merriment and was extensively copied for the expression: "I yelled for you and split a lung. Have another lung at your disposal."

The other day Mr. Hanna was pleased to receive this note,

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 24th, 1888.

H. Hanna, Esq., Fort Wayne, Ind.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your congratulatory telegram was received, but I have not until now been able to make any acknowledgement of it. Please accept my thanks, not only for those friendly words, but also for your zealous and effective work during the campaign. I assure you that I am very grateful for the work done by my Indiana republican friends. Very truly yours,

BENJ. HARRISON.

Chicago's Postmaster.

CHICAGO, Dec. 1.—General Walter C. Newberry assumed the duties of postmaster of Chicago this morning. S. Corning Judd resigned.

Col. D. N. Foster will occupy Mr. Mason Long's new block until after the holidays. Dozois & Co., the dry goods people who have the building leased, will not move into it until February 1.

Benjamin H. Stufel, Butler, Ind.; F. C. Henry, Elgin, Ill.; E. F. Carey, Defiance; J. H. Zimmerman, South Bend, are among the guests at the Rich.

HE WOULDN'T APOLOGIZE!

Mr. Graham is Ordered to Withdraw From the British House of Commons for Refusing to Retract an Accusation.

LONDON, Dec. 1.—In the house of commons to-day, the speaker ordered Mr. Cunningham E. Graham, an advanced liberal member from the northwest division of Lanarkshire, to withdraw from the house because he had accused Mr. Smith, a government leader, of conniving at a dishonorable trick and had refused to retract the accusation. As Mr. Graham was leaving the house, a member shouted, "bravo, Graham."

In an interview Mr. Graham explained that the trouble arose over the action of Mr. Brooks Robinson in putting a motion on paper to prevent a discussion upon the chainmaker's grievances. Mr. Graham had characterized this as a dishonorable trick, and had expressed the belief that the government had instigated Mr. Robinson to perform it. He had refused to withdraw the statement, hence his dismissal. Mr. Graham says he will not apologize, no matter what the result may be.

FRANK J. GRUBER.

The Popular Cigar Manufacturer Established in New and Elegant Quarters.

This morning a SENTINEL reporter dropped into the new rooms of Mr. Frank J. Gruber, the well known cigar manufacturer. He has just moved from his old quarters, which he was compelled to give up on account of a new building which is to be erected there, and is now pleasantly located in commodious rooms a few doors north—the stand formerly occupied by Mr. Geo. R. Bowen's plumbing establishment, at 110 Calhoun street.

Mr. Gruber has been at his old stand for five years, and his business had outgrown the dimensions of its narrow limits. His new place gives him more room for his growing wholesale trade, which he sadly needed, and which was one of the reasons that governed him in selecting the rooms he did.

In his new rooms he has the retail and business department in front, and the wholesale manufacturing department in the rear rooms. They present a cozy and attractive appearance, and it stands as a fact beyond dispute that he has one of the completest and most fully equipped wholesale cigar establishments in the state.

The reputation of his manufactured goods is growing rapidly and no name is better known among smokers than the name of Frank J. Gruber, whose brands of cigars known as "F. G" and "Frank's Choice" have secured almost a national fame, and every dealer in the best goods is compelled to keep them.

Mr. Gruber is a pleasant gentleman to do business with. Everybody in this city knows him and THE SENTINEL is glad to note that his business is growing to such large proportions. Such men as him merit success.

DEATH'S DARK VALLEY.

The Names of Those Who Have Entered It During the Week.

Following is the list of deaths for the week ending Saturday, December 1, 1888:

Child of W. S. Wade, 1 day, exhaustion.

Fannie Parker, 36 years, tumor.

James E. Griminson, 55 years, choked.

Child of W. A. Callahan, 1 day, exhaustion.

John G. Whitehead, 67 years, chronic diarrhea.

Annie M. Brown, 21 years, consumption.

Howard Bender, 15 months, bowel complaint.

Child of John Maddon, 1 day, exhaustion.

Patrick Golden, 52 years, consumption.

Maggie Englert, 34 years, blood poisoning.

Christian Thurston, 37 years, consumption.

Child of C. Dreibelbiss, 5 days, spasms.

Charles Romer, 1 month, exhaustion.

Found Dead.

NEW HAVEN, Con., Dec. 1.—The body of George Donovan, the murderer of John King, was found in a reservoir this morning. The motive for the murder is to be determined.

The Princess skating rink will be open again this afternoon and evening. Skates for the million and music with every skate.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

And Worship Him in His Holy Temple—The Pastors Announce Their Services for To-morrow.

Attend church.

Look after your children.

Always wash your own window first.

Prayer and work should go hand in hand.

As you go through this world try and have a kind word and look for every one you meet.

A man who goes into a saloon on Sunday is just as guilty as the man who owns and runs the saloon.

Remember that whatever you sow that will you also reap. Even Bob Ingersoll says he knows this to be true.

How can a mother expect her children to be good men and women, when she never sets them a good example.

Simpson M. E. Church—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. C. H. Wilkinson, pastor. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m.

Trinity M. E. church. Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. J. C. Cook, pastor.

If you want to be happy with your children in your old age, bring them up surrounded by loving and Christian influences.

Rev. G. W. Carder will preach at the Nebraska Mission to-morrow morning at 10:30 o'clock and Mr. James Trythall at 7:30 p. m.

Trinity Lutheran church—Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Pastor's bible class at the same hour.

Evangelical church, corner Clinton and Holman streets. German in morning; English in evening. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.

Regular services to-morrow morning and evening by Dr. Moffat, in the First Presbyterian church. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All invited.

Regular services at the Second Presbyterian church, Rev. J. L. Leeper officiating. Morning services at 10:30. Evening service at 7:30.

Free Methodist church, East Creighton avenue—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Hardin, pastor.

Rev. Zartman will be in the pulpit at Grace Reformed church to-morrow at 10:30 and 7:30. Topic in the evening: "Does Death End All?"

No excuse for remaining at home to-morrow from church. The Baptist house of worship opens its doors to whosoever will come at 10:30 and 7:30.

Gospel song service in the chapel of the Y. M. C. A. Sabbath afternoon at 4 o'clock, city time. This service is for men only and every man in the city will be welcome. Please note the change of time.

Christian church, preaching by the new pastor, J. H. Sims, at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Morning theme, "The Priesthood of Christ." Evening theme: "The Great Salvation." Sunday school at 9:15 a. m.

St. Paul M. E. Church. Three special services will be held to-morrow. At 10:30 a. m., 2:30 in the afternoon and 7:30 in the evening. There have been forty conversions in the last three weeks, and many more have requested prayers.

Third Presbyterian church. Preaching by Rev. Thomas Thompson, of Lancaster, Pa. Bible school at 2 o'clock. Parents and friends are made welcome to the primary department on the first Sabbath in each month. Come to-morrow.

Congregational church, corner of Washington and Fulton streets. Service at 10:30 a. m.. Sunday school at 12 o'clock. Rev. J. C. Cromer, pastor. Morning subject: "Unbelief, its Punishment." Evening subject: "Hear Ye Him."

The services at the Berry Street M. E. church will be of a highly interesting character. The membership are especially invited. Strangers made welcome. Morning theme: "The triumph of the Kingdom." Evening theme: "Mystery." Sunday school and class meeting at 9 a. m.

Usual services to-morrow at Wayne St. M. E. church conducted by Rev. R. M. Barns at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 o'clock. General class at 9:20 a. m. Morning discourse, "Sabbath Observance." Evening discourse, "Mental, Spiritual, and Eternal Development."

The C. O. D. will re-open its doors Monday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

BENJ. ROTHSCHILD, Assignee.

"I'M A COWBOY."

And With This Bravado a Lad Sends a Fatal Bullet Into the Breast of His Little Sister.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 1.—Robert Corrigan, aged nine, after receiving several slaps from his sister Rosa, aged thirteen, given in a playful mood seized a revolver lying on the table with the remark, "I'm a cowboy" and fired. The ball entered the girls left breast, inflicting a probably fatal wound.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. Harry Metzgar, the clerk of the circuit court, left for Chicago, this afternoon.

Sheriff Viberg sent Tom Elliott, the highway robber, to the prison north this afternoon.

W. A. Mitchell, Warren, O.; J. E. Casebeer, Defiance; Louis Cohn, Cincinnati, are guests at the Wayne.

George Weller and Mary E. Galloway, Henry A. Crall and Lutie Heath have been licensed to wed.

Henry Lantz and Geo. H. Lucas, of Pekin, Ill., are in the city. They come, it is said, to bid for the removal of the Jenney Electric Light works to their town.

Mr. Christian Eckert, of St. Joe township, was taken to the city hospital this morning. He met with an accident some time ago, the particulars of which were given in THE SENTINEL, and blood poisoning has set in. It is thought he cannot recover.

Adam Hensler was fined $20 and costs by Justice France to-day for assaulting Pat Welch, in Myer's saloon, in the Seventh ward, some two weeks ago. Hensler struck Welch with a beer mug and otherwise injured him in a manner to confine him to his bed since the quarrel.

Mr. R. T. McDonald was hastily summoned to testify in the telegraph pole case at Columbia City this morning and the Pittsburg company had arranged to send him up in a special car, when another telegram came saying that the trial had been adjourned over until Monday.

The men of Paris of all ages and conditions are wild over boxing, and the many cures made by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, their national remedy.

The Princess skating rink will be open again this afternoon and evening. Skates for the million and music with every skate.

Thanksgiving Turkey.

The observance of Thanksgiving is usually attended with a great big turkey dinner. Some have a less pretentious luxury, such as a goose or a chicken. To spend Thanksgiving enjoyably, and especially the dinner part of it, it is quite necessary that one should maintain a spirit of thankfulness and a good appetite for turkey needs to have his machinery attended to, for it is certainly out of order, if a man's appetite is out of order. If a man's appetite is good he is usually happy. Or if a man is not happy he wants to do something to make him so, and then he can have a good appetite. The Original Pete will guarantee to cure a case of blues and give an appetite for Thanksgiving turkey, so, if the subjects will call around to his place, 52½ Calhoun street, and examine into the rare bargains offered by him in Men's and Boy's clothing and furnishing goods.

Roller skating is all the rage and the Princess rink will open its doors this afternoon and evening in response to the demand.

Attend the Assignee Sale

At the C. O. D. store will be open Monday afternoon, at 2 o'clock sharp.

BENJ. ROTHSCHILD, Assignee.

Attention Clergymen.

All clergymen in Fort Wayne desiring clergymen's permits for 1889 on the Wabash railway are requested to call at the Wabash ticket office and file their applications as soon as possible. 30-8t

Fresh Baltimore Oysters.

O. K., 18c; S. & W., 25c can.
Selects, for frying, 35c can.
Michigan celery 10c dozen.

FRUIT HOUSE.

GRAND OPENING,

Dec. 6, 7 and 8.

Grand display of watches, jewelry, silverware, novelties, &c., canes, umbrellas. Come everybody and see.

J. H. YOUNG,
1-4t **80 Calhoun street.**

FOR RENT.—Store room No. 25 West Main street, and house corner of Harrison and Wayne streets, with all modern improvements. For particulars inquire at 54 West Wayne street.

FARMER JOHN'S SOLILOQUY.

I mont as well acknowledge, 'taint no use o' beatin' 'round,
I've done a heap o' thinkin', plowin' up this faller ground.
An' suthin's been a paintin' an' achin' me like sin—
I reckoned 'twas dyspepsy or malary creepin' in.

At last I got my dander up, an' to myself, sez I,
The biggest fool in nater's him that tells himself a lie;
I've been lettin' on 'tis malary, an' my stummick, when I know
It's my conscience that's a hurtin' an' worryin' me so.

I've been a shinkin' this here thing for thirty year or more,
An' I orto had this shakin' up an' settin' down afore.
I've been honest, fur as payin' goes, not a penny do I owe,
But the kind o' cheatin' that I done was the kind that didn't show.

My mind goes back to Hannor, when I fetched her here a bride—
No apple-blossom was sweeter, an' she nussled to my side
Like she thought she had a right to, an' could trust me without fear,
For the love I never hinted at for more'n thirty year.

There was churnin', bakin', billin', there was nussin' an' the rest,
From long afore the sun rix 'till he slumbered in the west,
An' when the rest of us was done, an' lollin' 'round on cheers,
Hannor was recuperatin' with her needle an' her sheers.

But when the life was ebbin' from that faithful, patient heart,
I had to face the music—I hadn't done my part;
An' I couldn't help a thinkin', watchin' out that weary life,
That there's other ways o' killin' 'sceptapistol or a knife.

It sounds like sacrilligion, but I know just what she meant,
As I whispered, "Fly to meet me when my birthly life is spent"—
"I'm tired, John, so tired, but I've allus done my best,
An' I may feel more like flyin' when I've had a spell o' rest."

—*Amy Hamilton, in Exchange.*

ONE OCTOBER MORNING.

A Story of Old Quebec.

BY WM. H. S. ATKINSON.



IN the Province of Old Quebec, deep-hidden in the recesses of the mountains, lies the prim little out-of-the-world village of Jacques Cartier, with its tiny church, its weather-worn wooden crucifixes, and its short-petticoated housewives. At Jacques Cartier I resided for many years, although it was a very poor place for a doctor, and I grew to really love the sleepy old place, together with the simple, genial French people and half-breeds who lived there. Very little variation entered into the monotonous life of those quaint folks in the St. Emelie Valley, and yet I believe I was able, while among them, to study a good many phases of human nature and many of the strange workings of human passions.

Detached from me rest or the village, there used to be, and is now, for aught I know to the contrary, a long, low, vine-covered house, not much larger than a cottage. An old-fashioned garden, full of the sweet flowers somewhat despised by modern horticulturists, lies all around it, divided from the orchard at the back by a straggling fence and a merry little stream of clear water. The whole place gives one impressions of sweetness and freshness, though hardly of trimness.

They would require, this garden and orchard, the constant care of two strong men to render them as neat as the lawns and flower-beds of city lots, whereas the sole attention they received, when I knew them, was the very unmethodical care of pretty Marie Gambier. Well, Marie had more important work to do than gardening. She kept house for her father, and for the girl that meant cooking, cleaning, sewing, and sometimes even milking.

Old Paul Gambier was the last of a long line of descendants of an ancient Paul Gambier, who had settled in Canada with the first of the French colonists, and although only imperfectly educated he prided himself on the fact that he was a gentleman who had never been obliged to work. It did not occur to him that, because he chose to exist upon a paltry three or four hundred dollars a year, a frail and slender wife had been hurried to her long rest; nor did he pause to consider that his daughter Marie, instead of being at the convent school and enjoying herself as young girls should, was growing up to succeed her mother as a household drudge and in total ignorance of all the accomplishments usually so dear to young ladies, even in the back townships of the slow French province.

Marie was very simple and very ignorant, but she possessed pleasant traits of character. All the dogs, cats, cows and horses in the village knew Marie Gambier, and in their several ways showed their appreciation of her kindly notice of them. Besides, Marie was very pretty, and in the mountains lived a strapping young Frenchman who was as ignorant of literature and the fine arts as Marie herself—a man who had never yet trodden a city pavement and who had never so much as beheld a fashionable dame. But he loved Marie may, in his quiet, unassuming way he worshiped the girl. So, as he was about as good-looking as any of the boys within a horseback ride of Jacques Cartier, and as he drove a fairly good team and "owned land," Marie had promised to marry Jean Coutellier, while the bob-tailed gossips of the St. Emelie Valley decided that it was a fitting match.

Yes, Marie was very pretty—and so thought a stranger who approached Jacques Cartier from the mountain-side one summer afternoon.

The girl was standing under one of the old gnarled apple-trees in the orchard. Such a lovely rounded form—even though it was only covered by an oft-washed cotton dress—with the sunlight playing in gleams and flashes upon the bright brown hair and fair young face. As the stranger drew near he fully imbibed and thoroughly appreciated the beauties of the picture, for he was somewhat of an artist and keenly alive to all things beautiful. But he was so much engrossed in the pleasant center-piece of the picture that he did not notice when a breeze from off the mountain struck the valley and lifted Marie's large, untrimmed straw hat from the ground, blowing it right under the nose of his horse; nor was he prepared for the frightened plunge of the animal, who reared so suddenly as to instantly throw his preoccupied rider. It was not much of a fall, but the stranger's leg was fractured, and Paul Gambier and his daughter carried the young man into their house where I attended him in my professional capacity.

The stranger's name was Walter Penrith, a New York man, who had been traveling through the woods and valleys of Quebec in search of health and pleasure. He was wealthy, and when he discovered that he could not be moved from his couch for many weeks, he ordered luxuries of all kinds from the great metropolis, until the cottage home was piled to overflowing with rare books, wines, fruits, etc., while none but the finest cigars came for Monsieur Gambier's especial use.

Before long costly presents began to arrive for Marie, and—well, it was only an oft-told tale. Not only were the presents brought to bear upon Marie, but Penrith himself, who was, without doubt, one of the most fascinating men I ever met, brought his powerful personal magnetism into play, and Marie Gambier soon learned to love him. Yes, it was no dream or fancy on the girl's part; she loved Walter Penrith, and loved him truly. Indeed, he loved him so well, and for himself alone, that after she had known Penrith a month she would have cared for the man just as much had he never given her another present—had he suddenly become poorer than simple Jean Coutellier, now thrust so far into the background of Marie's thoughts and affections.

As for Penrith, he was a man of the



Marie Gambier soon learned to love him.

world; but he undoubtedly grew to care considerably more than he should have cared for his pretty nurse. I say "more than he should," because it was a foregone conclusion with Walter Penrith that he would never marry any girl—no matter how good or how beautiful—who was not a lady by birth and education. Certainly, a French-Canadian peasant girl, who could speak neither his language nor her own correctly, could hardly hope to become Mrs. Penrith. So he toyed and amused himself with Marie, while the girl threw her whole being into her love for him. How much he promised will never be known, but when the time came for Penrith to leave Jacques Cartier he certainly did promise Marie to return soon.

And all this time honest Jean Coutellier had never uttered one word of complaint of the girl's treatment of him. Each Sunday he drove over to the old cottage just the same as ever, only his visits were short, and most of the time was spent in discussing a pipe and local affairs with Marie's pompous old father.

Of course Jean could see how Marie was entirely engrossed in the handsome stranger from the city, and although he said very little, he watched him very closely—so closely that when, two months after the accident, the stranger took his departure, Jean met him outside the village.

"You will come back, Monsieur?"

"Yes," replied Penrith, very shortly and coolly—"that is, in a few weeks."

"You will marry Marie?"

At first Walter Penrith was disposed to resent what, although asked as a question, almost sounded like a command. But as he raised his eyes to those of the stern-looking Frenchman before him he was compelled to say:

"Yes, I shall marry Marie."

"You will pass me your honor, Monsieur," persisted Coutellier.

"My word is good, sir," replied Penrith, rather haughtily.

"Only your honor is good now, Monsieur; see me it is Marie," said Coutellier, with all the stubbornness of his nature. "See, Monsieur Penrith; I, too, love *petite Marie*, and she was my *affiance*. You came here, and of a purpose, yes, deliberately, I warn you say, stole from me her confidence, her trust, her love. For that I have nothing to say. You may have Marie; but remember, Monsieur, I love her still, and she is Marie still. There must be nothing wrong—no what you would call gossip or scandal. You pass your honor that you will return soon and wed Marie, and we part friends. Is not that fair and good, Monsieur?"

"I give you my word of honor," said Penrith, but there was no genuine manly ring in his words. Still, Jean Coutellier, innocent of the world's worst forms of wickedness, took Penrith's proffered hand, and then rode away to his lonely home in the hills.

Weeks passed and no Walter Penrith came to redeem his promise to a manly man, or to call back the roses to the fast paling cheeks of pretty Marie Gambier. Weeks stretched away into months, and one morning Marie was missing from Jacques Cartier. She had gone away in the night, no one knew whither. No tidings came of Marie, and no city lover came to the shocked village, or wrote to shield the woman whom he had wronged so deeply that she had gone to seek him in the far-away city.

The snows of winter passed away, and, when the spring flowers were blooming in the old garden, a saddened girl returned to the cottage for the shelter and comfort refused her in the outside world. The old gossips talked loudly and often, and whispered many unkind things, while none of the virtuous villagers went near the cottage any more.

Soon old Paul Gambier, who had lived through years of respectable poverty, died from sheer loneliness and a deep sense of shame; for he had lived to see disgrace overtake a name known in Jacques Cartier for more than one hundred years.

Poor Marie was alone in the world now. Alone? No, not quite. There was one who was pitiful—one who loved and pitied, without upbraiding or judging.

Jean Coutellier knew of a man whom he had sworn to kill on sight, as he would a fox or a skunk, but for Marie, his old love, he retained none but kindly feelings and loving memories.

I do not know how he managed it, though you may be sure it was with kindly tact and gentle persuasion, but in the face of adverse opinion—public and private—Jean married Marie Gambier and took her as his honored wife to his mountain home.

Marie was never her old self, but she settled quietly down with honest purpose and endeavor to be a good and faithful wife. And she succeeded—if not to her own satisfaction, at least to Jean's, who treated her with all the native chivalry of his noble nature.

So two eventful years passed away.

Jean Coutellier's unpretentious home was twelve miles away from Jacques Cartier, away up in the bracing atmosphere of the forest-clad hills. Right in front of the house was a rocky mountain path, which at the distance of a few hundred yards threaded the verge of a deep gorge or defile. It was only a narrow path and impassable except for persons on foot or horseback. Wagons and other vehicles had to be taken by a more circuitous route to reach the pike road in the valley beneath.

One gray morning in October, Marie—Madame Coutellier now—was pacing slowly up and down the porch in front of her husband's cottage. Everything looked melancholy enough up there on the hills. Ominous clouds were sweeping down the mountains in sheets of mist and vapor, and the red leaves hung damp and lifeless on the trees. The sunshine and the summer were gone from nature, as the sunshine and summer of her life had gone from Marie. She looked very sad and old for a girl of twenty-two; for, although she tried sincerely to make her husband happy and to repay him as well as she could for his great love, she found it hard work.

Down the narrow mountain path she could see Jean mending a fence which ran along the edge of the path where the gorge was particularly deep and dangerous. He was whistling at his work, and was apparently happy and contented.

Presently up the track came a horseman. At first only his head was visible to Marie, but, as strangers were rare in that remote neighborhood, she watched him until he was in full view, by which time he was quite close to her husband.

Very keenly she eyed him, for his figure seemed familiar. Could it be? Ah, yes; there was only one man just like that in all the world.

Jean recognized Walter Penrith, too, and with an oath called upon him to dismount. Penrith refused, and upon Coutellier catching his horse by the bridle, used his riding whip over the Canadian's shoulders, whereat Jean sprang at Penrith and literally dragged him from his horse. Few words were spoken, but many blows were exchanged, and at last they clinched and struggled with arms closely locked. Each man was in imminent danger of falling together into the stone-bound gorge, from the edge of which their feet were less than twelve inches distant.

No other of them saw Marie as she stole up, drawn by some irresistible impulse. But no, for an instant, they loosened their hold upon each other, she stepped behind them and deliberately used her strength, rendered extraordinary by excitement, to throw her husband over the precipice. It was no mistake or slip. It was broad daylight, and the woman had been a spectator of the struggle for several moments.

She had perceived that for one or both of the men certain death was close at hand. By interfering, she knew that she could save one of them a terrible fate; so she saved the man she loved, and that man was not her husband. As she had once given up father, home, honor, and peace of mind for the fellow Penrith, who had shown no appreciation of her sacrifice, so for his sake she became a murderess, while he, without a word, mounted his horse and rode quickly away.

Next morning a woman, weary, footsore, heartbroken and almost dead, was found lying in the apple orchard, at the back of the old home in Jacques Cartier. Some neighbors picked her up and carried her into a cottage near by, where I attended her and tried to bring her back to life.

But, old as I am at the profession of healing, I have no cure for broken hearts, and in a week we buried poor Marie in a grass-covered grave under one of the large apple trees.

Even in her last moments the dying girl's thoughts were all of Penrith, for it was from her own lips that I learned the story of Jean Coutellier's death—told solely with the object of shielding Penrith from suspicion and possible punishment.

The strength of her love was Marie Gambier's greatest weakness.

Alligators.

The alligator is a strange, unsightly object, living in the swamps and marshes of the warmer parts of America only, for it is not known in other countries, although it resembles the crocodile, which is found in many tropical climes. The alligator is smaller, lives in swamps and marshes, and often basks in the sun on the sands, while the crocodile's element is the water. The back of the alligator is covered with what might be called a coat of mail, for the thick, bony covering looks like plates of metal with points projecting from it. On the under part of the body, however, is the peculiar skin of which pocket-books, slippers, and many useful articles are made.

There is also an oil extracted from them, which burns well in lamps, and the flesh has been used by Indians for food.

Although they are classed with the family of crocodiles, they differ from them in the formation of their heads, which are smaller and flatter. They live chiefly on fish, but also eat animal food, and at times are fierce, for they have been known to chase and attack men while swimming and bathing.

The alligator lays her eggs, twenty and often over that number, in the mud, and leaves them for the heat of the sun to hatch, but keeps constant watch over them to protect them from harm and keep them from being destroyed. The creatures vary in size from three to six or eighteen feet in length, and the tails are nearly if not as long as the bodies. There is great strength in the tails, and it is with them and the partly webbed feet that they propel themselves through the water, and with the tail they easily overturn a canoe or small boat.

Many are found in Florida and other parts of the South, and as they lie on the bank of a river, hidden partly by the thick moss and foliage, they look like a log or trunk of a fallen tree, so motionless are they at times.

In the colder weather they are torpid, and appear so lifeless that it seems as if they must be dead, yet when warmed by the sun they very soon regain their animation. They are very curious creatures, and their general aspect not by any means prepossessing, but on examination there is beauty in the peculiarly marked skin and the armor which they wear.—*Vick's Magazine.*

Religion of the Roumanians.

The religion of the Roumanians is a mass of superstitions, which under the name of Christianity dominates their entire existence. Indeed, one author has said: "The whole life of a Wallach is taken up in devising talismans against the devil." A Roumanian uncovers his head on passing a wayside cross, but he makes an equally deep salutation to the rising sun; he goes to church on Sunday, but it is doubtful whether he does not regard Friday, which is dedicated to Venus, as the holier of the two. The orthodox Roumanian regards any one who buries a corpse without placing a coin in the hand as a pagan. The Roumanian churches, in contrast with the cold, bare-looking churches of the Saxons, present a most attractive appearance, for they are covered with artistic decorations, and are a mass of soft, warm coloring.

"Not a corner," says Mrs. Gerard, "but from which starts up some grinning devil, not a nook but reveals some choleric-looking saint, till we feel ourselves to be surrounded by a whole pageant of celestial and diabolical beings, only distinguishable from one another by the respective fashions of their headgear, horns or halo, as the case may be. These horned devils play a very important part in every Roumanian church, where usually a large portion of the walls is given up to representations of the place of eternal punishment. The poor Roumanian peasant, whose life is often so wretched and struggling as hardly to deserve that name, seems to derive considerable consolation from anticipation of the day when the tables are to be turned and the hitherto despised poor shall receive an eternal crown."—*New York Sun.*

Resenting an Insult.

Robinson—Jackson, I hear that Brown called you a liar last night.

Jackson—(bitterly) Yes, he called me a liar.

Robinson—And didn't you resent it?

Jackson (warmly)—Resent it? You bet I did! I told him that was simply a matter of opinion and not of fact. No man can call me a liar and get away with it.—*Life.*

Genius Its Own Reward.

Tom—Why, is it possible that that is Smith coming toward us! How changed he is. Has he taken to drink?

Dick—No; he's taken to literature for a living.—*Yankee Blade.*

SOCIETY AT THE AGENCY.

BY BILL NYE.



OCIETY at the agency was greatly excited by the return of Soiled Dog, who had spent a year in Europe and the last season in the East, supporting the Hon. William F. Cody, late Chief of Scouts and histrionic broncho rider from away up the gulch.

Soiled Dog returned in the early morning, and at night a soiree was got up in his honor, including music and cooked victuals.

Mr. Soiled Dog stood at the front portal or flap of the tepee, dressed in evening costume. He wore close-fitting doeskin trousers, each leg being entirely independent of the other. Down the seam he wore the same material, pinked and handsomely fluted, the fringe being also heavily trimmed with empty copper cartridges.

Above this, flowing unconfined and free, he wore a pompadour open-back shirt. This is part of, or rather is, his theatrical wardrobe. His dress on the stage consists of a heavy coat of paint and this shirt. And as the shirt pants for the laundry, Soiled Dog claimed to wear coat, pants, and shirt.

Soiled Dog is quite droll at times.

Music was furnished by the Messrs. Thunder Peelings, Vox Populi, Vox Dickey Bird, and Shacknasty Pete. The victuals were prepared by the Mesdames Early Bloomer, Light Running Domestic, and Un-a-ke-We-Na-ble-sa-tee-wit-to-ma-to, or The-Squaw-who-nips-the-tame-turkey-running. After the soiree a vote of thanks was tendered to both messieurs and mesdames.

Refreshments consisted of a preliminary stew, with quite a number of things in it. Each guest helped himself, after which each guest helped herself, if there happened to be any left. This was followed by a course of treatment. This second course was followed by a case of Milwaukee beer and also one of colic.



A PRELIMINARY STEW.

After the refreshments dancing was announced, and the guests hoed it down for quite a spell.

Early Rose Sitting Bull, nee Scared Dog, wore beaded common-sense moccasins, close-fitting cavalry pantaloons, and honeycombed bedquilt. Her merry laughter and bright bon mots made her a general favorite, and she danced in many a set where others with more pretentious costumes were permitted to rest, thus showing that it is loveliness of mind and heart, and not beauty of apparel alone, which endears us to those who set by us the most.

Thunder Peelings wore a sort of Turkish trousers made of bed-ticking, gathered at the ankles, also at the agency—while the agent was engaged in sleep. She wore a sort of basque, evidently made from a cut-paper pattern sent by mail together with a year's subscription to the magazine. It was made of striped calico, and had eyelets at the neck and wrists for collar and cuff buttons. Over this, while not engaged in dancing, which was most of the time, she wore a linen lap-robe. Her ornaments consisted of tinfoil bracelets, a genuine string of real beaver's teeth about the throat, and moss agate finger-nails. She wore her own hair, and apparently without ornament.

Sward McWalloper, who has recently organized what he calls the Select and Seek-no-Further Sioux Social Circle, was dressed in buckskin small clothes, worn plain in front and thin behind. Being a social leader, he is quite sedentary, and has never been known to get right down to what is vulgarly called sweat. He also wore alternate pin stripes of elephant's breath and squashed cranberry down the front breadth of his bosom, put on by a painter and glazier from up the Chugwater three years ago, at $1 per day and rum. To protect him from the night air, he wore a necklace consisting of a galvanic shield, and the artist had also put on a row of gilt studs along his breast-bone as a mark of esteem.

Sward McWalloper is, without doubt, the leader of society among the non-supporting Indians. He is of noble birth, for he has confessed to intimate friends that such is the case. He belongs to a noble race of dark-red blooded people, who are so haughty that they would rather die than be of any use on earth. He says there has not been a drop of perspiration or a cake of soap in his family as far back as the eye can reach. He opposes the admission of Soiled Dog to the Standing Rock Social Seek-no-Further, on the ground that he has drawn a salary as a sonbrette or walking gentleman for Buffalo Bill. Soiled Dog has, however, proved plainly enough to satisfy any ordinary mind that he didn't get any salary, and is, therefore, eligible; but Sward is relentless, and will not hear to it.

McWalloper is a great social pet among the Sioux, and no one would think of wearing anything at all unless he thought best.

Last year at the Pocahontas and Pilate Patriarch balls a young lady from the Uncompahgre Agency who was at the Standing Rock Agency on a visit in the home of her uncle, Po-ma-le-at-te-we-wan-ke-ge-ke, or The Early Dwarf Cyclone That Pulls Out Artesian Wells With His Teeth, undertook to dress a little differently from what the rules had been there, wearing on one occasion a complete costume of pink tulle, simply gathered at the throat and falling to her feet, being only caught back here and there by a nail or knot in the floor. Nothing like it had ever been heard of by the Sioux Nation, and the beautiful young Utess, who had been at one time a Sabbath-school scholar near Ouray, where she learned to Ouray for civilization, bade fair to capture the entire Sioux tribe, so far as the young men were concerned.

Sward McWalloper sent her a note, written on an old piece of bark with pokeberry juice and a paint brush, in which by means of various Indian characters—characters which nobody need feel proud of, either—he said that he had learned from what he considered good authority that she had purchased the material for her costume by selling berries which she had picked for that purpose.

So she was ostracized.

Costumes for autumn, both among Sioux ladies and gentlemen, are found to have undergone little change.

House slippers, consisting of one coffee sack for each foot, held in place with wool twines, are growing in favor. Knit underwear, trimmed with fur, makes a striking costume for street wear.

Probably nothing at any evening gathering so far has attracted more attention than the directoire costume of Sward McWalloper, the social leader, at the select hurrah and feed held by the Messrs. and Mesdames Shacknasty Pete. He wore his hair roached behind and bended in front, while across his brow he wore the pelt of a prairie dog.

The balance of the costume consisted of a health corset with lambrequin of new-mown hay around the base.

On his limbs he wore invisible hose, held in place with strips of red calico and strings of sleigh-bells.

A straw ride will be given Friday by Pu-ma-le-at-te-we-wah-at-ge, or The Ke-Early-Dwarf-Cyclone-that-pulls-out-artesian-wells-with-his-teeth, provided he can borrow a team.

The Duke of Argyll's Snake-Asphyxiator.

When the Duke of Argyll was Secretary of State for India he, as a student of natural history, took a special interest in the question of killing poisonous snakes. And there came to him one day at the Indian Office the cunning inventor of a machine called the asphyxintor, by which it was easily demonstrated that the snakes could be killed in large numbers in the holes in which they dwell in India. It was not difficult to show his grace that when the asphyxintor was applied to a rabbit-hole the rabbit must either bolt or be suffocated. The snake would be treated in the same way as a rabbit. So the Duke ordered some twenty asphyxiators, and sent them out to different parts of India. It happened that I was employed near Calcutta, and the Government of Bengal were pleased to order me to make a trial of the consignment of asphyxiators, which they regarded as so many white elephants. The asphyxiators were unpacked, and the instructions which accompanied them were read. There was a sort of fire-box in which a pestilently smelling paper was to be burned. There was a wheel to be turned, so as to send the smoke from the burning paper through a funnel into a long nozzle which was to be inserted in the snake's hole. This, it will be seen, required the services of two men, one to keep up the fire and turn the wheel, and the other to direct and hold the nozzle-pipe. It was also requisite that a third man should stand by with a stick, to kill the snake bolting from its hole. We turned out with the apparatus properly manned, lighted the fire to get up smoke, and applied the nozzle to a hole in a bank near the stable, which was supposed to hold a snake. The smoke was injected, and out there bolted a terrified rat. The man with the stick struck at the rat and broke the nozzle-pipe. The man at the nozzle-pipe jumped back against the man who was turning the wheel, and in their fright they both tumbled down. The rat escaped, but if it had been a snake instead of a rat, it is very probable that one of the three operators might have been bitten. The men lost confidence in the machine and declined to work it. It was taken indoors, and put into an anteroom, where the native watchman usually took up his quarters. One cold night the watchman closed the doors of the room and lit a quantity of the medicated paper to warm himself. In the morning a well-asphyxiated watchman was found, but luckily he was brought round with deluges of water. This, however, was the end of the official career of the Duke of Argyll's snake-asphyxiator in Bengal. —*Longman's Magazine.*

Ideal Husbands and Wives.

It may be truthfully said that less than one-fourth of the women who marry know what they are doing. They have no idea of what their duties are, much less their rights. About all they know is that they are getting married. Is there any wonder that so many are disappointed and wish themselves out of it?

It is perfectly right that a woman should have an ideal husband, but more important that she should have a distinct notion of what constitutes an ideal wife. There's where the trouble lies. They all want ideal husbands, but never seem to think that men may want ideal wives. Men imagine that a wife will make them happy, and women think that all they need to put an end to their troubles is to secure a husband. How sadly both are disappointed. The wife who expects her husband to make her happy is foredoomed to disappointment; so is the man who expects the same from his wife. We make our own happiness, and in doing so we make others happy.

Whenever young women begin trying to fit themselves for wives then a new social era will begin to dawn. There will be more happy homes, less poverty, fewer divorces, and a better moral atmosphere. There is a great deal of room for men to improve in the same line. Comparatively few of them have definite ideas in regard to the home life they expect to live. If they do picture such a thing, they follow the outlines traced by some sentimental novelist. It is an impossible sort of place, in which he installs an angel. Nectar takes the place of coffee, and the bread plate is filled with lotus.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

ALTHOUGH Friday is held to be a bad day for beginning journeys, nevertheless a great many long ones are begun on that day, especially in States where they hang.

LIFE IN THE PINERIES.

LOGGING AND RAFTING IN NORTH-WESTERN FORESTS.

Spring Break-Up and the Journey from the Forest to the Saw-Mills—Appearance of the Raftsmen in the Cities, and How They Spend Their Time.



OW and then there appear on the city sidewalks certain old-looking men, who never fail to attract a passing glance from hurrying pedestrians. These men are tawny in hue and swaggering in gait. The prevailing tint from slouch hat to rough boots is a faded yellow. This is the usual color of their long hair, their beards, and their sun-cured raiment. Their faces alone show a departure from the all-pervading yellow, for these are bronzed as deeply as any costly example of French or Italian art found in the jewelers' windows. Such are the



A MONARCH'S FATE.

visible attributes of the raftsmen who stray from their haunts in the wilds of Northern Wisconsin or other parts of the Northwest to "size up the cities," as they express it.

They drift from the forests to the river towns, and up and down the Mississippi, from St. Louis to St. Paul. They roam about at their own sweet will, unmolested even by the hungry "tough" who preys upon the stranger, for these raftsmen are ugly customers. They are not burdened with wealth, their muscles are like whip-cords, and their fists like sledge-hammers; good reasons these for their immunity from annoyance.

Life in a lumbering camp and along the "log rivers," so called, is at all



A LOG SLIDE.

times picturesque and interesting to the stranger. A skillful artist while on a tour through Northern Wisconsin and the Upper Peninsula succeeded in catching many characteristic sketches of life with the raftsmen. Along the river banks, while the raftsmen are having a hilarious time of it on shore, the rafts are being taken charge of by purchasers. Lumber rafts are taken to the board-yard, and timber to the saw-mill. Months before these fleets of fallen trees have reached the city, the monarchs of the forest have crashed to the earth. During the summer and autumn months this cutting goes on along small streams tributary to the rivers of the great Northwest. When the logs float down to the "place of the sawmill," it floats out of sight as an individual and is lost forever. It has been one of the "oldest inhabitants," and always lived an upright life. But this has availed nothing, and after the passage beneath that bridge the log and the place of its long habitation have parted forever. Though the steady consump-



THE FIRST STEP.

tion of timber has limited the available trees to regions pretty far from the main streams, yet the logs are transported to water that is "navigable" at times, without dependence on winter's snow.

The log slide is a peculiar device. In it, laid end to end, horse-power is used with such effect that a string of logs is pushed long distances, until a stream is reached sufficiently large to supply transportation when spring freshets have quickened its pulses. The cylinders of white pine, meanwhile, await the coming of the floods. When there is water sufficient the "driving" of a flock of logs begins. The lumberman takes naturally to so designating inanimate wood. The "flock" is turned loose in the stream and the men toil after, helping the water to propel its ligneous burden by prying and lifting and guiding the clumsy logs.

To prevent a jamming or blockade of the logs en route is a labor requiring experience, judgment, and a deal of activity. But finally the flock is safely landed in the "boom," a watery pen where the logs are assembled into small rafts for floating to the larger and roomier river where still larger rafts are assembled. All along the route of the newly launched logs are mill-dams of greater or less height.

The crossing of these form exciting



OVER THE DAM.

episodes in the raftsman's round of duties. A raft, plunging over a dam of ten-foot fall, is a spectacle which brings out the natives in force. To keep the bow oar in position and so maintain control of the floating mass, is the chief consideration, and this is often a task rendered herculean by the mighty rushing of the water. But these exciting periods are alternated with quieter hours when the raft drifts peacefully down the swollen creek.

Often when one raft becomes uncontrollable and grounds hard below a dam, succeeding rafts are relied upon to act as battering rams for the grounded one. Strength, activity and skill are called into play by the duties of a raftsman. These rough-looking men will perform marvelous deeds with the ponderous logs, riding them with the



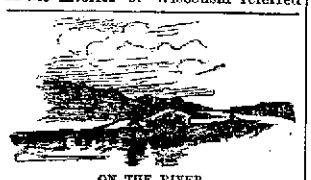
DOWN THE CREEK.

skill of a rope-walker. The logger's spiked boots aid his hold upon the timber, and his cool head and steady nerves in many instances stand between him and death.

Even on the wide river, shoals, hidden rocks and sharp bends call for vigilance on the raftsman's part, and it is not until the Mississippi is reached that he can feel that his duties are chiefly confined to keeping the raft in the middle of the wide stream, and by the time the "big water" is sighted the raftsman feels that he has fully earned the right to have a deal of fun, and to go home only as heavy in pocket as he is light of heart.

The question is sometimes asked: Will the great forests of the Northwest give out? Of course they will. Year in and year out, hundreds of millions of feet of lumber are sawed to meet the demands of commerce. The denudation of the forests of the Northwest goes steadily on, and as the mighty hills grow older they grow balder. The raftsman and the lumberman will for many years be found component parts of the up-river population.

Of the rank and file of this army of wood handlers we have treated more especially. Above these are the solid, moneyed members of this army, the men whose capital is invested in the lumber lands, in the cutting of the ligneous crop and its shipment by water and rail to distant markets. Many of these men are residents of the flourishing towns in the interior of Wisconsin referred



ON THE RIVER.

to. Others make their homes in the two cities of Chicago and Milwaukee, where their mills put into marketable shape the timber which has absorbed sunshine and water for hundreds of years in northern Wisconsin and Michigan. Their capital calls into being a great industry and adds to the general wealth and prosperity of the Northwest to a marked degree.

A queer announcement is found at many of the country taverns patronized by raftsmen and loggers. It reads: "Chip your boots before entering this hotel." This is Greek to the stranger. It is simply a polite request to men whose feet are shod with inch spikes to impale chips upon these before entering the house. A chipped boot is merciful to floors and carpets—where this luxury is found—but boots unchipped are quick death to flooring boards and galloping consumption to anything in the shape of carpets. Hence the warning.

Rules for Courting, Young Men.

Don't disagree with the girl's father in politics or her mother in religion.

If you have a rival, keep one eye on him. If he is a widower, keep two eyes on him.

Don't put too much sweet stuff on paper. If you do you may hear it read in after years.

Go home at a reasonable hour in the evening.

If, on the occasion of your first call, she looks like an iceberg, and acts like a cold wave, take your leave early and stay away some time.

In cold weather finish saying good-night in the house. Don't stretch it all the way to the gate, and thus lay the foundation for future asthma or catarrh, to help you worry the girl to death after she has married you.

Quite a Natural Conclusion.

First poetical aspirant (to second ditto)—So you say you've sent off more than 100 poems and never had one returned?

Second P. A.—That's what I said.

First P. A.—It's a phenomenal success! I wish I knew the secret.

Second P. A.—Well. I've sometimes thought it was because I never inclosed any postage stamps.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS is the richest writer in the world. This may be taken in two ways.

FOR THE LADIES.

HOW DAME FASHION WOULD HAVE YOU ATTIRED.

Matters of Especial Interest to Ladies Who Desire Becoming and Fashionable Toilets—The Art of Dressing Economically and Well.

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

In New York, the fashionable woman is just betwixt cool and cold weather. She is loath to put on the wraps of winter, because, however beautiful they may be, they are necessarily less stylish and symmetrical in shape than tight bodices. Therefore, she arrays herself for the promenade in a toilet decorated by devices calculated to look like a warmth which they do not produce. The illustration explains this idea at a glance. The figure of this young woman is good enough to excuse a little vanity, and to advantageously display a representative December costume. The hat has fur and feathers on it, and the same spoils of robbery from beasts and birds cover the front of the gown from collar to hem. The art of adornment in dress is applying itself to decorative uses of fur and feathers combined, and all the effects of embroidery are produced with those materials, as in this instance. The design of the dress itself is in the fashion of Louis XVI., pure and simple, the redingote being of dark-gray velvet, while the embroideries and garnitures of fur and feathers are intermixed with silk and steel. The small turban hat of gray velvet is almost hidden under the mass of gray fur and ostrich feathers. The tiny muff is a mixture of the same color in fur and feathers, with a bit of blue velvet to match the same touch of color in the bonnet.

There is one freak of fashion not shown in that picture, and deserving of suppression in every way, although it has come into considerable favor. That is the revival of thick and ample veils. These are not only made to cover the face, but they are swathed across the back of the head and around the neck in an inartistic manner. Besides, they suggest that the wearer has a face which will not stand bright daylight exposure. A bit of accedote is appropriate. Ada Rehan, the favorite actress of the Daly Company, is forty years old and over. She makes up fairly for girlish roles on the stage, and her famous "prattle of maturity" enables her to act the frivolous girl admirably. But at close sight, in the cold light of day, she shows her age. A friend met her in Broadway, and her



A NOVEMBER EXHIBIT.

face was enwrapped with a veil, in the new style.

"Well, Ada," said the possibly jealous actress, "what makes you hide yourself behind a veil in that manner?"

"Oh, that is after the manner of She, the miraculous heroine of Rider Haggard's story."

"And do you impersonate She before her second exposure to the pillar of fire," was the placid but vicious question, "or afterward?"

Something like that question is always raised by a thick veil. Is the concealed face young and beautiful, like that of the wondrously preserved She, or too old for sightliness, like that creature's countenance after the wrinkles of a thousand years had suddenly appeared?

Current feminine interest is now concentrated in-doors, very largely, because the season of social assemblages has begun. Costumes for balls and receptions range all the way from the simplicity of a debutante's gown, as shown in the picture above, to the furthest venture into daring picturesqueness, as portrayed in the next sketch below. There is no limit to the whims in which some women will indulge themselves. For instance, at one of the week's drawing-room events, a certain married belle appeared with circlets of leaves and vines laid on her bare arms with gold leaf. The design had been wrought out for her by some artistic hand, and then somehow made adhesive to her skin. But such eccentricities are only to be mentioned as news—not recommended for imitation. Even the loose-waisted gown in the cut might properly be considered a trifle too pronounced in style. It was worn at a very swell reception. The material was soft, pliant, India silk, which gave a statuesque effect of drapery. Across the breast, around the waist, encircling the hips, and finally tied loosely at the left side, with the ends hanging down, was a heavily braided rope of satin.

It is declared that Mrs. Harrison will oppose decollete dresses at the White House when she goes there; but whether her influence shall then be felt or not, it is certain that there is no reform to be expected this season. The corsages of full and dinner dresses are as low as ever, and the indications in this article are drawn so as to show the newest and latest phases of gowns. The sleeve is much the same as last winter's front, and there is a repetition of sleevelessness; but an alteration is often made at the back, where the opening runs down to a very low point. This is illustrated in the cases of the two young ladies portrayed with their backs turned to the observer. One of these plates, moreover, belongs to an actual dialogue. A dude appeared at a ball with his hair singularly cropped. The French fashion of short hair standing stiffly upright all over the top of the head has been in vogue for several years with men qualified by the possession of hair in quantity enough for the purpose. But this chap had varied the fashion by a cut which left the hair standing rather higher at the sides, as in the sketch.

"How do you like it?" he asked of a girl acquaintance.

"It is very odd, at least," she replied.

"I am told that it makes me look like Mephistopheles—that is, real devilish."

"Indeed! It hadn't struck me that way. I fancied that it suggested quite another being with abnormal ears."

As to what may be called the attributes of evening toilets, some of the bonbonnieres are very pretty. They are in the shape of a large silk handkerchief tied cornerwise and having sprays of green and purple grapes and



ARTLESS AND ARTFUL.

leaves showing at each corner. The handkerchiefs are in the brightest mixture of color, and in rich silk. Others are in the form of a gigantic green nut, with the nut made in satin, the calyx in velvet. The newest handkerchiefs have broad borders composed of several lines of silk thread in bright colors, and the edges finished in tiny scallops, buttonholed in the same colors. They are of the finest batiste, and the colors are principally red, blue, yellow, and mauve. It is a custom now to carry several handkerchiefs at once, disposed in different pockets or other receptive places in the toilet, and these are taken out, for use or display, according to handiness or the whim of the belle. The fashionable tendency of floral decoration is toward more simplicity and more artistic arrangement. Refined people are beginning to recognize that flowers should not be tortured into impossible and ridiculous shapes, and that the more natural the effect produced, the more beautiful. Much importance is now attached to the auxiliaries of the toilet, and in view of the fact that they supply the effect of the sauce they cannot be held insignificant. Of the ornaments worn in the house, the old-fashioned buckle with sharp teeth for holding the belt and ribbon is again in vogue, and comes into play upon many stylish gowns. Stones in real jewels are mounted in showy designs, as, for instance, blue topaz in an elegant buckle of crescent shape, and Arizona garnets in one of star shape. A ruby, a catseye, a diamond and a sapphire ornament, a buckle shaped like an agraffe, the stones being cut in Cabochon style, without facets. A new fan is to have odd coins from foreign countries mounted up as pins to hold draperies or girdles. The Peruvian collar affords a pleasing specimen, being particularly handsome in design. There are no great changes in jewelry this season. Flower pins, in small shape, continue to be worn. The newest pins more closely approach the open brooch-shape worn by our grandmothers than anything recently made. Single pansies, single daisies, small passion-flowers and sweet peas are all popular, but the newest pins are little open circles and plaques of white or blue enamel, set with diamonds, turquoises,



MEPHISTOPHELES AND MARGUERITE.

or the beautiful Arizona garnets which show fire at night, all red as rubies, and have no touch of the purplish hue of old-time garnets.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Conceits in Silver and Gold.

A CORRUGATED column of silver makes a unique cologne bottle.

A PRETTY combination box for holding stamps and matches is of gold.

A PRETTY jewel box is in the form of a double heart, Queen Anne style.

A NEW piece of pocket jewelry is a silver rule with gold hinges and ends.

AN odd shoe horn is of stained ivory with a silver handle twisted rope fashion.

ROMAN etruscan gold sleeve buttons with opalized borders are new and tasty.

SILVER chatelaine mirrors after the style of Louis XIV. are tasteful and fashionable.

MONSTER toilette bottles with silver tops ornamented with etchings have become the fashion.

THE latest addition to desk furnishings is a silver inkstand, plaque-shaped, with wide border chasing.

BONNETS made of cloth or any other wool fabric matching the costume are still in favor with stylish women.

TELL THE TRUTH.

BY JESSIE FORBUSH HANAFORD.



THIS is a subject I should feel inclined to grow eloquent over if I had the power of eloquence on any subject. Mothers can not be too careful in training their children to speak the truth. Of all lessons, this is by far the most important, to my way of thinking. Teach your children to have implicit confidence in you, and it will inspire them with a desire to tell you the truth at all times.

A little incident came under my notice a few days ago, and I will give it as an illustration of my meaning. A little girl, I should judge about six years old, was playing with a number of her schoolmates, and during a rather rough game of "tag" she was accidentally pushed down, and her apron, a dainty white affair trimmed with fine lace, was torn. Immediately little Bessie commenced to cry. "Oh, dear, my mamma will whip me so hard," she sobbed, her blue eyes swimming in tears.

"You can tell her just how it happened, and then she'll forgive you; my mamma would," said one of her little playmates."

"But my mamma wouldn't; she would say I was a naughty, careless child, and whip me just the same. I'll tell her a big dog jumped on me and tore it; then she will think it wasn't my fault."

Arriving at this decision seemed to comfort Bessie, for she wiped away her tears and a faint little smile dimpled her mouth.

"But that would be a lie," said the little girl who had advised Bessie to tell her mother; "and it's wicked to tell lies—the Bible tells so."

"I s'pose it is," said poor little Bessie, with a regretful sigh, "but you don't know how hard my mamma whips me if I tear my clothes."

I passed on, fully convinced that Bessie's mother was making a serious mistake in bringing her child up to fear her, instead of ruling her by the gentle hand of love. The apron was accidentally torn, and the child was not really to blame, yet, standing in such mortal fear of her mother's displeasure, she resorted to a falsehood to escape the punishment that she knew would follow if she told her mother the truth. Poor little Bessie! A few gentle words of reproof: "Be more careful next time, dear; mother feels badly to know her little girl was so careless," etc., etc. Ah, how much better would have been the mother's influence over her child's life.

Do not allow yourself to acquire the terrible habit of saying one thing and meaning another. Once you make the discovery that a friend or acquaintance has told you a direct falsehood, you can never regain your lost confidence in him—never bring yourself to believe his word again.

Boys especially need a careful hand to guide them in the path of truth and honesty. Teach them to speak the truth at all times and under all circumstances, and their future life will reflect credit on the parents who have thus faithfully performed their duty to their children.

A good deal could be written on this subject, but lack of space will not permit. One thing is pre-eminent: An honest, truthful man is an honor to his country and to the mother who gave him birth, and it takes a truthful boy to make a truthful man. Think of this, fond, indulgent parents, and do not neglect the most important part of your children's education.

She and Her Sister.

I am here reminded of a story which was told at my expense, in 1856, by a Roman Catholic Bishop, Mr. Spaulding, of Kentucky, with whom I was on intimate terms, which illustrated the estimation in which New England people were held in some parts of the slave-holding States. "I was," said he, "some years ago traveling in the interior of Missouri, where the settlements were sparse, and in which, there being no taverns, I was compelled to stop wherever I could find shelter and food. One day I stopped for dinner at a double log cabin of more than usual inviting appearance. A good-looking white woman welcomed me at the door, and upon entering, I perceived that everything about the cabin was as nice as a new pin. I had not long to wait for dinner, and had scarcely been seated when a negro came in and took a chair at the table, and before the meal was over I discovered that he was this white woman's husband. After he went out I could not help expressing my astonishment that she should be the wife of a negro. She listened quietly to what I said, and then remarked that for her part she couldn't see anything bad about that. "Why, sir," said she, "I did n-enough sight better 'n my sister. She married a Yankee." The Bishop laughed heartily as he told the story, and I joined him and the rest of the company in the laugh.—*From Hugh McCulloch's "Men and Measures of Half a Century."*

Suspected a Trap.

"Here's an article headed 'Marvelous Escape of a Distinguished Citizen from a Horrible Death,'" said the dutiful daughter, who was reading a morning paper to her invalid father. "The friends of Mr. J. Alpheus Bramble were shocked on learning a few mornings ago that——"

"Jane," interrupted the irritable parent, "before you read any more of that you will oblige me if you'll look about half way down to the bottom of the article and see whose patent medicine it's advertising."

Apropos.

"Who will enjoy church the most to-morrow?" was a question one night in the game of "Impudence" among a circle of young people sojourning in the country. "Who will most enjoy the going and coming?" coquettishly ventured a young girl to whom it fell to ask the following question. "Why, that's what I meant," exclaimed the first, with a naivete which was greeted with peals of laughter.—*Harper's Bazar.*

TO A TELEPHONE GIRL.

Her pleasant voice I know full well;
I hear her in her tones.
But I am certain it will tell
Of gentleness and graces.

I do not even know her name,
Nor ago I do not know,

And if I chance to speak, the same
Brief answer comes—"Hello!"

'Tis said to be a number when
One's heart is so enthralled—
To her I'm only "sixteen,"
No odds how often called.

I sometimes have a mad desire

To ask her to be mine;
I know she simply would inquire:
"Won't you keep off the line?"

There's one secret, I know, to stay
My reason on its throne;
I'll send this order in to-day:
"Take out my telephone!"

—*Exchange.*

The Reason Why

Ayer's Pills are so popular is, that while always reliable as a cathartic medicine, they never leave any ill effects. This is because they are purely vegetable, and entirely free from calomel or any other dangerous drug. In all cases, therefore, whether the patient be old or young, they may be confidently administered.

In the Southern and Western States, where derangements of the liver are so general, Ayer's Pills have proved an inestimable blessing. D. W. Baine, New Berne, N. C., writes:

"I suffered a long time with stomach and liver troubles. I tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. These pills benefited me at once. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."

Throughout New England, next to **lung diseases, Stomach and Bowel Complaints** are the most prevalent.

Dyspepsia

and Constipation are almost universal. Mr. Gallacher, a practical chemist, of Roxbury, Mass., who was long troubled with Dyspepsia, writes:

"A friend induced me to try Ayer's Pills, and, after taking one box without much benefit, I was disposed to quit them; but he urged perseverance, and, before I had finished the second box, I began to experience relief. I continued taking them, at intervals, until I had used eleven boxes. Suffice it to say, that I am now a well man, and grateful to your chemistry, which outstrips mine."

The head and stomach are always in sympathy; hence the cause of most of those distressing headaches, to which so many, especially women, are subject. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that for years she was a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief, until she began taking Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

WANTED.

WANTED.—A situation by a young man who is willing to work at any kind of honest labor. Address, M. L. S., Sentinel office.

WANTED.—An Intelligent Earnest Man to represent, in his own State, a large responsible house. A remunerative salary to right party. Steady, growing position. References exchanged.

Gay's Mfg. House, Lock Box 1586, N. Y.

WANTED a man to act as Salesman. No experience necessary. Permanent position guaranteed. Salary and expenses paid from the start. Many fast selling specialties. Facilities unsurpassed. Address BROWN BROS., Nurserymen, Chicago, Ill. 7-1m

PROFESSIONAL.

MARY A. WHERY, M. D., office and residence No. 25, Madison street. Special attention given to ladies. May24-tf

THE CITIZENS LOAN AND IMPROVEMENT CO., will buy a lot and build you a new house, or buy property already improved, and sell to you at 6 per cent. interest. Office hours, 8 to 5 p. m., week days; 7 to 8 p. m., Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

S. C. Lumbard, Secretary,
36 Calhoun Street.
Jno. M. Coombs, President.
Chas. E. Bond, Treasurer. 23-10t

FOR RENT.

L. M. JONES,

REAL ESTATE BROKER.

26 Court Street.

FOR RENT.—Good house with barn, well, cistern, cellar and two acres of land, convenient to the cast end shops, street car stables and White's spoke factory. Also house and lot for rent or sale, south of railroad. Will do for railroader on any of the railroads, near reservoir. Also a five room flat, very convenient, at 132 East Berry street, with hot and cold water, gas, bath rooms, water closet. Heated by furnace, grates or stoves. 23-tf

FOR RENT.—Furnished rooms for rent. Three front rooms, first floor. Four squares west from court house. Inquire at, or address Sentinel office.

FOR SALE.

House and lot. The house has six fine rooms all on one floor. Lot 30x150. The house is newly painted and remodled and within ten minutes walk of the court house. Rents for $144.00 per year. Will be sold cheap for cash. Address,

J. E. L., Sentinel Office,
7-1mo. Or call at 185 Lafayette Street.

P. E. COX,

PRACTICAL

Sanitary Plumber,

Has opened a shop at

No. 29 West Main Street.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT

Reasonable Prices

1888

RADIANT HOME !

SQUARE STOVES

Are made as follows: Four sizes plain Stove: Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7.
Two sizes with oven: Nos. 5 and 6.
Four sizes with double heater, Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7
All sizes are made with

Round Fire Pots, Duplex Grates, Made With a Central Hot-Air Flue,

Taking the air in at bottom of stove, thence up between the ascending and decending draft flues.

Also a full line of

Hardware, Cutlery and House Furnishing Goods.

—ONLY AT—

W. E. GRIFFITH'S
No. 122 Broadway.

☞ Friends living on the south or east side of the city would do well to board the Broadway or Belt Line car if only to examine these goods

H. B. AYERS,

Post Office Drug Store,

CORNER & CLINTON BERRY.
7-1mo.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, DEC. 1, 1888.

AND still let us be mindful that the tariff is a tax.

DECEMBER dawned on us with delightful weather.

A GERMAN speaking Y. M. C. A. is in session at Baltimore. This association flourishes in the east.

MR. BLAINE continues to disturb the republican household. They have him and know not how to dispose of him.

COLONEL DUDLEY can make a martyr of himself by stepping into Indiana. His conviction would go a good way towards reforming election methods.

THE wrestling match crowds a playhouse to the doors. Would a good, wholesome lecture do as much? We fear not and what a pity that such a thing is true.

GENERAL HARRISON is beseiged on all sides by the republican statesmen who have a longing to sit in his cabinet. Senator Sherman seems to have the inside track at present.

THE sentiment for election reform is now strong enough to influence the next legislature into passing a new election law that will make the purchase and sale of votes very dangerous business and every one will hail such an enactment with delight.

J. V. WILLIAMSON, a millionaire bachelor of Philadelphia, endows a munificent charity by awarding a fund of $5,000,000 for the location, erection, and organization of a mechanical school for boys. Mr. Williamson has not lived in vain.

J. W. WAIT, who as a boy blacked the boots and acted as hitching post for "Coal Oil Johnny," the spendthrift oil operator, now owns the oil wells which gave "Johnny" Steele the millions he threw away in riotous living to die a pauper in the alms house. Such are the opportunities that come to American boys.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN once said that on the night of his election he had practically completed his cabinet before leaving the telegraph office where he received the returns. But he did not give the public nor even any of the gentlemen invited into his cabinet intimation of his intention until Dec. 8, when he wrote a note to Mr. Seward, asking him to take the portfolio of state.

HON. W. H. DILLS, of Auburn, is advocating the proposition to base the apportionment of delegates to congressional conventions on the congressional vote. THE SENTINEL can see no advantage or disadvantage to accrue from such a change, unless it is that some counties in the district polled a reduced democratic vote for congressman at the recent election and would lose accordingly in delegate strength.

JUDGE GRESHAM comes out in severe denunciation of election frauds and the corrupt use of money. He says: "It is the Pharisees who are doing this. It is men of prominence and respectability who raise these large sums of money knowing the use that they will be put to, men who deal openly in corruption one day and go to church the next. It is these men who bring disgrace upon the state. You may convict a hundred—yea, even a thousand—obscure voters for bribery, but the effect upon a community would be as nothing compared to that which follows the conviction of one prominent man."

FRANCIS MANOR, believed to be the first white child born on the Maumee river, died at Providence, Ohio, on the 28th inst., at the age of seventy-seven years. Peter Manor, the father of Francis, was one of the early French settlers of the Maumee valley; adhered to the side of the United States during the war of 1812, and was of essential service to his country as a scout during the war; was afterwards adopted by the Indians and given a grant of land at the village of Providence, at a treaty in 1817. His son was likewise a scout and interpreter and represented the Indians in the treaty of 1842.

FELL FROM A CAR.

A Young Lad Breaks His Arm in This Way.

One of the most dangerous sports in which boys can engage is playing around the freight and passenger cars on the railroad tracks, and yet they indulge in it daily, in spite of the efforts the police make to stop them and the repeated warnings they have in the accidents that befall companions.

Yesterday afternoon another warning came, but like all others, it will also probably prove unavailing. While a young lad named Green, whose parents live on Chicago street, was playing around some freight cars in the Pittsburg yards, he fell from the top of one of them and broke his arm. One of his companions was also injured but not seriously. The lad, Green, was taken to his home, where a physician was called, and he will probably be confined to his bed for some time.

THE WATER WORKS.

Inspector Iten Points Out Its Inefficiency, and Suggests a Remedy.

Apropos to the demand of the Jenney Electric Light company for a better fire protection, a chat with Mr. Frank Iten, the water works inspector, will interest.

Mr. Iten contends that the shops in the central, northern and southern parts of the city have ample fire protection, for it would be impossible to exhaust the water supply. Even the Bass works are pretty well guarded. The water pipes out there are not extra large, but there is a net work of them about the shops.

"We have, running north and south from Clinton street to Lewis street;" said Mr. Iten, "a twenty-inch water main. It diminishes to sixteen inches on further, but that gives sufficient flow for all purposes. Running east and west," continued Mr. Iten: "The water mains have but a capacity of six inches, and, of course, it is impossible to get a phenomenal flow through such a small pipe. What we need is a twelve or sixteen inch pipe running east and west from the twenty inch main on Calhoun street, then we have ample fire protection. When the water works were planned, I suppose, the possibility of manufactories and big buildings east and west was not anticipated. No one will deny the necessity of greater water service east and west and out towards the great Bass works, but it takes money to make these changes."

This puts the situation before the people and THE SENTINEL is sure that if public sentiment demands an alteration of the water works plan, the trustees will cheerfully do the work.

No woman can be contented and happy if her skin is covered with pimples and blotches. These disfiguring eruptions are easily removed by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine is perfectly safe to take, and is a thoroughly reliable blood purifier.

The movement to heat coaches by steam has become so general that it is quite likely that the legislature of Indiana, the coming winter, will pass laws on the subject similar to those of several other states. New York and the New England states have already taken action and a large per cent. of their equipment is now arranged for heating the trains by steam from the locomotive. The railroad commissioners of Minnesota are to make reports to the legislature of that state at their coming session, and in Michigan the new law providing for safe heating took effect the first of this month.

A Bloody Affray

if often the result of "bad blood" in a family or community, but nowhere is bad blood more destructive of happiness and health than in the human system. When the life current is foul and sluggish with impurities, and is slowly distributing its posions to every part of the body, the peril to health, and life even, is imminent. Early symptoms are dull and drowsy feelings, severe headaches, coated tongue, poor appetite, indigestion and general lassitude. Delay in treatment may entail the most serious consequences. Don't let disease get a strong hold on your constitution, but treat yourself by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and be restored to the blessings of health. All Druggists.

Mr. Frank Kane was at Grand Rapids yesterday.

The Best Place.

Do you know that Hover, the artist, takes the best photos in the city? Well, it is a fact, and a trial of it will convince and please you. He is making cabinets for $1.50 a dozen. Go where you get the best and Hover's Gallery is the place.

USE GLOSS SOAP.

Made honestly,
Does honest work,
A splendid washer,
Makes dirt fly.
Manufactured only by
LAUTZ BROS. & CO.
Buffalo, N. Y.
For Sale By All Principal Grocers.
Mail us 25 wrappers with your full address and we will send you "The Snow Boy," our newest picture. s3m-w3m

Masonic Temple.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 5.

George H. Wilson's

(Of "Waltz Me Again" fame.)

Gilded Mastodons

IN IDEAL REFINED

MINSTRELSY,

40 EMBRACING FORTY ARTISTS. **40**

Monte Christo, First Part.

The most dazzling display of wealth and grandeur ever presented to lovers of minstrelsy.

Duval, the Wonder. Special engagement of the latest European sensation.

POWELL, Prestidigitateur and Necromancer, assisted by

LITTLE EMILE, IN THE BLACK ART.

Nagique Improvista. Absolutely Two Shows in one. Watch for the big street parade, 11:45.

Secure seats. Prices: 25, 50 and 75 cents.

THE HEBREW TEMPLE.

Mr. Levy, of Cincinnati, Delivers Two Interesting Sermons.

The religious services at the Hebrew Temple last evening and this morning were of an interesting character and at both worships a large congregation assembled to listen to the sermons delivered by Rabbi Levy, a student of the Hebrew college at Cincinnati. His discourse last evening, on the theme, "Providence and Free Will," was an interesting and eloquent one. The speaker said that while God could fortell the destiny of each individual of the human race, yet he left man a free moral agent and he could choose for himself either a godly or an ungodly life.

The man who obeyed the divine law possesed the largest amount of freedom and would not only enjoy himself the most in this life, but also in the life to come. Providence gives us the choice and it is our duty to choose the right and the blessings which this wise decision brings.

The reverend gentleman is an entertaining pulpit speaker. He delivered another fine sermon to a large audience this morning and left a good impression among the Jewish people, as indeed, do all the Cincinnati students who are sent here to officiate in their temple.

One Fact

Is worth a column of rhetoric, said an American statesman. It is a fact, established by the testimony of thousands of people, that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum, and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. Try it.

The management of the Wabash railway is having all the bridges and cattle guards on its lines covered with whitewash, with which salt is mixed, the effect being both to preserve the timber and making it fire proof, besides somewhat improving its appearance. This work is done about once a year, and is believed to liberally repay the comparatively small expense.

Mr. J. H. Rosseau and Frank McCauley, of Warsaw, are in the city today.

POND'S EXTRACT.

LETTERS FROM THE GOVERNORS.

It is a well-known fact that POND'S EXTRACT is used and recommended by more distinguished people than any preparation or remedy extant.

It is used in the household of the President as well as that of the humblest citizen; by members of the army and the navy, the Bar and the Bench, the pulpit and the press—all ranks and classes of people. To further illustrate this fact we append a few of the more recent letters from Governors of different States:

The Governor of New Hampshire.

GENTLEMEN: I have used POND'S EXTRACT in my family for several years, and have found it a most desirable and valuable remedy. Yours truly, MOODY CURRIER.
Dec. 3, '87.

The Governor of Pennsylvania.

GENTS: POND'S EXTRACT has been a valued reliance in our family for several years, especially in relieving the aches, sprains, and bruises incident to children.
Very truly yours,
Nov. 30, '87. JAMES A. BEAVER.

The Governor of New Jersey.

DEAR SIR: I have for many years used POND'S EXTRACT, and have derived great benefit and relief therefrom. Yours truly,
Dec. 5, '87. R. S. GREEN.

The Lt.-Governor of Illinois.

GENTLEMEN: POND'S EXTRACT has long had a place in the medicine chest of my family. I assure you that we have found it a ready and valuable agent to relieve pain in many cases, and that very promptly. We cannot well keep house without it.
I am, truly yours,
Oct. 10, '87. J. C. SMITH.

POND'S EXTRACT is invaluable for all kinds of Pain, Inflammation and Hemorrhages.
Excellence Invites Imitation. Beware of worthless imitations of POND'S EXTRACT.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO ADVERTISERS

A list of 1,000 newspapers divided into States and Sections will be sent on application—FREE.

To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce street, New York.

SOOSE HANDLE

SAD + IRONS.



Are nickel-plated and the

Best Cold Handle Iron Made.

We also sell the rubber cushion weather strips, carving knives and forks, plated knives, forks and spoons, pocket knives and scissors and everything in the

HARDWARE LINE!

PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER,

38 and 40 East Columbia Street.

S.S.S.

PERD'S MILL, TEXAS, June 30, 1888—The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.—Gentlemen: One of my children was troubled with rheumatism and boils for about two years. We gave her various kinds of medicine, but without profit, and began to despair of curing her at all. I was persuaded to try your Swift's Specific. After she had used several bottles the disease all disappeared, and she is now a hale, hearty and healthy girl twelve years old. Another child has just become afflicted in the same way, and I am using the S. S. S. and anticipate a prompt and permanent cure. H. C. WAGGONER.

RICH HILL, MO., July 7, 1888—The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.—Gentlemen: Our little girl when but three weeks old broke out with eczema. We tried the prescriptions from several good doctors, but without any special benefit. We tried S. S. S., and by the time one bottle was gone, her head began to heal, and by the time she had taken six bottles she was completely cured. Now she has a full and heavy head of hair—a robust, hearty child. I feel it but my duty to make this statement, Respectfully, H. T. SHOBE.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., June 27, 1888—The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.—Gentlemen: In 1886 I contracted blood poison, and at once sought a physician, who treated me for several months. By his advice I went to Crab Orchard Springs, Ky., where his course of treatment was carefully observed. I recovered, as I thought, but the next spring pimples began to appear on my face and body. These gradually increased to sores and running ulcers. I was advised to try S. S. S., and immediately after taking it I commenced to improve, slowly at first, but more rapidly afterwards, and soon nothing remained to tell of my trouble. My blood is now thoroughly cleansed, and my system free from taint, and I owe my present condition—a perfect cure—to your medicine. I cheerfully give this statement that others who have suffered as I have may reap the same benefit.
HARRY E. BURT, 22 West Ninth St.

HOMER, LA., May 23, 1888—The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.—Gentlemen: About two years ago my general health gave way entirely. I was so debilitated that I almost despaired of ever feeling well again. All that the physicians done for me brought no permanent relief. Friends insisted that I should give S. S. S. a fair trial, although I thought it would be throwing away money. After taking a thorough course, my health and strength returned, and I must say that S. S. S. alone cured me, as I discarded all others while using it. As a tonic I can most heartily recommend it; for general debility, it certainly is a specific. W. F. BRIDGES, J. P.

HOMER, LA.—I know Mr. W. F. Bridges, and will say that his statement is correct.
JOSEPH SHELTON, Druggist.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

RABUS

—THE—

TAILOR,

Carries the Largest Line of Foreign and Domestic Goods in

Suitings,
Overcoatings,
Trouserings

IN THE CITY.

Work - All - Guaranteed !

NO. 10 WEST BERRY STREET

Six Doors West of Calhoun.

RABUS,

—THE—

TAILOR. 19-1mo.

A. FOSTER!

Merchant Tailor

No. 15 W. Wayne St.

Fall and Winter '88-9!

I am pleased to announce the completion of my stock of Fine Woolens of French, German, Scotch and American manufacture for the fall and winter of 1888-89. I have imported for the Season's Trade the Largest Assortment of Choice Wool and Worsted Fabrics, Fine Suitings, Pants Goods and Overcoatings, very desirable and of Extra Value, and for men's wear, the best ever exhibited in this city; and I am prepared to Make to Order in a manner and style acceptable to all. Prices shall be the Lowest, considering the Superior Workmanship and Wares displayed at my rooms.

A. FOSTER,

No. 15 West Wayne Street.

J. M. MODERWELL,

—DEALER IN—

Hard and Soft Coal !

Wood and Kindling,

Wells Street Bridge.

PROMPT DELIVERY.

Telephone 54.

Nov. 1-4mo.

A. F. GESSLER,

—DEALER—

Fresh, Salt and Smoked

MEATS.

Saussages of All Kinds.

60 East Main Street,

FORT WAYNE, - - - - - - - INDINA.
Nov. 24-tf.

THE BEST PLACE

To buy your meats of all kinds is at the

MEAT - MARKET !

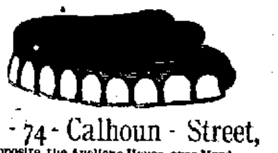
—OF—

J. - N. - PFEIFFER,

44 West Berry Street.

Fresh Meats and Home-made Sausage sold at reasonable prices. nov23

E. F. SITES, DENTIST,



No. 74 Calhoun - Street,

Opposite the Aveline House, over Mordhurst's Drug Store.

FORT WAYNE, - - - - - INDIANA.



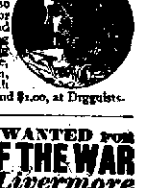
Cook's Cotton Root Compound.—Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal. Successful monthly. Safe, Effectual. $1 by mail, or druggists. Seal particulars 2 stamps. Ladies address LILY COMPANY, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

Sold in Fort Wayne by Thieme & Gross, druggists. sept. 13-1yr

HINDERCORNS.

The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. 15c. at Druggists. HISCOX & Co., N. Y.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC



The best of all remedies for Inward Pains, Colic, Indigestion, Exhaustion and all Stomach and Bowel troubles. Also the most effective cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and affections of the breathing organs. It promotes refreshing sleep, improves the appetite, overcomes nervous prostration, and gives new life and strength to the weak and aged. 50c. and $1.00, at Druggists.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR

MY STORY OF THE WAR

By Mary A. Livermore

Her own narrative of "Four Years' Personal Experience as Field and Hospital Nurse." It portrays the Womanly or "Heavenly" Side of the War, its Lights and Shadows "as a woman saw them." Bright, Pure, and Good, full of "laughter and tears," of thrilling interest and touching pathos, it sells at sight to all. Splendid Steel-Plates, and famous old Battle-Flags richly colored in exact fac-simile. The "booming" book for Men and Women Agents. $100 to $200 a month made. ☞ Distance no hindrance, for we Pay Freights and give Extra Terms. Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

FOR MEN ONLY. A quick, permanent cure for lost or failing manhood, nervousness, weakness, unnatural losses, lack of strength, vigor or development, caused by indiscretion, excesses, etc. *Valuable book sent (sealed) free.* ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

"The Gladstone" LAMP



is the finest lamp in the world. It gives a pure, soft, brilliant white light of 85 candle power,—a *marvelous light from ordinary oil!* Nobody ever supposed such a light was possible from kerosene oil; yet it is there, and

Seeing is Believing

A "wonderful lamp" it is in all respects. It never needs trimming, never smokes nor breaks chimneys, never "smells of the oil," no gumming up, no leaks, no sputtering, no climbing of the flame, no annoyance of any kind, and cannot explode. And then, beside all these advantages think of a lamp giving a clear, white light 15 to 20 times the size and brilliancy of *any ordinary house lamp!*

"The Gladstone" is made of high-grade, hard rolled metal (all parts interchangeable), and in elegant designs for Dining or Parlor Table, the Study, Drawing-room, Hall or Chamber. Finished in either Gold-bronze, Nickel or Antique bronze. Every home should have it.

Illustrated price list will be sent you on receipt of a postal card. Single lamps at *wholesale price*, with or without porcelain shade, carefully boxed and sent by express to any part of the country.

☞ See our prices and then order. "*Seeing is believing.*" Address Gladstone Lamp Co., 10 East 14th St., New York City. A live Agent wanted in every town to sell these lamps.

85 Candle Power

Oct 31-3mo.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM



Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents Dandruff and hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.

Under Schedule in Effect November 18, 1888.

Trains leave the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago station at Fort Wayne as follows:

(STANDARD TIME.)

EASTBOUND—For Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York *5:30 a. m., 11:35 p. m., *8:00 p. m., *9:00 p. m.
Crestline accommodation, †7:00 a. m.
WESTBOUND—For Chicago, *5:15 a. m., 112:45 p. m., *5:00 p. m., *1:45 a. m. Chicago accommodation leaves at 9:30 a. m. For Plymouth, †4:00 p. m.
*Daily.
†Daily, except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.
[Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM NORTH		GOING NORTH
10 30 a m—Ar	—Cincinnati Ex.......—	Lv
	Detroit Ex	" 4 40 p m
3 40 p m "	—Detroit Fx	" 11 30 a m
5 20 p m "	—Way Freight.........	" 5 40 a m

All trains daily except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.

GOING EAST		GOING WEST
Lv 2 00 p m	Express	Lv 2 00 p m
Lv 6 10 a m	Accommodation	Lv 6 45 p m

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER R. R.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

[Fort Wayne Time Table.]

Going South.	Arrives
5 30 a m—Ft Wayne accommodation—	9 30 a m
10 50 a m—Cin & Lo'vle mail and ex—	4 00 pm
5 30 p m—Indianapolis express......—	10 00 p m

WABASH RAILWAY.
NOVEMBER 11, 1888.

GOING WEST.	Depart
Pacific Express, daily	5 00 a. m.
Kansas City ex, daily ex'pt Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail.........	8 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom	3 30 p. m.

GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule Limited daily.............	5 05 a m
Cannon Ball, except Sunday........	1 25 p m
Limited Express, daily	6 25 p m
Lafayette accom arrives 11 a m.	

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m..............	10 30 a m
1 45 p m..............	6 20 p m
Lv Indianapolis	**Ar Ft Wayne**
7 15 a m..............	1 20 p m
5 10 p m..............	0 10 p m
7 00 p m..............	5 00 a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect Nov., 1888.

GOING NORTH.

For Grand Rapids and North.........	Lv 3 05 a m
" " "	" 8 05 a m
For Grand Rapids....................	" 2 40 p m
From Grand Rapids..................	Ar 6 00 p m

GOING SOUTH.

For Richmond and Cincinnati......	Lv 5 35 a m
" "	" 1 00 p m
" "	" 11 20 p m
From " "	Ar 0 15 p m

Trains daily except Sunday.

Bull's Baby Syrup
Facilitates Teething! Price only 25 cents.
Sold at druggists. Regulates the Bowels!

Day's Horse POWDER,
Prevents Lung Fever and cures Distemper. 1 pound in each package. For sale by all dealers. Try It!

25¢ A BOTTLE SALVATION OIL
KILLS PAIN

BULL'S COUGH SYRUP
For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Croup, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, Bronchitis, and for the relief of Consumptive persons. At druggists. 25 cts.

SMOKE *LANGE'S CUBEB CIGARETTES for Catarrh. Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.*

VINEGAR BITTERS
VEGETABLE. FREE FROM ALCOHOL. PURELY. DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA. EUREKA.
VINEGAR BITTERS

The Great Blood Purifier
And Health Restorer. Cures all kinds of Headache Within Thirty Minutes—Try it.

GEO. W. DAVIS, of 169 Baronne street, New Orleans, La., writes under date May 26th, 1888, as follows: "I have been going to the Hot Springs, Ark., for fifteen years for an itching humor in my blood. I have just used three bottles of Vinegar Bitters, and it has done me more good than the Springs. It is the best medicine made."

JOSEPH J. EAGAN, of No. 75 West street, New York, says: "Have not been without Vinegar Bitters for the past twelve years, and consider it a whole medicine chest in our family."

MRS. MATTIE FURGUSON, of Dryen, New York, says: "Vinegar Bitters is the best medicine I ever tried; it saved my life."

T. F. BAILEY, of Humbold, Iowa, says: "Vinegar Bitters cured me of paralysis, ten years ago, and recently it cured me of rheumatism."

MRS. WM. A. DAVIS, of Camden, N. J., says: "I have suffered greatly from indigestion and bowel troubles, and Vinegar Bitters gave me great relief."

JAMES H. DWYER, of Webster, Mass., writes: "I always use Vinegar Bitters as a spring medicine, and have the best of health."

L. COLEMAN, 77 Montgomery street, New York, writes: "I find your Vinegar Bitters a first-class tonic."

VINEGAR BITTERS.

The only Temperance Bitters known. It stimulates the Brain and quiets the Nerves, regulates the Bowels and renders a perfect blood circulation through the human veins, which is sure to restore perfect health. A beautiful book free. Address,

R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO.,
532 Washington street, New York.

SEA-SALT SOAP

Possesses the tonic, purifying properties of a sea bath, curing all local skin and scalp diseases, pimples, blotches, eczema, tetter, chafing, etc. It is made from perfectly pure materials and is most healing and invigorating to the skin, keeping it in a fresh, clean and healthy condition. Sold by druggists and fancy goods dealers, or sent by mail one cake for 25 cts., or three for 60 cts. by the proprietors.

R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO.,
532 Washington St. New York.

JAMES MADDEN,
PLUMBER,
Steam and Gas Fitter,
110 Calhoun Street,
Next door to Y. M. C. A.,
FORT WAYNE, - - - INDIANA

J. C. PELTIER,
Undertaker & Embalmer,
17 WEST WAYNE ST.,
Telephone No. 174 - - - Fort Wayne, Ind

M. L. ALBRECHT,
—MANUFACTURER OF—
CARRIAGES
—AND—
BUGGIES.
—CORNER OF—
MAIN AND BARR STS.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
IS FOR MAN & BEAST. PENETRATES MUSCLE ... TO THE VERY BONE.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, DEC. 1, 1888.

THE LOCOMOTIVE SHRIEKS.

And Sends Up the Daily News Budget From the Railroads and the Busy Centers.

Henry Hartman, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, is on the sick list.

George Myers, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, is off duty on account of a sore eye.

Fred Dickmyer, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, is off duty on account of sickness.

J. S. Knight, a fireman on the Pittsburg ro d, has resumed his position after a vacation.

Frank Cherry, of the Pittsburg boiler shops, has been off duty for several days on the sick list.

W. S. Hilt, a Pittsburg fireman, has returned from a vacation and resumed his duties again.

Some of the employes of the shops have not yet returned from eating their Thanksgiving turkeys.

The switchmen's strike at Indianapolis is a subject of considerable interest among the railroad men here.

Oscar Judy, of the blacksmith department of the Pittsburg shops, is detained from duty on account of sickness.

The men in the shops commence on a new month's work to-day. It is the last and one of the longest months of the year.

Peter Hartnett, of the east yard Pittsburg car shops, whose foot was crushed by an accident a few weeks ago, is again on duty.

The steam pipe in the hub department of the Olds wheel works, bursted this morning, and delayed the work for about an hour.

The employes of the Berghoff brewery have an excellent fire department and sufficient hose to reach to any part of the building.

Henry Hagerman, formerly of the Bass moulding rooms, has returned from an extended trip through Colorado and Kansas.

James Quillinan, of the Pittsburg offices, who have been off duty for a week on account of an inflamed eye, has recovered from his injury.

One of the water pipes at the Pittsburg blacksmith shops bursted this morning, and made a little lake of water around the steam hammer.

Fireman Greenman, of the Pittsburg, has the reputation of being the heaviest man on the road. He weighs 240 pounds and stands six feet seven in his stockings.

Several of the employes of the Pittsburg car shops were visiting a clairvoyant, at 107 Holman street, last evening, and had the mysterious future and the past unfolded to them.

The Wabash company has just completed a bridge over Stony Creek, near Danville, which is said to be a fine structure. All the important new bridges which it is now building are arranged for a double track.

F. Slataper, chief civil engineer of the Pennsylvania company, at Indianapolis, sails to-day for Europe to be absent six months. During his absence Thomas Rudd will look after his duties. His wife accompanies him.

Several small boys while playing around the gravel pit, on Thanksgiving day, found a bag of clothes containing a Bible and a small sum of money. The boys say they will return it to the owner if he can be found.

Conductor McDougall, of the Northwestern road, who backed Cleveland, paid his bet at Rockford, Ill., Thursday, by eating crow in the opera house before a large audience. The proceeds went to the City hospital.

The Pittsburg car shops have commenced work on the new order for twenty-five dairy product cars, making 125 in all that they are now building. This will keep the car department busy for a month and the blacksmith department busy for about a week.

Mr. W. C. Stevens, chief clerk in the Lake Shore freight office in this city, has taken charge of the freight business of the company at Goshen. Mr. Stevens is one of the best men in the service and will prove efficient and popular in his new location.

A workman employed at the French brewery, while carrying a bag of malt down the stairway, Thursday morning, missed his footing and fell, cutting quite a severe gash in his forehead. His injuries were not of a serious character and he was at his work yesterday as usual.

E. B. White, a pleasant machinist at the Pittsburg shops, is being congratulated over the arrival at his home on Thanksgiving day of a handsome baby boy. "Birt" wears the honors gracefully, but can't conceal the smile that comes to his face as the boys whisper "papa" in his ear as they pass him.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES PILES, BURNS, CUTS, CORNS, BRUISES, CHILBLAINS & FROSTBITES

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mrs. Frank D. Pearse and children left to-day for Zanesville, Ohio, to visit relatives.

Mr. Herman E. Fisher, of the Boston shoe store, has removed his family from Goshen to this city.

Mr. C. F. G. Meyer, of the drug house of Meyer Bros. & Co., left last evening for St. Louis.

Dr. Fruth, who has resided in this city, is doing the towns about Fort Wayne. He is now at Wabash.

Mr. Ed Burns, secretary of the board of managers of the Cook county asylum, is in the city visiting his parents.

Miss Laura Lightfoot, of West Berry street, has returned from a prolonged visit to relatives at Falmouth, Ky.

Mr. W. C. Stevens, of the Lake Shore office, has been appointed agent for the road at Goshen and accepts the promotion.

The Fort Wayne Furniture company has declared a dividend of twenty per cent. and will increase their capital stock from $25,000 to $75,000.

Miss Anna Seber, the pretty young Western Union operator, who was in the local office here last summer is now in charge of an office at Tilton, Ill.

Superintendent and Mrs. C. D. Gorham left this morning for Chicago. Mrs. Gorham has been very ill for months past, and will undergo treatment at Chicago.

In a wrestling match at the Academy last night, Greek George won his match with D. L. Thornton. Both men will again meet on horseback, a feat at which the Greek excels.

Thomas Elliott, the fellow who enticed a woman over near the Clinton street bridge and robbed her of $32, pleaded guilty to Judge O'Rourke, last evening, and was sentenced to prison for two years.

The Monroeville *Breeze* says: "At the new Catholic church, Tuesday morning of this week, occurred the marriage of Mr. Frank Favre to Miss Lucinda Cagnett, daughter of Adam Cagnett, one of Madison township's most highly esteemed and well to do farmers. Father Hartman officiated and after the ceremony the happy couple together with a number of invited guests repaired to the home of the bride's parents where all partook of a sumptuous wedding feast and spent the balance of the day in a social manner. Miss Mary Favre, acted as bridesmaid, and Wm. Benson, of Fort Wayne, as groomsman."

ANOTHER ROAD.

The Dayton Line Coming to Fort Wayne as a Broad Guage.

The guage of the Dayton, Fort Wayne and Chicago was yesterday made standard between Dayton and Delphos, and an extension will be built from Celina to Fort Wayne.

This announcement comes official. The line reaches the coal fields of Ohio and must prove a big thing for Fort Wayne, as it opens to us a new territory.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by expelling impurity from the blood, which is the cause of the complaint. Give it a trial.

You will save money by buying prairie hay at Henderson's feed house, 69 East Columbia street. 26-6t

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge. O13deod4m-weow15t

You can save money on drugs and medicines and prescriptions at Mordhurst's Drug Store, No. 74 Calhoun street. Sign of revolving wheel in window. d&w1yr.

Tutt's Pills
CURE
Malaria, Dumb Chills, Fever and Ague, Wind Colic, Bilious Attacks.
They produce regular, natural evacuations, never gripe or interfere with daily business. As a family medicine, they should be in every household.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

J. S. McCURDY,
D·E·N·T·I·S·T
OFFICE—Room 15, over First National Bank. tues&sat6m

ONLY THE BEST
Gottlieb -:- Haller
—OF THE POPULAR—
SOUTH -:- SIDE -:- MARKET,
Has built up a splendid trade by selecting
ONLY - THE - CHOICEST - MEATS.
Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Sausage, Etc., at both establishments,
366 Calhoun and 117 Wallace Streets.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES FOOT ROT, SHOULDER-ROT, SCREW-WORM AND SCAB IN SHEEP!

A REMINISCENCE.

BY LEOTA M. YANCEY.

For THE SENTINEL.

Alas! Alas!! I do but dream;
Between our hearts wide seas are rolling.
O'er faith that languished, hope that died,
The "memory bells" are sadly tolling.

Am I to bear, within my heart,
A tender dream, a picture only;
That still shall be a beacon light,
Through all my life, so sad and lonely?

And some time in the coming years,
Amid the glow of winter weather,
My heart will cling to those glad days,
When love first bound our lives together.

This long, long night of doubt and pain,
Will fade before the rays of morning,
And I will wait in trustful hope,
Till heaven sends that brighter dawning.

FORT WAYNE, Ind.

Vitality and color are restored to weak and gray hair, by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Through its cleansing and healing qualities, it prevents the accumulation of dandruff and cures all scalp diseases.

Mr. Wm. Wehrs, of 113 East Lewis street, will observe the eightieth anniversary of his birth to-morrow.

HOW I SUFFERED

Seventeen Years From a Skin Disease. Could not Walk or Dress. A Mass of Disease From Head to Foot. Cured in Eight Weeks by the Cuticura Remedies.

At the age of three months a rash (which afterwards proved to be eczema or salt rheum) made its appearance on my face. A physician was called. He said teething was the cause; he prescribed some cooling medicine, but the sores spread to my ears and head. Another M. D. was called. He professed to know all about the case; called it "King's Evil," and prescribed gunpowder, brimstone and lard mixed into a salve, but the disease continued. They could not do anything with it. Another prescribed borax, water and flour; another, linseed poultices. None of them did me any good at all, but made me worse. The disease continued unabated; it spread to my arms and legs, till I was laid up entirely, and from continually sitting on the floor on a pillow my limbs contracted so that I lost all control of them, and was utterly helpless. My mother would have to lift me out and into bed. I could get around the house on my hands and feet, but I could not get my clothes on at all, and had to wear a sort of dressing gown. My hair had all matted down or fallen off, and my head, face and ears were one scab, and I had to have a towel on my head all the time in the summer to keep the flies off. My parents consulted a prominent physician and surgeon here in Chicago (the other physicians before mentioned were of Dundas and Hamilton, Canada). He said he could do nothing for me. He wanted to cut the sinews of my legs, so that I could walk; but I would not let him, for if I did get better I would have no control of them.

The disease continued in this manner until I was seventeen years old, and one day in January, 1879, I read an account in the Tribune, of your Cuticura Remedies. It described my case so exactly that I thought, as a last resort, to give them a trial.

When I first applied them I was all raw and bleeding from scratching myself, but I went asleep almost immediately, something I had not done for years, the effect was so soothing.

In about two weeks I could stand straight, but not walk, I was so weak, but my sores were nearly well. As near as I can judge the Cuticura Remedies cured me in about six or eight weeks, and up to this date (i. e. from January, 1879, to January, 1887) I have not been sick in any way, or have had the least signs of the disease reappearing on me.

W. J. McDONALD,
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No single disease has entailed more suffering or hastened the breaking up of the constitution than Catarrh. The sense of smell, of taste, of sight, of hearing the human voice, the mind,—one or more, and sometimes all, yield to its destructive influence. The poison it distributes throughout the system attacks every vital force and breaks up the most robust of constitutions. Ignored, because but little understood, by most physicians, impotently assailed by quacks and charlatans, those suffering from it have little hope to be relieved of it this side of the grave. It is time, then, that the popular treatment of this terrible disease by remedies within the reach of all passed into hands at once competent and trustworthy. The new and hitherto untried method adopted by Dr. Sanford in the preparation of his Radical Cure has won the hearty approval of thousands. It is instantaneous in affording relief in all head colds, sneezing, snuffing and obstructed breathing, and rapidly removes the most oppressive symptoms, clearing the head, sweetening the breath, restoring the senses of smell, taste and hearing, and neutralizing the constitutional tendency of the disease towards the lungs, liver and kidneys.

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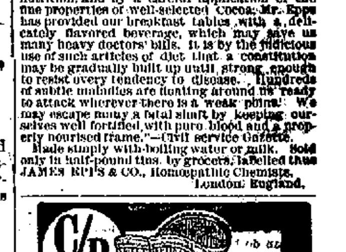
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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ENTERTAINING DISSERTATION ON SERIOUS SUBJECTS.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

The lesson for Sunday, December 2, may be found in Judges ii., 11-23.

Evil in the sight of the Lord. Right under the eyes of Jehovah. One gets a new sense of the heinousness of this sin by a glance at the original language employed. It does not mean merely sin in God's estimation, as we have been sometimes inclined to suppose, but open sin in the face of heaven. Israel was aware of God's love of holiness and his hatred of iniquity. She knew also of his careful guardianship and his watchful eye, and in spite of it all she went right on to do evil. When a pupil commits bold and witting sin right beneath the teacher's eye, he adds contempt to transgression. When a child impudently disobeys before the face of a parent he is a child no longer, he is a rebel, wild and willful. Think of it, friends, all sin is contempt of God: transgression is not simply imprudence, but impudence. It is "evil done in the sight of the Lord." "Thou, God, seest me." Alas, that we should forget it so, the word of his mouth, his eye ever upon us. "A very short memory he seems to have," said the stranger on the highway, asked as to a teamster whom he had just passed of a Sabbath morning. "Why do you say that?" was the query. "God says, Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," the stranger quietly responded. "It looks as though he had forgotten that." But God had not, and he never will. His eye beholdeth.

And served Baalim. All life is service. We either serve righteousness or unrighteousness. Christ or Satan; no man is neutral. And hence when the children of Israel departed from God and did evil they by that same step passed over on to the side of Baal and served him. There are many intimations of the character of this seductive worship of Baal in Scripture. All we need say about it, for it was a religion of atrocity and indecency, is that it was the deification of sensuality and selfishness, the direct antipodes of the pure and self-denying worship of the most high God. Men may talk about the beauties and amenities of such a religion, but when you come to the heart of it, as to all idolatry, it is bestiality and rottenness, nothing more. And in this direction the enthronement of self always leads. The steps may be very gradual, but as soon as God is renounced all sign-posts begin to point to Baal. It is first self-ward, then Satan-ward, then straight down the hellish abyss. Alas, that so much of Baal-worship should yet abide. Yes, even under the guise of religion. There are too many doing worship much after the fashion of that artist who built a monument at the King's orders glorifying the King, but the King's name in the superficial composition soon wore off, and there in the real rock underneath was the name of the artist himself, put to stay. Whom in our heart of hearts do we intend to glorify—Christ or self? Are we serving Christ or Baal?

They forsook the Lord God of their fathers. Here is the third step in Israel's decline. They become deserters from the covenant of grace, guilty of high treason before the courts of heaven. Presently we shall read of them as a God-forsaken people, but as ever in our dealings with Jehovah, they were first a God-forsaking people. They deliberately turned their backs on God and heaven, choosing earth and self. "They forsook the Lord;" we have struck the very key-note of Judges. The secret it was of all Israel's opprobrium and oppression, the clew to all the distresses of God's covenant people—they forsook God. In doing that they cut themselves off from their wonted power; they threw themselves defenseless into the midst of a wolfish world. All Israel's career was marked by such defections. Only occasionally was she in such relations to God as in the days of Moses, Joshua, David, Ezra, that he could do his mighty works through her. They were like that variable soul of whom we heard the other day that had been "*off and on* a Methodist for twenty years." A moving picture Israel presents us, telling us both the secret of strength and the source of weakness. Forsaking was their own doing, for to forsake was to be forsaken. Remember the dread double forsaking of Deut. 31: 16, 17. "They will forsake me," said the Lord, and, fearful words, "I will forsake them." Forbid it, Lord.

They could not longer stand before their enemies. It was the lesson of Ai repeated, a "turned-down leaf" in Israel's life. By themselves, cut off from God by sin, they are the weakest of mortals, and to prove this to them God not only lets in the enemy upon them, but compels them to do battle for a while in their own strength, which is impotence. It is a truth which bitter experience has taught the church of God more than once. Holding faith in God and loyalty to his righteous laws we are mighty, false to him we are in the eyes of the world the most contemptible of things on the earth, and Satan makes laughing-stock of apostasy. Better to be as the Lord's footstool than Satan's foot-ball. It is a good thing for us to understand this, and God leaves us by ourselves and to our own emptiness sometimes that we may know just how weak we are in wickedness and without him. You recall the nobleman who was denouncing, before the bishop, one who had abused him. Presently they knelt to pray. "Our Father who art in heaven," they said in concert. But when they came to the sentence, "Forgive us our trespasses as we——" the nobleman suddenly stopped short, with the consciousness that he was being left to say it by himself, and at once he realized that he was not able to make that prayer, nor could he go on until he had gone out and forgiven his brother.

The hand of the Lord was against them. This means positive opposition. The Lord has at last set himself against His own people. And now it is useless for them to endeavor to elude. As with Saul, fighting against God, all ill betides them. "In all to which they went out," says the Septuagint, "whithersoever they *meant to go*," says the Vulgate, "the hand of the Lord was over them." They could not escape it. As all things work together for good to a loving and loyal people, so all things are made to work together for evil to those who sin and scorn. Pentecost well illustrates it when he says, "The sun and rain will give vigor and growth to a living tree, but the same sun and rain will increase the rot and decay of a dead tree." A warning needs to be uttered. The Church of Rome will doubtless seek in such passages as this for justification of excommunication and the ban. But to no man or institution was this prerogative of deity ever transferred. God alone can speak the word of acceptance or of rejection. Dr. Charles S. Robinson calls attention to that awful word spoken by the Papal legate to brave Savonarola at his execution. "Jeromo Savonarola, I separate thee from the church militant and the church triumphant." "From the church militant you may divide me" was the calm response, "but from the church triumphant—no! that is above your power."

Next Lesson—"Gideon's Army." Judges 7: 1-8.

An Orlando (Fla.) man has a couple of tame sand-hill cranes which he finds more serviceable than watchdogs in warning him against tramps or burglars. The cranes utter a shrill note at the approach of any stranger.

The excise system of England dates back to the Long Parliament in 1643, when duties were levied on wines, beer, etc., and tobacco, to support the army against Charles I.

It is thought that the tomb of St. Flavier, who was murdered by the Visigoths in 512 A. D., has been discovered near Toulon, France.

The terms bailiff or sheriff are said to be of Saxon origin. This officer was appointed for counties in England in 1079.

Mr. Jones' Attempt at Joking.

Jones was reading the daily paper; suddenly he looked up and said:

"That's rather a sad case about that poor woman on Crogham street whom the authorities refused to bury."

"I should say it was!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, indignantly. "Why, what shameful neglect! I hope they notified the Health Department. Why did they refuse to bury her?"

"She wasn't dead," answered Jones, gloomily. The antiquity of the joke struck a cold chill to her heart, and Mrs. Jones was too indignant to speak. Mr. J. kept on reading, and after a while he musingly remarked:

"They'll have a cold day for the race to-morrow."

"What race?" asked Mrs. Jones, eagerly; she hadn't heard of any.

"The human race," said the miserable plagiarist.

Mrs. Jones made a face. "Another ancient witticism," she said, in a tone of contempt.

"Yes, I acknowledge its antiquity," replied Mr. Jones. "It's as old as that ancient conundrum, 'Where was Moses when the light went out?'"

There was a long silence, which was at last broken by Mrs. Jones. "Well, where was he?" she asked.

"Where was who?" inquired Jones, who had been reading up the political situation.

"Why, Moses—you know—when the light went out?"

"Maria," said Mr. Jones, with a look of grave concern, "your mind must be affected; you will want to know next who was the father of Zebedee's children, or why the tail don't wag the dog, or what makes more noise under a fence than a pig, or why a chicken 3 weeks and 3 days old crosses the street, or what it is that cats have that no other animals have, or—"

But Mrs. Jones said she heard the baby crying and went up stairs, leaving Jones to himself. It was but a ruse to get a chance to look in the Bible and read the history of Moses. She says she is going to find that passage if she has to borrow a concordance and a Bible dictionary to do it.

Comfort Under the Waistband.

The call of the stomach must be answered even at the cost of subsequent discomfort. How to make digestion a regular sequence of the satisfaction of appetite so long baffled medical investigation that it was almost given up in despair, and dyspepsia viewed as well nigh incurable. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters came to the rescue of the dyspeptic, and upset the theory of incurability. If it be used with persistence, and common sense in diet be not constantly violated, the Bitters will most certainly restore vigor and tranquillity to the stomach and constant regularity in its digestive functions. The dyspeptic who uses it systematically soon ceases to suffer after-dinner penalties, and enjoys comfort under the waistband between meals. A beneficent change, truly, and one that is aided by a sedulous avoidance of indiscretion in eating and drinking. Constipation, biliousness, nervousness, malaria, kidney troubles, and debility are easily remediable with this fine restorative.

The Pheasant and the Buzzard.

A Pheasant, who felt it her Duty to do Something to Alleviate the Condition of those beneath her in the Social and Financial Scale, made a call upon the Buzzard and offered to Adopt one of her Brood. The Mother Buzzard consented, but within a week the Pheasant returned with her charge and complained.

"I can do nothing with her. She will neither eat sweet cake, like a Pheasant, nor can I endure the odor of what she eats as a Buzzard."

"I feared it would be so," replied Mother Buzzard.

"Nature makes Buzzards as well as Pheasants, but in a different mould, and each for his own sphere. Come home, my child, and get a piece of that dead horse and be happy again."

Moral: And the child was very, very happy.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The first years of man must make provision for the last. He that never thinks can never be wise.

"When you're down my way, drop in," remarked the well water to the "old oaken bucket."—*Cedar Rapids Gossip.*



Mildred—Now, Aunt Jane, you are too hard on me. How can you expect me to know exactly what to do. A girl does not get engaged every day and when I ask mother she always puts me off with, "go ask your Aunt."

Aunt Jane—Well, Mildred, I suppose I should not expect a girl of your age to be up on such matters, but certainly her mother ought to be. It happens that only a short time ago I was reading an article on Etiquette in my infallible guide, entitled: "Before and After the Marriage Engagement." I will lend the magazine to you, which will answer all your questions. And now that you are contemplating marriage let me give you a little advice. Do not start off like your mother did, to always depend on others for your information. Your mother always says "go ask Aunt Jane, she knows everything." Well! I am egotistical enough to admit that I can generally give information on almost every subject that comes up in the home circle, and yet I will tell you candidly that every bit of my household knowledge has been gained from reading *Demorest's Monthly Magazine.* It covers absolutely every point interesting to a family, and without it I would be lost for answers to your numerous questions.

Every mother should take it, and every girl like you who is contemplating starting a new home should put that down as the first requisite. Maybe you think my praise is too strong. Well! try for yourself. You say you want a pattern of that jacket I have just finished. Unfortunately mine is too large for you, but I see that W. Jennings Demorest, publisher of *Demorest's Monthly Magazine,* is offering to send a specimen copy of the magazine for 10 cents. Send for one, and you will get your pattern for nothing; for each magazine contains a Pattern Order, entitling the holder to the selection of any pattern in stock, and of any size manufactured.

Don't think by this that Demorest's is a fashion magazine, for it is not. Its fashion department is perfect, as are all its other departments, but James is as anxious for its arrival each month as I am myself. It is simply a *perfect family* magazine, worth ten times the subscription price, which is only $2 per year. If you are thinking of subscribing for a magazine for the coming year, be sure and send 10 cents for a specimen of Demorest's Monthly before deciding.

A politician is honest when all other means have failed.—*Washington Critic.*

Cancer Cured.

Dr. F. L. Pond is having wonderful success in the treatment and cure of cancer at the cancer hospital at Aurora, Ill. There are numbers of cures recently made by him which are truly wonderful. Those afflicted should go there for treatment at once. For information, address Dr. F. L. Pond, Aurora, Ill.

Geo. Augustus Sala.

George Augustus Sala, the well-known English writer, on his last Australian trip wrote as follows to the London *Daily Telegraph:*

"I especially have a pleasant remembrance of the ship's doctor—a very experienced maritime medico, indeed, who tended me most kindly during a horrible spell of bronchitis and spasmodic asthma, provoked by the sea fog which had swooped down on us just after we left San Francisco. But the doctor's prescriptions and the increasing warmth of the temperature as we neared the Tropics, and in particular a couple of Allcock's Porous Plasters clapped on—one on the chest and another between the shoulder blades—soon set me right."

Why should the letter "d" always be introduced into a family? Because it makes "kin" kind.

The tight-laced woman has always good staying power.—*Boston Gazette.*

The Golden Gate Special.

The Union and Central Pacific Roads and Pullman Company put on, Dec. 5, a weekly train of Pullman Vestibule Cars, to run between Council Bluffs and San Francisco. Steam heat, electric light, separate bathrooms for ladies and gentlemen, barber shop, observation and smoking-rooms, and a female attendant for ladies and children, make it "THE FINEST TRAIN IN THE WORLD."

Pleasant Journeys.

Pleasant journeys can always be had via the Wisconsin Central Line. The employes are courteous and obliging; the sleeping and dining cars and day coaches are peers of any in the Northwest. The leaving hours at principal terminal points are convenient and the depots are centrally located. All together it is the most desirable route in either direction between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, and Duluth. TRY IT AND BE CONVINCED.

ST. JACOBS OIL
For Rheumatism.
Fresh Proofs Just Received.

23 Years. Sandyville, Ohio, June 14, 1888. Was taken with rheumatism in 1861; suffered at times ever since and used crutches; St. Jacobs Oil cured me about 2 years ago; no return. GEO. L. NIXON.

11 Years. Columbus, Ohio, June 13, 1888. Taken with rheumatism 12 years ago; suffered till one year ago; cured by St. Jacobs Oil. No return since. E. K. BRYAN.

Crippled Feet. Washburne, Ill., May 22, '88. Five years ago had rheumatism in my feet; suffered 3 years; used same. St. Jacobs Oil cured me. JOSEPH FRIZ.

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THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Diamond Vera-Cura
FOR DYSPEPSIA.
A POSITIVE CURE FOR INDIGESTION AND ALL Stomach Troubles Arising Therefrom.

Your Druggist or General Dealer will get Vera-Cura for you if not already in stock, or it will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 boxes $1.00) in stamps. Sample sent on receipt of 2-cent stamp.

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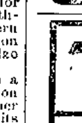


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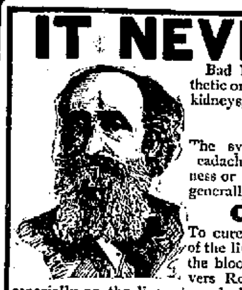


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Runs superbly equipped Express Trains daily each way between Chicago, Rock Island, Atchison, St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Kansas City and Minneapolis and St. Paul. The Favorite Tourist Line to the scenic resorts, and hunting and fishing grounds of the Northwest. Its Watertown Branch courses through the most productive lands of Northern Iowa, Southwestern Minnesota, and East Southern Dakota.

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Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

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N. U., F. W.................. No. 48.

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IN THE VINEYARD.

What Some of the Workers Therein Are Saying and Doing.

SONGS OF THE SANCTUARY.

Be Content With What You Have—Destroyed His Comrade—The Soul of Honor, Etc.

Be Content With What You Have.

Those who are blessed with husbands and families should be content in the place where God has placed them, and not be sighing for public life and a wider mission, but should remember that the most responsible and most glorious field that a woman can work in is the nursery and the home. That is her proper sphere and where her work will be the most blessed; and remember the oft-quoted words: "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."—*Toronto Globe.*

Destroyed His Comrade.

After a battle between the Russians and the English in the Crimean war, a clergyman visited the military hospital in which the British wounded lay. As he went from bed to bed whispering words of comfort and inquiry, he came to one bed in which lay a seriously wounded man. "Can I help you by reading to or writing for you?" said the servant of God, kindly.

"No," was the gruff reply.

"Can I do nothing for you?" inquired the minister, still lingering by his side.

Here the man, raising himself on his elbow, glared into his visitor's eyes as he asked, "Can you undo? I shall be glad of your help if you can undo!"

By this time he had sunk back on his pillow, but he continued: "When I joined the army first my chum was a Christian, a fellow who walked straight, and read his Bible, and I used to try to laugh him out of it, until at last he got ashamed of his religion. Not even then did I leave him alone. I took him to my haunts of vice until he was as evil as myself. All that was well enough as long as we were both well, but one day he marched into battle never to return; he was shot by my side, and the one half-uttered word that escaped his lips as he fell helpless was an oath. How that oath cut me to the heart! That man is lost, sir, and it is through me. Tell me now, can you undo the past?"

It is an awful thing to have on the conscience, that through our influence or example some one has been turned away from God.—*Christian Herald.*

Songs of the Sanctuary.

The history of church music illustrates the proverb, "One extreme begets another." Years ago churches grew so tired of the old, slow tunes that they welcomed those barbarous but quick-moving tunes wherein each part seemed to strain for mastery, and there were many suspensions and repetitions of the voices. The author of "Olden-Time Music" quotes from a newspaper of thirty years ago a description of the ridiculous effects produced by this sort singing:

A verse of the hymn sung by the choir read:

"He careth for the fatherless,
He feeds the hungry poor,
And fig the pious He delights."

The tune repeated part of the third line, so that it was sung in this style:

"And fig the pi-
And fig the pi-ous he delights."

Another hymn had a verse which seemed to make the choir proclaim that they were engaged in hunting a flea:

"And we'll catch the flee-
And we'll catch the flee-
And we'll catch the flee-ting hour."

Such singing doubtless recalled to scholary minds Dr. Johnson's exclamation. He was at a concert, and a friend called his attention to the fact that the violinist was playing some very difficult runs.

"Difficult, do you call it, sir," growled the doctor. "I wish it were impossible!"

A good many years ago the following lines were discovered, written on a panel in a pew of a Boston church by some ill-tempered hearer:

"Could poor King David but for once
To Salem Church repair,
And hear his Psalms thus warbled out,
Good Lord, how he would swear!"

—*Youth's Companion.*

The Soul of Honor.

A certain wealthy gentleman, speaking of a young man in his employ said, "I would trust him with every dollar I possess. He is the soul of honor."

It is certainly a very beautiful thing to have a reputation such as this young man possessed, and it is something worth striving one's whole life long to win; and yet such a character is built of very little things. Many people who would indignantly deny that they ever told a falsehood, nevertheless seem quite incapable of relating a thing exactly as it occurred. They will either enlarge or detract, or vary the statement in some way, so that their words are not reliable. And many a lad in business who would not take a dollar from his firm unlawfully, will yet take the firm's stamps and letter-paper for his private correspondence. The firm will never miss it, in true, but that lad's character and the boy who habitually does such things will in the end find his conscience so blunted that dishonesty will come easy to him, and he will not be able to withstand some sudden sharp temptation and will fall. Those who do not know him well will be surprised; but those who know his real life will know that for years his character has been undermined by trifling deceptions and dishonesties.

The boy who cheats a little in his games or remains silent while others cheat, he who learns his lessons with a "crib," or takes his diagrams or dates into class upon his cuffs, or gets his answers from his neighbor, yes, and the boy who gives such unlawful help too, they are dishonorable boys; and it would be better for them if they had never been born, than to live on and grow up and carry into life such principles as these. But no boy means to do that. He means to do it "just once" because he is hard-pressed for some reason. Think a minute. Did you never do it but once? The boy who does it once is very apt to do it again, and to go on doing such things until they become the habit and practice of his life. Therefore a boy should be very watchful that no petty deceit or dishonesty ever stains his life, and to behave in all things so truly and so nobly that those who know him best and love him dearest can proudly and gladly say of him, "He is the Soul of Honor."—*E. A. Hunter, in Christian at Work.*

WHAT HAPPENED TO BOAH.

And it came to pass after four years were expired, at the time that kings go out to battle in the land of the Ammah Rekalms, that Boah the Caddite, the son of Agun, rode to and fro in the chariots of the Smashup, Waydown & Breakneck, and spake unto all men, and sat in the seat of the scornful, and got in the way of the sinners.

For all the sons of men feared him and fled from before his face; for the staff of his tongue was as the belt of a fly wheel, and he smote all the coasts of Ammah and Rekah with an eight-day chin which he kept by him.

And it was so that about the tenth day of the month of Ralliz, after the beginning of the feast of Hoo-Raw, that Boah the Gaddite went into the chariot of the Smo-Kahs, as thou comest to the fords of Har-Lem, by the way Al-Beni, which is, by interpretation, Pie.

And Boah, the son of Agun, arose in the chariot and spake with a loud voice saying:—

"Hear ye me, men of Ammah Rekah, and all who dwell in the tents of Grovah, and ye sons of Benjamin, and all ye who dwell by the water Brooks of Prohi-Bishon; go to, let us take a vote."

And certain sons of Belial mocked him and said, "Nay, but let us rather take a drink."

But Boah the son of Agun, would not hearken unto them, but spake all the more vehemently, and cried: "Nay, but I will take a vote."

And the sons of Benjamin, and all the children of Grovah, and all the mighty men of Fisk, which is a pleasant land and large, where there are palm trees and wells of living water; and all the tribes of Mugwump, which is a goody-goody land, a land that floweth with mik and water, rose up, and cried:—

"Are your servants dogs and one thing and another, that they should stand this sort of thing more than three or four times a minute all through the campaign?"

And Hadarnzzar, the Ethopian, fell upon him, and cut him bad, and the sons of Belial smote him with sand bags, and Grand Paw, the husbandman, struck him with the hinder end of an amberell, exceeding hard and heavy, and all who could reach him got hold of him and gave him one for luck, and spoiled the chariot with him, for there was much spoil in him.

And there was quiet in the land for ten minutes. And all the land of Ammah Rekah rebelled against the house Boah unto this day.—*R. J. Burdette.*

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

Corporal punishment must be reduced to the minimum. We hope it can be so reduced in quantity and quality by the teachers themselves as to avoid any regulation abolishing it. There are few cases, if any, in which official abolition of the privilege has not been harmful, if not disastrous. We consider it a great misfortune to have school boards meddle with the matter, but they will and must when teachers continue to punish to any considerable extent. There is already but a fractional part of the punishment so common twenty years since, and the discipline has gained in proportion to the reduction. This shows the possibility. Now let there be a systematic, mutually helpful attempt to eliminate, not by arbitrary edict of the authorities, but by substituting intellectual activity for physical inactivity as a test of a good school.—*American Traveler.*

THE BOY AND THE GUN.

The shooting season has set in and the average Texas boy begins to worry the life out of his parents for a gun, with which he will doubtless create much devastation.

"Pa," said little Tommy Yerger, "can't you spare money enough to buy me a gun?"

"My son, I am going to get you a gun when I can spare a boy, but not before."—*Texas Siftings.*

AN OBNOXIOUS DIET.

DR. TALMAGE ON MAN'S DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

The Heart and the Liver Are Only a Few Inches Apart, and What Affects One Affects the Other—Some Dieting Parables—A Discourse Delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Text—"And these are they which ye shall have in abomination among the fowls: the owl, the vulture, and the bat. These also shall be unclean to you among the creeping things that creep upon the earth: the chameleon and the snail."—Levit. xi, 13, 29.

The Bible offers every possible variety of theme, of argument, and of illustration. We care not much in what kind of a pitcher the water of life is brought, if it is only the clear, pure water. God gave the ancients a list of the animals that they might eat, and a list of the animals they might not eat. These people lived in a hot climate, and certain forms of animal food corrupted their blood, and disposed them to scrofulous disorders, depraved their appetites, and bemcaned their souls. A man's food, when he has the means and opportunity of selecting it, suggests his moral nature. The reason the wild Indian is as cruel as the lion is because he has food that gives him the blood of the lion. A Missionary among the Indians says that by changing his style of food to correspond with theirs, his temperament was entirely changed. There are certain forms of food that have a tendency to affect the moral nature. Many a Christian is trying to do by prayer that which cannot be done except through corrected diet. For instance, he who uses swine's flesh for constant diet will be diseased in body and polluted in soul—all his liturgies and catechisms notwithstanding. The Gadarene swine were possessed of the devil, and ran down a steep place into the sea, and all the swine ever since seem to have been similarly possessed. In Leviticus God struck this meat off the table of His people, and placed before them a bill of fare at once healthful, nutritious, and generous.

But, higher than this physical reason, there was a spiritual reason why God chose certain forms of food for the ancients. God gave a peculiar diet to His people, not only because He wanted them to be distinguished from the surrounding nations, but because certain birds and animals, by reason of their habits, have always been suggestive of moral qualities. By the list of things from which they were to abstain, God wished to prejudice their minds against certain evils; and in the list of lawful things given He wished to suggest certain forms of good. When God solemnly forbade his people to eat the owl, the vulture, the bat, the chameleon, and the snail, He meant to drive out of His people all the sins that were thus emblemized.

BALEFUL EFFECTS OF OWLISHNESS AMONG MEN.

I take the suggestion of the text, and say that one of the first unclean things the Christian needs to drive out of his soul is the owl. The owl is the melancholy bird of night. It hatches out whole broods of superstitions. It is doleful and hideous. When it sings it sings through its nose. It loves the gloom of night better than the brightness of the day. Who has not slept in the cabin near the woods, and been awakened in the night by the dismal "too-hoo" of the owl? Melancholy is the owl that is perched in many a Christian soul. It is an unclean bird, and needs to be driven away. A man whose sins are pardoned and who is on the road to Heaven, has no right to be gloomy. He says: "I have so many doubts." That is because "you are lazy." Go actively to work in Christ's cause and your doubts will vanish. You say: "I have lost my property;" but I reply, "you have infinite treasures laid up in Heaven." You say: "I am weak and sickly and going to die." Then be congratulated that you are so near eternal health and perpetual gladness. Catch a few morning larks for your soul and stone this owl off your premises.

CHEERFULNESS AS A PANACEA FOR ALL EVIL.

As a little girl was eating, the sun dashed upon her spoon, and she cried, "O, mamma, I have swallowed a spoonful of sunshine?" Would God that we might all indulge in the same beverage! Cheerfulness—it makes the homeliest handsome; it makes the hardest mattress soft; it runs the loom that weaves buttercups, and rainbows, and auroras. God made the grass black? No, that would be to somber. God made the grass red? No, that would be to gaudy. God made the grass green, that by this parable all the world might be led to subdue cheerfulness. Read your Bible in the sunshine. Remember that your physical health is closely allied to your spiritual. The heart and the liver are only a few inches apart, and what affects one affects the other. A historian records that by the sound of great laughter in Rome, Hannibal's assaulting army was frightened away in retreat. And there is in the great outbursting joy of a Christian soul that which can drive back any infernal besiegement. Rats love dark closets, and Satan loves to burrow in a gloomy soul. "Rejoice in the Lord, O, ye righteous! and again I say rejoice!"

Hoist the window of your soul in this, the 12 o'clock of your spiritual night. Put the gun to your shoulder and aim at the black jungle from which the hooting comes; pull the trigger and drop that croaking, loathsome, hideous owl of religious melancholy into the bushes.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT GOSSIPS.

Again: taking the suggestion of the text, drive out the vulture from your soul. God would not allow the Jews to eat it. It lives on carcasses; it fattens among the dead; with leaden wing it circles about battlefields. Wilson, the American ornithologist, counted 237 vultures around one carcass. If crossing the desert when there is no sign of wing in the air, a camel perish out of the caravan, immediately the air begins to darken with vultures. There are many professed Christians who have a vulture in their souls. They prey upon the character and feelings of others. A doubtful reputation is a banquet for them. Some rival in trade or profession falls, and the vulture puts out its hand. These people revel in the details of a man's ruin. They say: "I told you so." They rush into some store and say: "Have you heard the news? Just as I expected! Our neighbor has gone all to pieces! Good for him!"

That professedly Christian woman, having heard of the wrong doing of some sister in the church, instead of hiding the sin with a mantle of charity, peddles it all along the streets. She takes the afternoon to make her long neglected calls. She tells the story ten times before sundown, and every time tells it larger. She rushes into the parlors to tell it, and into the kitchens to tell it. She says: "Would you have thought it? Well, I always said there was something wrong about her. Why, I should not speak to her if I saw her in the street. Is it not horrible? But better not say anything about it, because there may be some mistake. I do not want my name involved in the matter. I guess I will just go over and ask them at No. 203 whether they have heard it. Guess it must be so, for Mary Ann says that her husband saw a man who heard from his business partner that his blind old grandmother had seen something that looked very suspicious!"

The most loathsome, miserable, God forsaken wretch on earth is a gossip. I can tell her on the street, though I have never seen her before. She walks fast and has her bonnet strings loose, for she has not had time to tie them since she heard that last scandal. She looks both ways as she passes, hoping to see new evidences of depravity in the windows. I think that when Satan has a job so infinitely mean that in all the pit he cannot find a devil mean enough to do it, and all bribes and threats have failed to get one willing for the eternal crusade, he says to one of his sergeants: "Go up to Brooklyn, and in such a street, on such a corner, get that gossiping woman, and she will be glad to go." And sure enough, like a hungry fish, she takes the hook in her mouth, and Satan slackens the line, and lets her run out farther and farther, until after awhile he says: "It is time to haul in that line." and with a few strong pulls he brings her to the beach of fire. What do you say? That she was a member of the church? I cannot help that. When Satan goes a fishing he does not care what school the fish belong to, whether it is a Presbyterian mackerel or an Episcopalian salmon. Amidst the thunder crash of Sinai, God said: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against they neighbor." And in Leviticus he says: "Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale bearer." Take not into your ear that scum of hell that people call tittle tattle. Whosoever willingly listens to a slander is equally guilty with the one who tells it, and an old writer says they ought both to be hung, the one by the tongue and the other by the ear. Do not smile upon such a spaniel, lest, like a pleased dog, he put his dirty paw upon you. Throw back the shutter of your soul, oh Christian man and women, and see if there be within you a vulture with filthy talons and cruel beak. Let not this unclean thing roost in your soul, for my text says: "Ye shall hold in abomination among the fowls, the vulture."

THE ERROR OF BEING LIKE A BAT.

Again, taking the suggestion of the text, drive out the bat from your soul. No wonder God set this bird among the unclean. It is an offense to every one. Let it fly into the window of a summer night, and all the hands, young and old, are against it. It is half bird and half mouse. It seems made partly to walk and partly to fly, and does neither well; and becomes an emblem of those Christians who try to cling to earth and Heaven at the same time. They want to walk on earth in worldliness, and yet fly toward Heaven in spirituality; and their soul, between feet and wings, is constantly perplexed. Oh, my brotherh, be one thing or the other! Choose the world, if you prefer it; and see how many dollars you can win, and how much applause you can gain, and how large a business you can establish, and how grand a house you can build, and how fast a span of horses you can drive. You may be prospered until you can fail for $500,000, instead of having the grace to fail for only $10,000 as some uncenterprising people do. It is quite a reward to be able for ten or twenty years to be called one of the solid men of Brooklyn or Boston; and then, to make your fortune last as long as possible, we will give you a splendid funeral, and you shall have twenty-five carriages following you with somebody in the most of them, and your coffin shall have silver handles on the sides, and we will mourn for you in splendid pocket handkerchiefs bound with crape, and with bombazine twenty full yards long, trailing half across the parlor, so that all the company may stand upon it, and we will write our letters for the next six months on paper edged with black. But my friends, your worldly fortunes will not last. I will buy out now all that you will be worth in worldly estate seventy-five years from now. I have the money in my pocket with which to do it. Here it is! Two cents! It is a large sum to offer for all you will possess at the close of seventy-five years. Choose the world, if you want to; but, if not, then choose Heaven. That estate lies partly on this side of the river, but mostly on the other. It is ever accumulating. The prospect of it makes one independent of earthly misfortunes; so that Rogers, the martyr, slept so soundly the night before his burning, they violently shook him in order to get him awake in time for the execution; and Paul exults at the thought of the "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Oh, choose earth or Heaven! Make up your mind whether you will walk in earthly joys or fly with heavenly expectations. Be not a bat, fit neither to walk nor fly, having just enough of Heaven to spoil the world, and so much of the world as to spoil Heaven, Christ says that your present condition nauseates Him to positive sickness: "Because thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." In the ruins of Pompeii there was found a petrified woman, who, instead of trying to fly from the destroyed city, had spent her time in gathering up her jewels. She saved neither her life nor her jewels. There are multitudes making the same mistake. In trying to get earth and Heaven you lose both. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Be one thing or the other. Tread the earth like a lion, or mount the air like the eagle; for my text says: "Ye shall have in abomination among the fowls, the bat."

TURNCOATS AND DOUBLE FACES AS PUBLIC NUISANCES.

Again, taking the suggestion of the text, drive out the chameleon from your soul. There is some difference among good men as to the name of this creeping thing which God pronounced unclean, but I shall take the opinion which seems best suited to my purpose. The chameleon is a reptile, chiefly known by its changeableness of color, taking the color of the next thing to it—sometimes brown, sometimes red, and sometimes gray, but always the color of its surroundings—a type of that class of Christians who are now one thing in religious faith and now another, just to suit the circumstances, always taking their color of religious belief from the man they are talking to. They go to one place, and they are first rate Unitarians. "Jesus was a good man, and nothing more." They go to Princeton, and they are Trinitarians, almost willing to die for the divinity of Jesus. Among the Universalists they refuse the idea of future punishment; and going among those of opposite belief, announce that there is a hell with a gusto that makes you think they are glad of it. Drive out that unclean chameleon from your soul. Do not be ever changing the color of your faith. My friends, Liberal Christianity, falsely so called, believes in nothing. God is anything you want to make Him. The Bible to be believed in so far as you like it. Heaven a grand mixing up of Neros and Pauls. The man who dies by suicide in his right mind in 1888, beating into glory by ten years the Christian man who dies a Christian death in 1898; the suicide proving himself wiser than the Christian. Oh, my friends, let us try to believe in something. An infidel was called to the bedside of his daughter. The daughter said: "Father, which shall I believe, you or mother? Mother took the religion of Christ and died in its embrace. You say that religion is a humbug. Now, I am going to die, and I am very much perplexed. shall I believe you, or take the belief of my mother?" The father said: "Choose for yourself." She said: "No; I am too weak to choose for myself; I want you to choose for me." "Well," said the father, after much hesitation and embarrassment, "Mary, I think you had better take the religion of your mother." The time will come when we shall have to believe something. We cannot afford to be on the fence in religion. Truth and error are set opposite to each other. The one is infinitely right, and the other infinitely wrong. In the judgment day we must give an account of what we believed as well as for what we acted. The difference between believing truth and believing error is the difference between paradise and perdition. I beg you, in the light of the Bible, and on your knees before God, to form your religious opinion and then stick to it, though business companions scoff, and wits caricature, and the air crackles with the fires of martyrdom. Surely truths in behalf of which Christ died, and angels of God trooped forth, and the whole universe is marshaled, are worth living for and worth dying for. Amidst the most unclean things is this ever changing chameleon of religious theory. Away with the reptile! God abhors it with an all consuming abhorrence.

Once more: take the suggestion of the text, and drive out the snail from your soul. God has declared it unclean. It is an animal to be found everywhere between the coldest North and the hottest South. There are fifteen hundred species of the snail. They have no backbone, and they are so slow that their movement is almost imperceptible. You see a snail in one place to-day; go to-morrow and you will find it has advanced only a few inches. It becomes an emblem of that large class of Christian people who go to work with a slowness and sluggishness that is wonderful. They are stopped by every little obstacle, because, like the snail, they have no backbone. Others mount up on eagle's wings, but they go at a snail's pace.

THE COUSINSHIP OF PRUDENCE, LAZINESS, SLOTH, AND STUPIDITY.

Oh, child of God, arouse! We have apotheosized Prudence and Caution long enough. Prudence is a beautiful grace, but of all the family of Christian graces I like her the least, for she has been married so often to Laziness, Sloth, and Stupidity. We have a million idlers in the Lord's vineyard who pride themselves on their prudence. "Be prudent," said the disciples of Christ, "and stay away from Jerusalem;" but he went. "Be prudent," said Paul's friends, "and look out what you say to Felix," but he thundered away until the ruler's knees knocked together. In the eyes of the world, the most imprudent men that ever lived were Martin Luther, and John Oldcastle, and Wesley, and Knox. My opinion is that the most imprudent and reckless thing is to stand still. It is well to hear our commander's voice when he says "Halt!" but quite as important to hear it when he says "Forward!" This Gospel ship, made to plow the sea at fifteen knots an hour, is not making three. Sometimes it is most prudent to ride your horse slowly and pick out the way for his feet, and not strike him with the spurs; but when a band of Shoshone Indians are after you in full tilt, the most prudent thing for you to do is to plunge in the rowels and put your horse to a full run, shouting: "Go long!" until the Rocky Mountains echo it. The foes of God are pursuing us. The world, the flesh, and the devil are after us; and our wisest course is to go ahead at swiftest speed.

When the church of God gets to advancing too fast, it will be time enough to use caution. No need of putting on the brakes while going up hill. Do not let us sit down waiting for something "to turn up," but go ahead in the name of God, and turn it up. The great danger to the church now is not sensation, but stagnation. O that the Lord God would send a host of aroused and consecrated men to set the church on fire, and to turn the world upside down. Let us go to work and catch the last snail in our souls. With divine vehemence let us stamp its life out; for my text declares: "Those also shall be unclean to you among the creeping things that creep upon the earth: the chameleon and the snail." "I have thus tried to prejudice these Christian men and women against gloominess, and slander, and half experiences, and changeableness, and sloth. Our opportunities for getting better are being rapidly swallowed up in the remorseless past. This golden Sabbath is about to drop out of the calendar. This moment may we drive out all the unclean things from our souls—the vulture, and the bat, and the owl, and the chameleon, and the snail; and in place thereof bring in the Lamb of God, and the Dove of the Spirit! The case is urgent. Arouse! before it be eternally too late! "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it!"

It is a Mistake

To labor when you are not in a fit condition to do so.

To think that the more a person eats the healthier and stronger he will become.

To go to bed at midnight and rise at daybreak, and imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To imagine that if a little work or exercise is good, violent or prolonged exercise is better.

To conclude that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To eat as if you only had a minute to finish your meal in, or to eat without an appetite, or continue after it has been ished, merely to satisfy the taste.

To believe that children can do as much work as grown people, and that the more hours they study the more they learn.

To imagine that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better (as alcoholic stimulants) is good for the system, without regard to the after-effects.

To take off your proper clothing out of season because you have become heated.

Religion is a good commodity, the more we send away, the more we have at home. A good answer to the complaint, "we had better convert the heathen at home, first."

SELF-EDUCATION.

BY PROFESSOR DAVID SWING.



AFTER a youth has passed through the common schools of our country or city, self-education becomes not only possible but easy. So much depends upon self that a college course is valuable only so far as the student exerts his own personal will power and makes himself master of the situation. Colleges offer an opportunity, but they can not make a scholar—can not make an orator, or a doctor, or a statesman. The college professor feels how powerless he is when the parent or guardian of a fashionable, rich, and indolent lad introduces this mortal to the teacher and expresses a desire to have a man made out of the well-dressed and well-fed material; but when an earnest, open-faced, perhaps poverty-stricken farmer-boy has walked fifty miles to find a group of professors and a collection of books, there is joy in the faculty from the president down to the humblest tutor, because a young man has come who can make a scholar out of himself. In the first twelve years of life a school is needed; in all the remainder of life each mind must be its own schoolhouse and keep its own school.

There are many forms of human will and many shadings of taste. Often when the will power is great enough to bind a mind to the daily task of a student there is not taste enough in the heart to call the will power into action.

One of the advantages of self-education lies in the fact that it permits a strong will to follow a personal taste. An explanation of the great success often of what are called self-made men may be found in their freedom to follow the path of most attractiveness. Many a mind is diverted by the father or mother, or by the dignity of a college course and faculty, from the channel for which nature fitted it, and thus a genius dies, not of neglect but of too much attention.

But the youth should move about in the world, should open its big books, should perceive its pursuits and professions far enough to enable him to know what there is in it to be loved and hated. The young man who proposes to educate himself should read and study in a very broad manner for two or three years, that he might taste the different forms of truth, and thus learn which was going to be the sweetest for him. Many a preacher is in the pulpit because his uncle was a clergyman and loaned him "Dick's Theology," and "Watts' World to Come." It would have been a wonderful piece of good fortune to this nephew if he had spent a month or a year with the uncle of some other boy, and had borrowed a Blackstone or one of Scott's novels.

The good of a college consists partly in its being a world's exposition of mental wares. The student can see and taste all the kinds of fruit that grow on the tree of knowledge. Each professor stands for a department of study and action. Each conspicuous student is made eminent by some mental quality of mind or form of acquisition. Thus the taste and drift of life are not settled by the fact of an uncle, but upon the broader basis of having seen the many paths in which genius may tread. By the time the student has entered his junior year, he should begin to suspect what he is good for, and should begin to bestow some extra attention upon all that would fit him for that pursuit. The man who spends his junior and senior years upon simply the college course will never astonish or benefit society much in his manhood life. A writer in an American review says: "After 17, a recitation is a stultification." The writer evidently means that when a student has reached that age he should be absorbed in his own business, and should not file out to say a lesson in anatomy or in *calculus* when he has on his table an unfinished essay upon some theme in politics or ethics.

Whether this remark about the seventeenth year be true or not, it illustrates the thought that the best part of education is conducted by self rather than by a tutor. If a man or a youth finds himself unable to go to college he need not feel that all is lost, or that half or a third is lost. Self is the all. It is that something which rises above the school-house.

The young man who is attempting to educate himself should for a few years follow the course of study marked out for the regular classes, because that course has received the thought and approval of ages. It contains the great generalities of language, science, ethics and taste. Not to know some one great language is to be without the means of expression and without the means of appreciating the expressed thought and emotion of others, for language is not only a giver but also a receiver.

A Lesson for a Dude.

The name of Harry Oakes is not yet forgotten in the army—a bluff, straightspoken soldier, who some twenty years ago commanded the Twelfth Lancers. This is how he dealt with the point now so much at issue. A young officer complained that while in plain clothes a certain soldier had not saluted him. The soldier's excuse was that he had not recognized the officer,

"I'll take care you can't make that excuse in future," quoth Colonel Oakes. "Mr. ——, you will walk up and down the barrack-square in plain clothes until Private —— is satisfied that he would know you again."

The private gave the officer a benefit of about half-an-hour, and all he conceded then was his ability to recognize the former in the suit he then wore.

"If you are not satisfied," said the Colonel, you will appear in the square for ten minutes in each civilian suit you own, and whenever you get a new suit you will do the same, and let Private —— know."

The young officer never complained again of not getting what he considered his proper due in the matter of salutes.—*London World.*

It is not known yet why the shell of the lobster turns red on being boiled.

We were closed on Thanksgiving Day. Did you know it?

We are open now until Chrstmas, Sundays excepted.

Our Mr. L. B. Root, in New York, writes: "The market is slow, dull." That means forced sales on the part of importers and jobbers, which means lower prices for us, big bargains for you.

On Tuesday last we had a special sale of plain China silks. The price for that day was also special. It was amusing and gratifying, too, to see the way in which they were "snapped up," and the appreciation of our friends by carrying them off. Now we have another special bargain for you, this sale to continue while this lot lasts.

46-INCH ALL WOOL HENRIETTAS AT 75C. A YARD.

Beginning Monday morning, we offer these to our patrons, confidently asserting that they are the best value shown in this class of goods anywhere.

Men and women differ; boys differ, so do girls. What of it?

Stores differ—one from the other. We mean we differ from the other fellows. Prices differ. We assert it without fear of contradiction. Ours differ in being lower for the same qualities. But you need not take our word for it; compare for yourself.

A good time now for you to look through our varied lines of Holiday specialties.

ROOT & COMPANY.

The funeral of Mr. Patrick Golden took place this morning from the cathedral.

—THE—

ENTIRE - STOCK

—OF—

LEHMAN - RICHMAN

& Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, Amounting to

$17.000,

—NOW—

BEING - SLAUGHTERED

—AT—

SAM, PETE & MAX'S

58 Calhoun St.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, DEC. 1, 1888.

LOCAL NEWS.

The A. O. U. W. held their regular meeting last night.

Conductor Parry, of the Grand Rapids, was at Decatur yesterday.

Mr. John Dolan visited friends at Huntington over Thanksgiving.

Mr. H. W. Mordhurst, the druggist, returned from Logansport last evening.

The Grace Reformed congregation realized about $60 as a result of their Thanksgiving dinner.

Mr. G. W. Seavy is in the west and until his return there will be no meeting of the Business Men's exchange.

Monroe township farmers are up in arms against Fort Wayne hunters, because a party from this city went gunning down there last Sunday.

George Wilson, "The Minstrel King," who comes to the Temple, Wednesday next, cleared thirty thousand dollars ($30,000) on last season's business alone.

Hay is selling for from $14 to $16 a ton.

Jonathan Fleming, an old resident of this county, has removed to Adams county to reside.

Miss Lizzie Schieber, of Huntington, is visiting in the city.

The new Catholic church at Monroeville is nearing completion.

The teachers and janitors of the public schools were paid to-day.

Col. James Humphrey, of the Bliss house, Bluffton, is in the city.

Mrs. Ed O'Rourke returned this morning from Arcola after a few days visit.

Miss Laura Rehrer, of South Broadway, is visiting friends at Kendallville.

Miss Lida Boseker is entertaining her friend, Miss Agnes Green, of Findlay, Ohio.

Parsloe's "Grass Widow" will catch the citizens of Fort Wayne, Friday, Dec. 7th.

Lemuel C. Paine sues James Baxter et al. for $1,600. Randall & Vesey are attorneys.

Yesterday was St. Andrew's day. The Scotch people observe the occasion with solemnity.

Mr. Mason Long, the evangelist, will assist in the dedication of a new Baptist church at Lagrange to-morrow.

Weighmaster Ryan collected $137 for the month of November and has paid that amount into the city treasury.

Allen county has fifty-two prisoners in northern Indiana penitentiary, ranking next to Marion county which has 207.

A pleasant surprise party was held last evening, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Myers, on Harrison street.

John Golden and John McClellan were fined for drunkenness by the mayor this morning. Golden is a cowboy.

Henry Shearer, as guardian of H. C. Dentlesbeck, sues Geo. W. Mills for $100. T. W. Wilson is attorney for the claimant.

Mrs. Kip Carman and Mrs. Harry Medsker have returned from Chicago, where they spent Thanksgiving with friends and relatives.

Messrs. Stimpson & Carnagie, of Dayton, are in the city. They have the contract for sinking the supply wells at the water works pumping house.

The Jenney electric light company has a capacity for working 100 men at its Plymouth shops. The Plymouth people are now making an effort to raise a bonus of $15,000 to keep a branch shop there.

Officer O'Ryan arrested cowboy No. 2 yesterday afternoon and took him to the station house. The fellow was riding his horse around the streets in a drunken manner. Officer O'Ryan took a cowboy in a few days ago.

The Kendallville *Standard* says that $325 in cash were burned up in the fire at George Zurbuck's store at Avilla. Zurbuck's loss only amounts to $450, at least, the insurance adjusters only decree him that amount. He saved most of his stock.

Capt. A. H. Dougall has been notified that at the Plankington hotel, Milwaukee, December 21, will be held a meeting of the executive committee of the national council G. A. R. Captain Dougall is a member of the committee, and will attend its session.

The employes of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railway who have for years worked under the direction of Road Master Alfred Morrison, have presented him with a fine gold watch as a testimonial of their esteem. Mr. Morrison is now in the dairy business in Chicago.

Wm. M. Somers has sold to H. F. and J. France, lot 5, White's addition, for $1,000; Eliza E. Bevinton has sold lots 23 and 24, College addition, to August Hollman, for $1,000; Patrick J. McDonald, administrator, has sold to George K. Hubbard, lot in Wilt's addition, for $1,240.

There will be a meeting of the promoters of the choral society at the Aveline house to-morrow afternoon. Professor Heath is the director and expects to begin rehearsals with forty voices. They will seek to secure the Morton club hall for their rehearsals and expect to give a series of chorus concerts this winter.

Dr. Samuel C. Metcalf, the health officer, makes the following report of deaths for November: Accident, 1; blood poison, 2; consumption, 4; convulsions, 2; dropsy, 1; exhaustion, 4; measles, 1; meningitis, 3; old age, 2; scalded, 1; strangulated, 1; typhoid, 1. Under 1 year of age, 6; 1 to 5 years, 3; 10 to 20 years, 1; 20 to 40 years, 6; 40 to 60 years, 5; 60 to 70 years, 1; 80 to 90 years, 1. Nativity—American, 17; German, 4; Irish, 2. Single, 12; married, 8; widowed, 3. Sex—Males, 17; females, 6. Total, 23.

Mr. Charles Schreiner, Foreman of a large Meat house in Baltimore, Md., says:—"He had a sprained wrist for several weeks and began to think it was never going to get well, he was advised to try Salvation Oil, did so and it worked like magic and a few applications entirely cured him.

Get your watch repairing done at F. J. Voirol, 244 Calhoun street.

Mr. V. S. Reed, of Decatur, is registered at the Hotel Brunswick.

Mr. H. L. Barney, with Jones, the photographer, made a business trip to Angola to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Beamer, of Springfield, Ill., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Burnett.

Mrs. Monroe Jones, of Grand Rapids, is in the city visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Fordney.

The funeral of Mrs. Geo. Englert will take place at 3 o'clock, Sunday afternoon, from No. 60 Smith street.

Miss Mary Golden has returned from a prolonged visit at Newton, Kan. Her health, which was frail when she left here, is much improved and strengthened.

Mr. Will V. Douglass says that in the spring he will erect a handsome three story brick block on the Schmidt property at the northwest corner of Calhoun and Washington streets.

Mr. F. J. Gruber, the well known cigar manufacturer, has moved into elegant new rooms opposite THE SENTINEL office and our reporters can now step across the street and smoke.

Among the ballad singers with Geo. Wilsons minstrels are George Gale, Thos. Lewis, Will Walling, J. Spencer Charles, J. J. Nolan and others. The singers are white face this season, white satin costumes and white wings.

The proprietors and lessees of the old Robinson house have settled their difficulty regarding the change in the name of that popular hostelry. The painters are now engaged in inscribing, in big letters, the name "Hotel Brunswick" over the street entrance to the office.

The hearing of the telegraph pole injunction case continues before Judge Olds at Columbia City. Mr. A. C. Trentman was the last witness for the city to-day and the defense will begin their testimony Monday. It it now hoped that Judge Olds will render a modified verdict.

Levi Johnson and his farm hand, Wm. Everhart, were arrested here yesterday, by Marshal Meyer and Officer Patton, on a charge of stealing twenty bushels of cloverseed from Wm. Anderson and Peter Bowers, two Huntington county farmers. Johnson drove up to the grain houses, loaded the seed and drove to this city with his team. He was pursued and captured after he had disposed of the grain to S. Baab & Co., for $75.90. Both men were arraigned before the mayor this morning and were held to await a final hearing. Johnson has a team of horses and a wagon in the city and lives in Huntington county.

F. J. Voirol, is receiving every day new goods for the holidays, his stock will be more complete this year than ever before. Call early and make your selections. 244 Calhoun street.

Pantaloons from $8.00 up at J. M. Clark's.

Roller skating is all the rage and the Princess rink will open its doors this afternoon and evening in response to the demand.

Pantaloons from $8.00 up, at J. M. Clark's.

Foolscap Paper at Half Price.

A large lot bought at auction sale. We offer it at $1.00 a ream, China paper.

FRUIT HOUSE.

Latest patterns of Watches, Jewelery, Silverware, Chains, Charms, Rings, &c., at F. J. Voirol.

Of Interest to Fort Wayne People.

The following article from the New York *World* will interest the citizens of Fort Wayne:

A NOVEL PHOTOGRAPH APPARATUS.

Photographers are interested just now over a newly patented camera. Detectives as well as photographers are interested in the invention, for no doubt it will prove a very effective weapon in the hands of a person who may want at some time to obtain an instantaneous photo of some face or scene. The new invention, that promises to produce almost a revolution in the art of photography, is based upon the dry process system; that is, of the gelatino-bromide sensitive plates, on which impressions can be readily made instantaneously. As to weight, this novel apparatus weighs less than two pounds, and is only six and one-half inches long and three and three-quarter inches high. It can be carried conveniently in an overcoat pocket as well as in a valise, and another thing in its favor is that it is ready for use at any time. The plates of the apparatus are in a continuous roll, admitting of a hundred negatives.

The above instrument is the wonderful "Kodak," and we know of no more suitable article for a holiday gift than the "Little Kodak" Camera; a present which is useful, beautiful and novel. For sale by M. L. Jones, 44 Calhoun street, dealer in photographic supplies and amateur photographic outfits.

The C. O. D. Closed

Until Monday, Dec. 3d, at 2 p. m. sharp, to give the assignee an opportunity to arrange and re-mark the stock.

Miss Dr. E. F. Harris removes permanently superfluous hairs and other facial blemishes by electrolysis. Office, 148 Calhoun street; private entrance on Jefferson street. 23-6t

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ELEGANT NECKWEAR!

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Roses—Carnations, Callas, Bonvardia, Hyacinths, Narcissus, Chrysanthemums and Smilax. No advance in prices. Roses 75c per dozen. 27-4t

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Money to loan at reasonable rates. Apply at "The Abstract Office." 27d4twlt KUHNE & Co., 19 Court St.

Pantaloons from $8.00 up, at J. M. Clark's.

We handle complete lines of first-class rubber goods, from a baby's rubber overshoe to a man's rubber boot. Our prices are the lowest in the city,

REDLICK'S

SHOE STORE.

What is Catarrh

One of the most common diseases, and one of the most neglected, is catarrh in the head. It is an inflammation of the mucous membrane, and is caused by a cold, or succession of colds, combined with impure blood. It comes on so gradually that almost before a person realizes it, he is suffering severely with catarrh. It causes a disagreeable discharge from the nose, dryness in the back part of the throat, inflamed eyes, ringing noises in the ears, headache, and sometimes loss of sense of smell or hearing. When

Catarrh in the Head

Gains a firm hold on the system, it has very dangerous tendencies, being liable to develop into bronchitis or consumption. As catarrh is a constitutional disease, local applications can do but little good. What is required is a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by thoroughly purifying the blood, expels the germs of the disease, soothes and rebuilds the affected membrane, and gives health and vigor to the whole system. If you suffer with catarrh, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I had the worst symptoms of chronic catarrh for two years. So troublesome was it that I could not smell nor taste. I found Hood's Sarsaparilla a speedy cure, and I am now free from this awful disease." J. H. HARMON, Bay Shore, N. Y.

"For several years I had a catarrhal affection in my throat. I was very much benefited by using Hood's Sarsaparilla, and would recommend it very highly to any one having asthma or catarrh." ELIAS P. DEVRIES, firm of Devries & Peterson, Omaha, Neb.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"For several years I have been troubled with that terribly disagreeable disease, catarrh. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla with the very best results. It cured me of that continual dropping in my throat, and stuffed-up feeling. It has also helped my mother who has taken it for run down state of health and kidney trouble. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all." MRS. S. D. HEATH, Putnam, Conn.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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FOR $2 — You can buy OF US any imaginable style of a GENT'S Fine Dress Shoe. Warranted to be solid.

FOR $2.50 AND $3 — We can sell you a Gent's shoe in light and medium weight goods, in six different styles of toes. Every pair warranted.

FROM $4 TO $6.50 — We display the grandest line of Gents' Handsewed goods. If you wish to look at Nobby shoes, we are pleased to show them.

For Working Shoes You Ought to Come to Us.

DEPARTMENT OF LADIES' SHOES:

Kid, Goat and Grain Button..... $1 50
An assorted lot of $3.50 shoes offered at the low price of..... 2 50

Our stock of LADIES' COMMON SENSE and WAULKENPHAST, in B, C, D, E and EE width, in the finest one in the City.

REMEMBER, Our reputation for LOW PRICES and DURABLE FOOTWEAR is permanent.

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CANDY — Send $1.25, $2.10 or $3.50

CANDY — For a sample retail box by express, PREPAID, of the BEST CANDY in AMERICA. Put up in elegant boxes suitable for presents. Refers to all Chicago. Address,

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MONDAY, November 26.

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McGlone & Lucille, Bessie Searles,

V·A·L + V·I·N·O,

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Josie Sutherland, the Mullellys, all in a Great Bill.

Prices: 35, 25 and 15 cents.

Family Matinee Every Saturday Afternoon. Admission, 15c.

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COMPOUND OF

Pure Cod Liver Oil And Phosphates

OF LIME, SODA, IRON.



It has required much experience and care to enable the proprietor to combine the Oil and Phosphates so that they would become thoroughly efficacious together, and he has the only recipe by which this can be accomplished. Another important advantage which the Pure Cod Liver Oil possesses prepared in this way, over the plain cod liver oil, is the fact that besides adding largely to its medical qualities it preserves the oil pure and sweet for a longer period than it can be done in any other manner. This fact alone would recommend this form of using the Oil even if the phosphates did not also add vastly to the healing qualities of the preparation. The perfect incorporation of the phosphates with the cod liver oil has only been accomplished by the adoption of the most perfect rules of chemistry; and a medicine has been produced which while it is so efficacious is also perfectly Palatable and pleasant.

CURES

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES, and all SCROFULOUS HUMORS.

Almost as palatable as cream. It can be taken with pleasure by delicate persons and children, who, after using it, become very fond of it. It assimilates with the food, increases the flesh and appetite, builds up the nervous system, restores energy to mind and body, creates new, rich and pure blood, in fact, rejuvinates the whole system,

FLESH, NERVE, BLOOD, BRAIN.

This preparation is far superior to all other preparations of Cod Liver Oil; it has many imitators, but no equals. The results following its use are its best recommendations. Be sure, before you value your health, and get the genuine. Manufactured only by DR. ALEX. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, Mass. Send for illustrated circular, which will be mailed free.

Sold by all druggists.

Sugar Cured Hams

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Breakfast Bacon!

SARDELLES, CANNED; HAMBURG EELS, CANNED; FRENCH SARDINES, SMOKED; RUSSIAN CARIAR, GOTHA TRUFFLE LIVER SAUSSAGE, SELF RISING BUCKWHEAT, AKRON GRAHAM FLOUR, PRUNES STUFFED WITH CONFECTION, CHERRIES IN MARASCHINO.

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